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THE STUDIO

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"THE CONVALESCENT," BY J. MCNEILL WHISTLER.

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THE STUDIO

THE WORK OF GEORGE HENRY, R.S.A.: A REVIEW AND AN APPRECIATION. BY PERCY BATE.

THERE are many painters—perhaps one may even say that they are in the majority—who, having discovered that work of a certain style attains a great success with the public, and therefore possesses a distinct commercial value, continue consistently to produce that one thing, and that one thing only. There is, of course, more than one cause for a painter's production of one special class of picture. It may be that the artist has no capacity for painting of another kind: the aquarellist often fails when he turns to oils, and the portrait painter achieves but scant success when he attempts a landscape. It may be that the applause

that has greeted a popular work condemns the unfortunate artist to a succession of attempts, more or less successful, to repeat his triumph. Or yet another cause of this narrowness of achievement may be found in the fact that a painter has hit upon a novel convention, a personal method of treatment, that is easy to him, and soon becomes habitual. An artist may develop a method that suits one particular class of subject, while being quite inapplicable to another: or he may attain the doubtful success of a style so individual that it absolutely hall-marks his pictures. This latter is often a questionable gain, for such a method is apt to degenerate from manner into mannerism, is apt to induce a habit of artistic indolence, preventing a painter from advancing, while it cannot preserve him from retrogression. No one can rightly claim that the expression in a painter's work of his individuality,



"KELVINGROVE PARK"

BY GEORGE HENRY, R.S.A.

XXXI. No. 131.—FEBRUARY, 1904.

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"NOON"

BY GEORGE HENRY, R.S.A.

or of his artistic creeds or preferences, is a blemish ; quite the reverse ; but it is obvious that an artist who continues to exhibit nothing but variations of the same theme, treated in the same old way, may fairly be criticised as limited, and may stand in danger of being justly accused of running a picture factory, instead of endeavouring to express himself in true artistic fashion and to the utmost of his power.

But though the reproach that they "keep the stencil" may be fairly levelled at many painters, this cannot be said of the subject of this article. George Henry is too sane a man and too sound an artist to allow himself to get "groovey" ; and when one sees how many methods he uses, and how varied are his inspirations, one wonders not only at his multifarious activities, but at his success in so many departments of the painter's art. His work ranges from oil paintings solidly and broadly treated to suave and delicate water-colours ; portraits of both men and women, landscapes, figure-pieces, and paintings that are frankly decorative—all these

have come from his easel, and, it is to be hoped, may continue to do so. A review of his painting will show a consistent growth ; a fearless resolve to experiment, to rely rather on the results of his own experience than on the dogmas of other painters ; a desire to learn from his own failures, as well as from the successes of others ; and an intention to be the architect of his own accomplishment. At the same time a student of his work will notice a development, rather than a change, of ideals ; a gradual attainment of facility and mastery of expression ; and a constant elimination of the extraneous, in the painter's desire for the simplicity and serenity that mark the greatest art.

Born in Ayrshire, Henry's tendency from his earliest years was towards art, and his student days at the Glasgow School of Art were followed by a period when it was his lot to have to do any work that demanded a deft hand and a modicum of artistic skill. The exact and laborious drawing of wood-blocks for the engravers (work that, to use

The Work of George Henry, R.S.A.

an expressive phrase of the painter's, "tore the eyes out of him"), alternated with the production of posters and the designing of domestic stained-glass. The sense of the value of pattern, the charm of colour used in masses, and the beauty of simplicity of treatment taught by this 'prentice work, have never left him, but have rather grown stronger with every phase of his development. Any influence that he felt in these early days was that of French art, in its sane but unconventional phases. This influence, of course, reached him at secondhand, from painters who had been abroad ; but it was confirmed by his first visit to Paris, a visit which (though ostensibly not that of a student, but of a tourist) resulted in the crystallisation of theories that had been, until then, more or less loosely held.

Before alluding to the most potent influence

that has affected Henry's art, that of Japan, a few early pictures that call for at least a passing notice must be spoken of. Early in his career he turned his attention to decorative work, and executed some panels in that style ; an attempt repeated with much success when he was one of four Glasgow painters commissioned to decorate the walls of the Banqueting-room in the City Chambers. In the easel pictures of his youthful days he was always striving to use full, solid colour, even going the length of omitting all admixture of white in his pigments, and by this employment of deep and sumptuous colour he endeavoured to render, at once by symbol and by interpretation, the profound richness of nature and her abounding fecundity. *A Galloway Landscape*, a very remarkable work in which he certainly achieved much that he wished for, is to a certain extent the culmination of this endeavour.

This *Galloway Landscape* was a new note in landscape art, and was highly appreciated by the discerning ; and having accomplished so much, Henry devoted himself to an attempt to render nature in another fashion, as seen in *Noon* and *The Hedge Cutter*. In these, by means of strong contrasts, he sought, as so many painters have sought in different ways, to render direct sunlight. He employed dark, purply shadows in the foreground, to accentuate the value of the clear yellow sunlight that flooded the rest of the picture ; and while he sought to give truth to the landscape, he was not unmindful (he is too keen an observer for that) of the claims and artistic value of rustic character. It was in Kirkcudbrightshire, which is the scene of the *Galloway Landscape*, and a favourite painting ground, that Henry and Hornel first met :



"THE MIRROR"

BY GEORGE HENRY, R.S.A.

The Work of George Henry, R.S.A.

and the two, finding they had much in sympathy, painted a couple of pictures together, *The Druids* and *The Star in the East*. But even before both were completed, the artists were going different ways, were developing on diverse lines, and so the artistic partnership was short-lived. The large canvas—it is some six feet square—called *The Druids*, is a curiously interesting.

It was in 1893 that Henry stayed in Japan, a stay that was to have momentous results on his art both as a decorator and a portrait painter. He found himself a visitor to a highly cultured race; a race of artists who had evolved in their isolation an art alien from, but as complete as, that of the West. He was quick to observe the Japanese sense of colour: he saw that their finest things were almost monochromes, subtly and infinitely varied schemes of tertiaries and sub-tertiaries, with notes of pure colour used as sparingly and as effectively as jewels. And this

artistic convention—the result of centuries of elimination of the vulgar and the meretricious—appealed at once to Henry as delightful, beautiful, and true. There is no doubt that the use of pure colour, thus sparsely employed amid a delicate environment, results in an effect of preciousness; and, carrying this idea a step farther, Henry applied it to portraiture. What should be the most precious thing in a portrait? Undoubtedly the face of the sitter. There the interest of the picture is focussed, there the artist has most to express, there he succeeds or he fails: and no distraction of extraneous details, or emphasis of colour elsewhere on the canvas, should be permitted to interfere with the aspect of beauty or of character in the countenance depicted. Henry does not for a moment claim to have been the first to feel this. Whistler, Rembrandt, and Velasquez, to name no others, have worked along similar lines, treating the face as the jewel of the composition,

the rest being but setting: but it was the art of Japan that helped him to observe the analogy, to formulate the idea, and to put it into practice.

But before passing to Henry's portraits, allusion must be made to one of the most interesting and most characteristic phases of his art, which is exemplified in such pictures as *Goldfish*. These canvases are frankly and beautifully decorative: they are works in which the artist seeks to express the sentiment of his subject, not by inventing a story to depict, but by the arrangement of colour and line; they are pictures which exist simply as lovely things. For a short time the art of Rossetti appealed to George Henry, at any rate so far as his richness of colour and power of sumptuously decorative treatment are concerned. But this was modified by what he learnt in Japan; and while in the



PORTRAIT OF PROFESSOR A. C. BRADLEY

BY GEORGE HENRY, R.S.A.



PORTRAIT OF CAROLA HELEN BAIRD. BY GEORGE HENRY.

The Work of George Henry, R.S.A.

earlier of these works something of the poet-painter may be faintly traced, in the later ones it is Henry, and Henry alone, that we see, both in colour and in sentiment. Take, for instance, the hyacinth blue of such a picture as *Springtime*, or the chrysanthemum gold of *Harmony*. In these the artist had in his mind the all-satisfying beauty of the infinitely varied tints and tones of a single flower : and, in truth, as fresh, as clear, as simple, and as harmonious as the hues of any flower are the subtleties of colour that characterise such a picture as *Symphony*. Far from being a monochrome, it is a splendid exercise in golden reds and browns : and in such work as this Henry has shown that he is in truth a master of colour, of sustained harmonies, that flow and ripple in a series of variations of one basic note, just as tenderly and as suavely as the cadences of a

violin rise and fall, grow and blossom, under the touch of a master.

Turning now to the latest and most matured manifestations of Henry's art, we come to his portraits. Allusion has already been made to his feeling that in portraiture, as in much other art, simplicity is one of the most desirable of qualities, and that the face of the sitter is the obvious keynote of the picture, with which nothing should be allowed to interfere. In addition to this, he has felt that there is no reason that a portrait should not be a piece of decoration, while preserving to the full the character of the subject, insisting on the essential humanity of the sitter, and retaining the aspect of modernity that rightly belongs to a work of to-day. The portraits painted by the early Flemings are perfect decorative achievements ; but to paint like Van Eyck would be to falsify one's

work, and to produce a result lacking the real spirit of the age, a characteristic that should of right be present. But there are other ways in which a portrait may be decoratively treated, and these Henry has sought to employ, believing that to a beholder the sense of the decorative element in a picture is as essential a part of its appeal and its charm as is style to the reader of a piece of accomplished prose.

All these qualities, combined with an unusual grasp of character, are evident in Henry's portraits of men ; and such canvases as the *Anthony Brogan, Esq.* (a delightful rendering of a sympathetic sitter), *George Burrell, Esq.*, *Dr. Livingstone*, and *N. G. Stevens, Esq.*, are full of fine work, soundly painted and simply treated. Allusion should also be made in this connection to the great success Henry has achieved in his rendering of the sensitive face of *Professor A. C. Bradley* (Professor of Poetry at Oxford), to the recently completed and highly successful presentment of *Lord Justice Ridley*, and to the portraits of *J. W. Barclay, Esq.*, *Lord Justice Darling* and *R. L. Anderson, Esq.* Although the reproductions speak for themselves as far as charm of composition and realisation of character are concerned, neither tone nor colour can, of course, be adequately conveyed in black-and-white.

Fewer portraits of ladies have fallen to



PORTRAIT OF ALICE ARTHUR

BY GEORGE HENRY, R.S.A.

The Work of George Henry, R.S.A.

Henry's lot to execute, but in these, too, he evinces his artistry. He feels that his younger sitters of the fair sex, lacking the sterner characteristics of the man, call for less severe treatment, and he introduces, therefore, more richness and a greater delicacy into the pictures he paints of them. Highly typical of this side of his art is a lovely presentment of *Mrs. W. J. Dudgeon*—a charming sitter whose beauty evidently inspired the painter to put forth his powers to the full. His portraits of children—those delicious achievements—must also be considered if one is to have any idea of the extent of Henry's artistic accomplishment. For though Henry can, and does, paint a man's portrait that is full of character, or a sumptuous study of woman's loveliness, the present writer, for one, cannot help feeling that it is in his portraits of children that he is at his very best. All great artists have painted children with love, with insight, and with delight ; and Henry's power in this direction is one more evidence of his artistic kinship with the greatest painters of all time.

His children's portraits show how accomplished he is. How admirably has the painter caught the sparkling, roguish glance of *Muriel Cleland*, her bonny smile, her rebellious curls ! She stands poised on dainty feet, clad all in rich red ; dress, stockings, shoes, a mass of colour daringly used, skilfully broken, and beautifully relieved by the white sunbonnet and its strings. One can call to mind in the whole range of recent art few more admirable portraits of children than this excellent realisation of a happy and vivacious girl. Another admirably seen and beautifully painted child's portrait is that of *Carola Helena Baird*, a little less sparkling, may be

than the first named, but displaying perhaps even more insight into (and sympathy with) the wondering outlook on the world of a wee lassie of four summers. As a piece of colour it is a contrast to the *Muriel Cleland*, being an exercise in blue instead of an arrangement in red ; as a piece of painting it is just as deft, just as accomplished ; while the simplicity of the whole work accentuates insensibly the impression of childish beauty and *naïveté* that is conveyed to the spectator by the wondering eyes, the quaintly clasped hands, and the unstudied pose of the little sitter. George Henry is indeed gifted in possessing so unusual a power of perpetuating on canvas the grace, the charm, and the tenderness of childhood. He obviously has both an innate sympathy with children and a true artistic delight in their beauty ; and one cannot help seeing that in these portraits, unhampered by any possible uncongeniality in his sitter, he "lets himself go," producing results that



"THE HEDGE CUTTER"

BY GEORGE HENRY, R.S.A.

The Work of George Henry, R.S.A.

are as perfect realisations of childhood as they are beautiful works of art.

Allusion has been made to the Japanese subjects, the delineation of which affords Henry a relaxation from the strain of his other work. It is curious to note how the influence of Oriental art on different Western temperaments produces results quite diverse. The result of the visit of Henry and Hornel to Japan was to confirm and strengthen the latter in the use of a full palette of vivid colours, used as a mosaic, and to superimpose on the Scottish painter quite the Japanese outlook—the conception of a picture as a work on one plane, perspective and atmosphere being relegated to the position of non-existent pictorial qualities. With Henry, as has been said, the result has been quite different. He found himself in sympathy with all the delicacy of Japanese art; all the charm of tender colour that is to be seen in the best of its paintings; all the delightful use of pattern, all the wonderful simplicity of motive; and these elements

became permanent constituents of his own art. But he never ceased to look upon life with the eyes of the Occidental: and when he paints Western subjects he renders them (so far as their main characteristics are concerned) as any other European painter might do who was similarly equipped. So, when Japanese subjects are the motives of his drawings, he shows us Japan as he himself saw it, not as the native artist conventionalises it. To him it is a land where the people are quaintly graceful, where they go clad in all the bravery of sweet and delicately tinted fabrics, where the culture of centuries has resulted in an



"THE SAMISEN PLAYER"

BY GEORGE HENRY, R.S.A.

artificial and symbolic ceremonial that pervades the whole of life, and where refinement is the keynote of the highest form of existence. This was Japan when Henry was there—how long this will be Japan, who can say? At any rate, *The Samisen Player*, *The Mousmé*, *The Salutation*, *The Japanese Baby*, *Afternoon Tea*, and all the other fine water-colours that owe their inspiration, their sober charm, and their delicate execution, to Japan, are true records of a life that is passing; and it may chance that in years to come they will have, in addition to their high artistic and æsthetic merits, the

The Work of George Henry, R.S.A.

added value of being accurate memorials of a vanished phase of human existence.

All painters who are not manufacturers have ideals that move them, that form the mainspring of their art, and that exist as a stimulus to further accomplishment. Some of Henry's artistic beliefs have been specifically touched on : others may be inferred from incidental phrases in this essay. But it may be well to repeat that the first quality he strives to achieve and maintain is sanity. The highest Greek art was as simple and as sane as one may wish. Rembrandt was sane, so was Velasquez, so was Vandyke ; and Henry does not profess great sympathy with those manifestations of artistic activity that result in productions that are bizarre or grotesque. So far as brushwork is concerned, he believes in directness and simplicity. "No faking" may be said to be one of his mottoes. Spontaneity is to him one of the great things to endeavour to secure ; and while he does not himself attempt that slickness and sloppiness of handling that is just now fashionable, his technique is free and vigorous—altogether assured and masterly. The direct and accomplished work of Raeburn seems to him as fine, as complete, and as satisfying as portrait-painting can be, and, if he consciously follows any painter of bygone days, Raeburn is his leader.

Another point to be noted in his work is the value he attaches to outline. He fails to see why this should be one of the essential features of sculpture, and be ignored in the sister art ; and with this use of severe outline he combines at times great skill in the employment of large masses of colour. Good tone is to be found through all his work : one never sees a picture by Henry (whether its colour scheme is entirely quiet, or whether it is relieved by jewel-like touches of colour) that is out of tone. Flat spaces, clearly defined, are also features of his portraiture ; and he favours simple, empty, atmospheric backgrounds—frankly and skilfully making a picture of the sitter, without the help (or the hindrance) of accessories of any kind. The slight relief afforded by a well-designed and faintly indicated inscription identifying the sitter is ample in Henry's hands to avoid any suggestion of vacuity or monotony in the background of a portrait, and such backgrounds are a welcome relief to the studio properties or the conventional furniture that are so widely employed for this purpose.

Just at present portraiture looms large in the sum of Henry's work, and this phase of his power has perhaps been rather too slightly treated in this essay. But in the case of a painter of such varied

capacity, and in an article which is intended to show in brief not only the culmination, but the growth of his art, it seemed advisable to allot less space to the consideration of his portraits than their intrinsic power and merit deserve. It is somewhat to be regretted, after all, that the demands of clients compel a painter to devote himself to portraiture, and to sacrifice on the altar of his sitters' vanity the natural desire for some other form of artistic and personal expression. Portraiture may be the highest form of art, and a painter may rejoice in the display of the many qualities that go to make up that magnificent achievement, a fine portrait ; but it can scarcely be a good thing for the painter to repress too much his inclination to work along other lines. It is for this reason, and because a little excursion into other fields—a little mental relaxation and manual variety—are likely to increase his powers as a portrait painter, that one expresses the hope that (along with his portraits) Henry may continue to paint his gracious, tender, and decorative harmonies, and that he may find time to realise now some of the dreams of his earlier days. He is at present painting portraits of very high quality, and he enjoys the full exercise of this side of his artistic capacity ; but one does not therefore forget that there were pictures that he conceived and attempted in bygone years that he was not able to bring to completion. Earlier in his career he dreamed enthusiastic dreams of pictures that he could not then compass ; pictures that he was not at that time capable of putting on canvas, however keenly he felt them, however clearly he saw them. Now, in the zenith of his powers, he could carry these romantic conceptions to completion, could satisfy himself and delight his admirers, and one looks to him some day to do so. Landscapes of sumptuous beauty, of jewel-like radiance : imaginative subjects of deep import and sombre power—the memory of these dreams of the past still remains with the artist. May he find time and strength to realise them for our gratification and enjoyment !

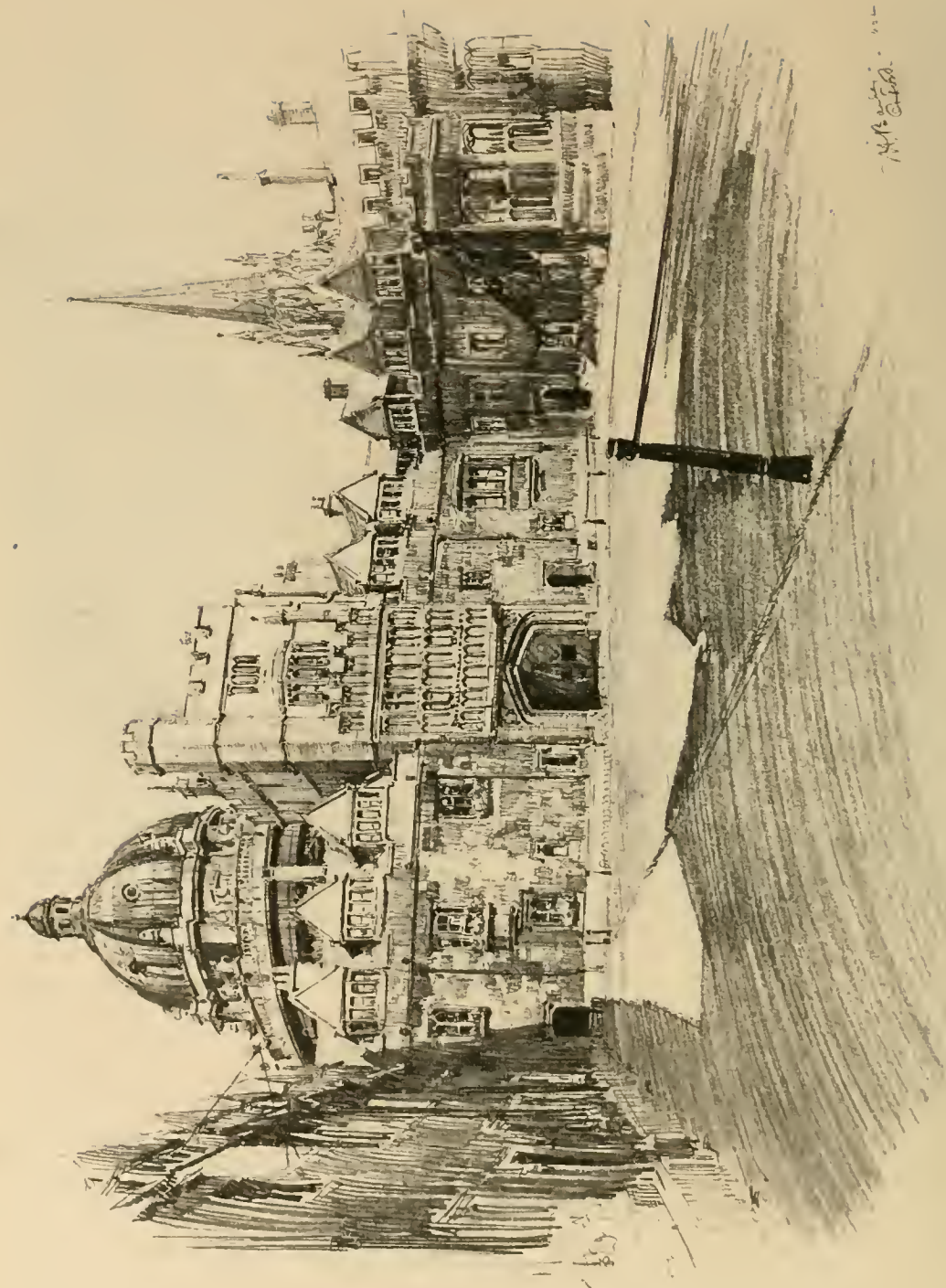
PERCY BATE.

IN continuance of the Exhibition of Fine Art Engraving, held in the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, during the summer of 1903, it is proposed by the Board of Education in co-operation with the Council of the Society of Arts, to hold, in the course of the present year, an exhibition of engravings produced by mechanical means, such as photogravure and other processes, including printing in colours.

OXFORD COLLEGES
DRAWN BY VERNON
HOWE BAILEY



Vernon Bailey
Exeter College



1842. 2. 10. 1842.

Brasenose College, Oxford

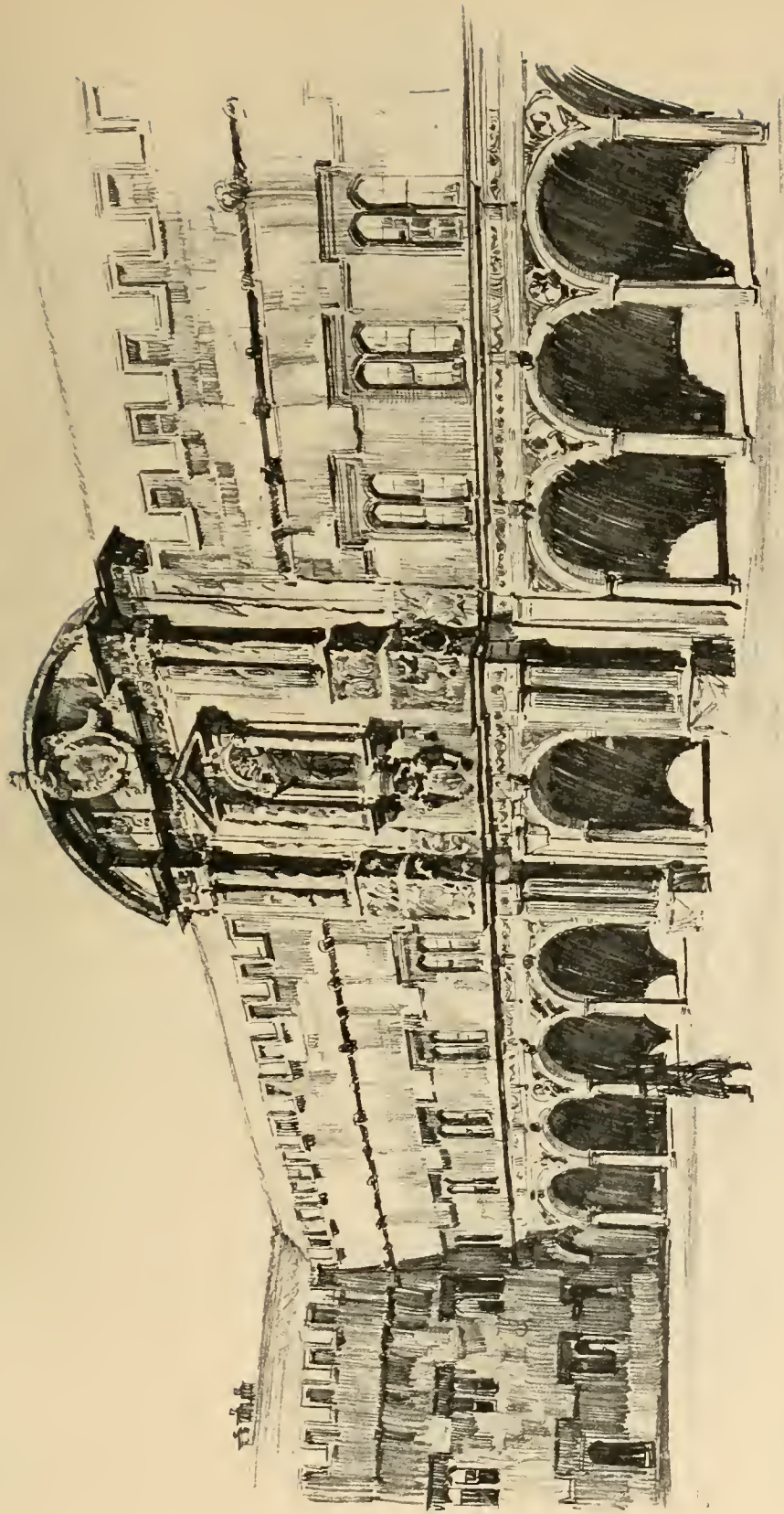


W. H. St. John
1811

Magdalen College, Oxford

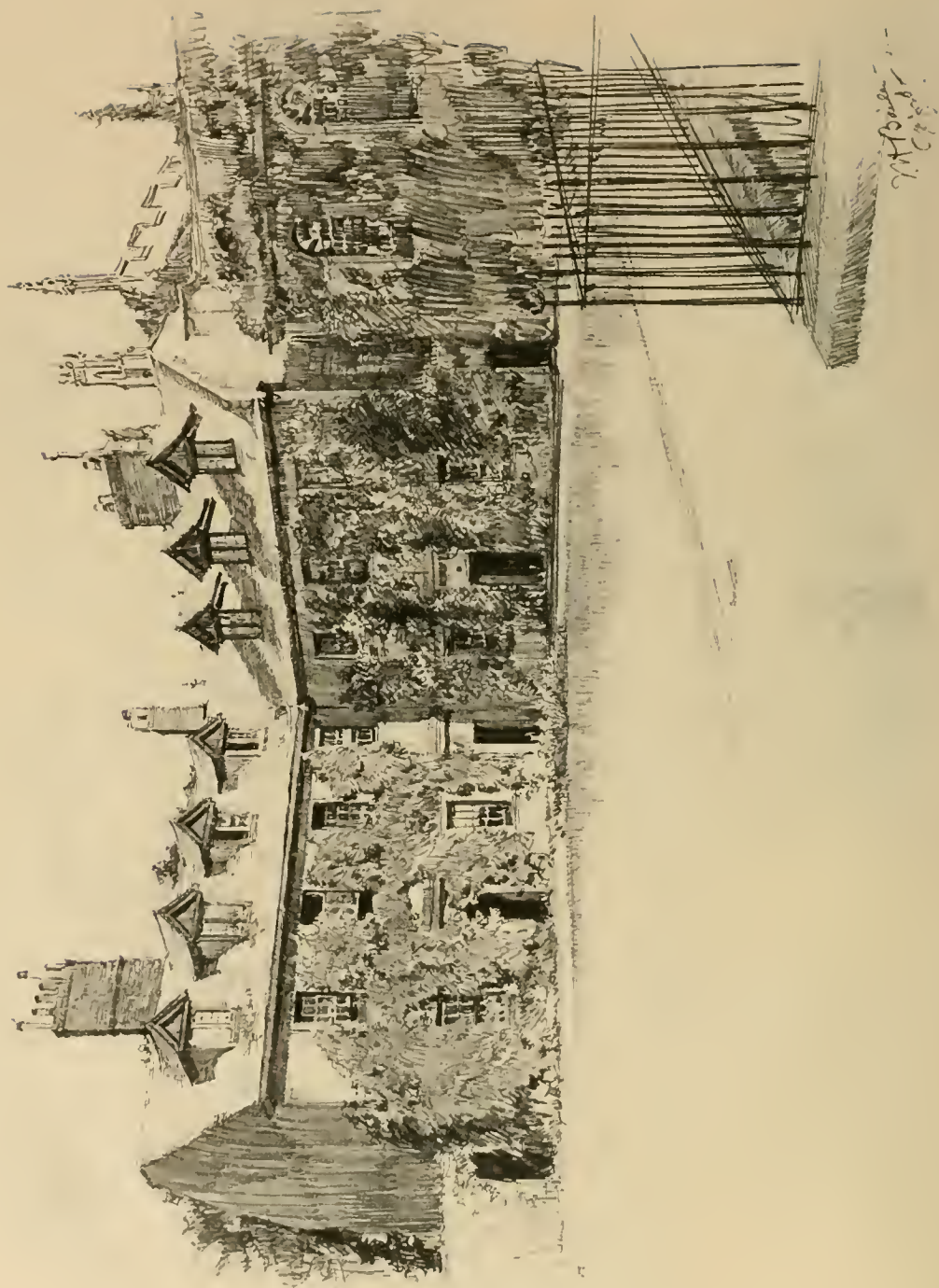


Founder's Tower, Magdalen College, Oxford

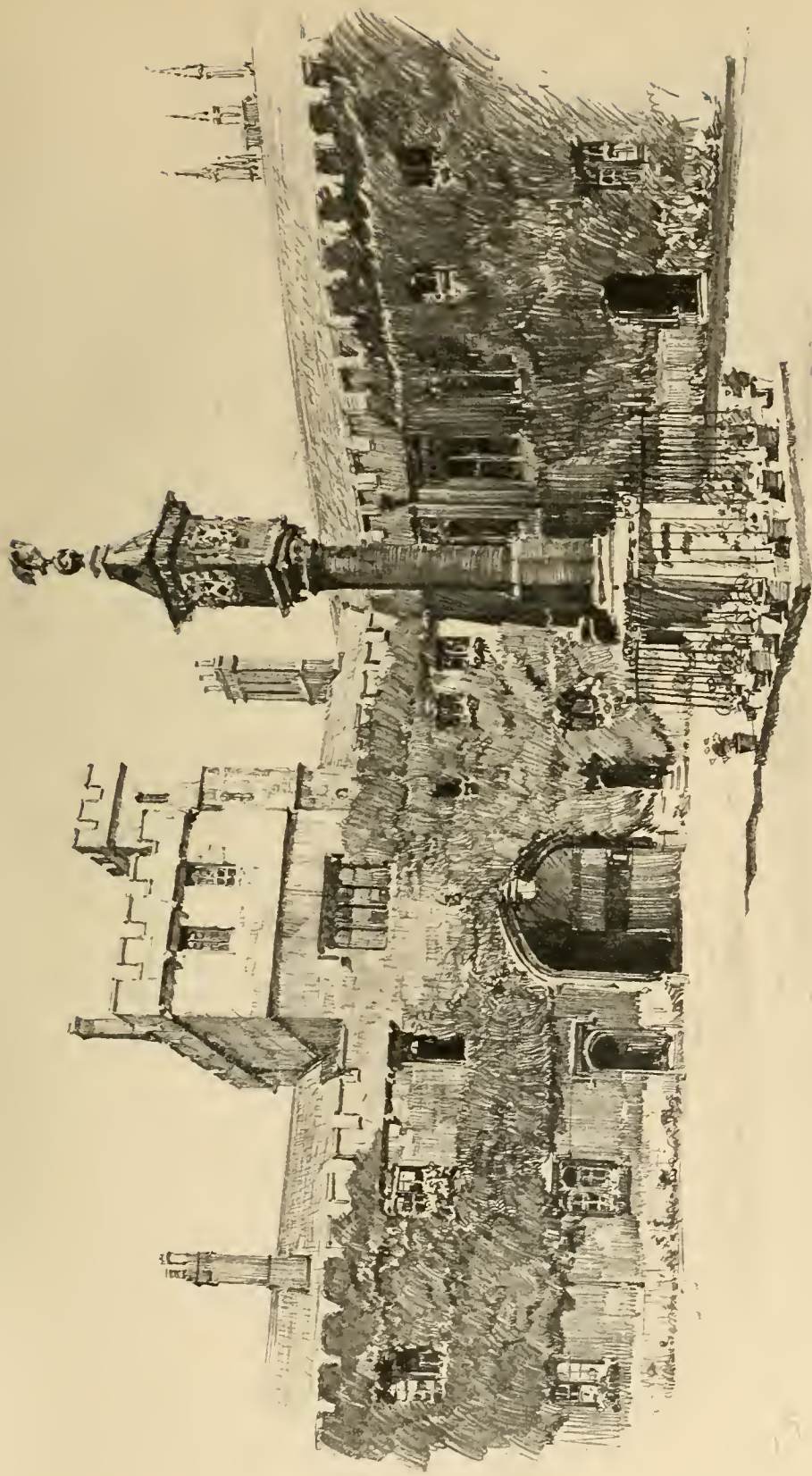


St. John's College, Oxford

St. John's College, Oxford



Corpus Christi College, Oxford



Corpus Christi College, Oxford

Corpus Christi College, Oxford



High Street and Queen's College, Oxford

Albert F. Fleury

A CHICAGO
PAINTER:
THE WORK
OF ALBERT
F. FLEURY. BY
MAUDE I. G.
OLIVER.

It is with unusual pride that Chicago alludes to her resident French artist, Mr. Albert Fleury, who finds his inspiration in the city's apparent ugliness, and who, through the medium of an exceptionally sensitive touch, has



"STATE STREET, CHICAGO:
EVENING" BY A. F. FLEURY



"MASONIC TEMPLE, CHICAGO"

BY A. F. FLEURY

happily recorded beauties and even poetry itself, which native artists have failed to discover. Mr. Fleury is preeminently the painter of Chicago; but it is Chicago idealised which animates his brush. He knows just how to appropriate a telling composition from amongst some bits of smoke-begrimed architecture or mud-besmeared streets, to select an effective arrangement of an imposing-looking warehouse, held as a firm, skilful note in juxtaposition with the proverbially "dirty Chicago River." The commercial life of the river, showing its airy drawbridges, its solid embankments, its busy little tugboats, together with its groups of sailing craft, enhanced, as they are, by the commanding dignity of their fine old masts, is a

Albert F. Fleury

favourite theme for this appreciative artist. He loves also to employ the material of a crowded thoroughfare, depicting its surging, teeming, metropolitan spirit by well-considered masses of restless humanity, cleverly balanced by the unique feature of the notorious Chicago "skyscraper."

Mr. Fleury's introduction to the city of his adoption was in 1888, when he was commis-



"RIVER NEAR STATE STREET BRIDGE, CHICAGO"

BY ALBERT F. FLEURY



"RIVER SCENE NEAR RUSH STREET BRIDGE, CHICAGO"

BY ALBERT F. FLEURY

sioned to cover the two lunettes disposed in the centres of the side walls of the Auditorium hall. Landscapes of deep poetical feeling, strong in conception, rich, harmonious, and sympathetic in colour, representing the seasons of spring and autumn, were the result. The success of this initial undertaking assured him first rank among decorative painters, and the reputation it secured through-

out the country perhaps determined his permanent residence in America. At any rate his unquestioned ability became recognised at the Art Institute, where he was soon enrolled on the list of instructors.

Mr. Fleury's early training at Paris was in architecture, which probably accounts for his aptitude



"ART INSTITUTE, CHICAGO"

BY ALBERT F. FLEURY

Albert F. Fleury

in mural decoration. His appointment as designer of the Mines and Metallurgy building at the Louisiana Exposition attests to his ability in technical work. While still in France, he abandoned mechanical art for the study of easel painting, and for seven years he exhibited at the "Salon," principally confining his subjects to marine and sea-faring folk. In this connection, his necessary practice of open-air work laid the foundation of his wonderful atmospheric effects, which he invariably obtains successfully, whether in black-and-white or in colour treatment. Taste in conception, directness of purpose, subtlety and grace of rendering combined with expert draughtsmanship, are notable characteristics of Mr. Fleury's work, and his future career will be watched with interest by everyone interested in the development of art in the New World. M. I. G. O.

FROM our Canadian correspondent we have received the following :—

The gathering of the Royal Canadian Academy last year at Ottawa was an important one, in that it received fresh impetus from the promise of Governmental support—lapsed for the past few years—and recognition, and the possible remedying of what are felt to be grievances. Out of the 30,000,000 dols. surplus of the Dominion Government, 10,000 dols. will in all probability be given annually to the Academy for the furtherance of art in Canada. The days of the beginnings of art in Canada have been long and arduous; but it does not require much inspiration to predict a greater impetus, a larger reward in the near future, not only on account of expected Governmental assistance and co-operation, but also by reason of the unusually rapid increase of population, the vigorous

and well-nigh universal exploitation of vast commercial resources, the steady development of a national spirit—more manifest possibly, as yet, in other fields than that of art, but sure to affect that also—which will appreciate and picture the genius of the nation, its life and spirit, and the wonderful abundance of its art material. The recommendations of the Academy last year to the Government were a reduction of the duty on artists' materials; placing duty on foreign works of art imported for sale; greater financial aid to schools of art; that the President of the Academy be appointed Art Commissioner for Canada, to be consulted in an advisory capacity on all matters pertaining to art; and that a new National Gallery be built at Ottawa to replace the present one. It was also urged that the Government should purchase regularly from works of the Academy to equip the National Gallery.



"AUDITORIUM, CHICAGO, FROM WABASH AVENUE"

BY ALBERT F. FLEURY

Charles Milcendeau's Pastels

THE MODERN FRENCH PASTEL-
LISTS : CHARLES MILCEN-
DEAU. BY GUSTAVE GEFFROY.

It is now five years since Charles Milcendeau displayed in a private exhibition some fifty drawings of La Vendée and Brittany. The impression they produced was singular and profound, and it has not been lessened so far as those are concerned who at once appreciated this precise and delicate art, which charmed likewise by its dreaminess and, so to speak, its want of finish. The fact is that Milcendeau, skilful draughtsman as he is, will not make models for his drawings. He essays to fix the life around him ; and that life ever presents itself to him with a movement, a respiration, which he strives to make visible. This he often expresses with rare felicity. To see his figures one would think they had suddenly moved ; that their hands had shifted from their place ; that the expression of their features had just changed ; that they had started walking, or had all of a sudden taken an attitude of repose. Milcendeau does not always obtain this result by the simple play of light and shade which lends itself to all phantasmagoric effects. Very often he presents his creations in full light, and it is only by means of a certain manner of his in tracing their features and outlines, in sketching their attitudes, and in hesitating over their form that he succeeds in producing the illusion as of life caught by surprise, and transferred right away on to a sheet of paper.

One can at once understand the charm of works conceived in this fashion, yet, none the less, solid, massive, and strong. In these visions of folk such

as we meet in the streets, or see on their doorsteps or inside their houses, there is an ingenuous knowledge which becomes even more marked in contact with reality. Milcendeau tells us what he knows ; and well he knows it, and well he tells it. I admire this young man—a pupil of Gustave Moreau, who gave him the familiar Italian and academic training—for having had the sturdy inspiration to return to Nature. Gustave Moreau was a man of intelligence, and did his best to respect the liberty of his pupils. But in this he did not succeed so well as has been thought. The conversations I have had, not only with Milcendeau, but also with Bussy and Martel, have left me no room for doubt in this respect. Gustave Moreau could not hide his ill-humour—his anger, indeed—when he observed these young men desirous of painting peasants and peasant-women—mere clowns and wenches,



"VIEILLARD"

FROM THE PASTEL BY CHARLES MILCENDEAU



"VIEILLE PAYSANNE." FROM THE
PASTEL BY CHARLES MILCENDEAU

Charles Milcendeau's Pastels

unworthy of *le grand art*. He did not understand it, and he never understood.

Happily, Milcendeau stood firm. We should have made a lot of progress if he, like so many others, had exhibited his Jasons and Helens and Ulysses according to the master's formula! What is past is past, and it is useless indeed to continue it and repeat it. Milcendeau has regained the open, has gone back home to his cottages, his *cabarets*, his meadows and his streams, and there he has found the elements of his own work; which is infinitely better than to have gathered up the crumbs from the work of another. At the same time, he owes something, of course, to Moreau: the discipline and the honesty of work, the spirit to do, the courage to struggle hard. Gustave Moreau was of high moral worth, and one may hope that in

his pupils are to be found the heirs of his conscience.

As to the form of Milcendeau's drawings, I firmly believe it to be strictly his own. Originality of this kind is born with an artist. It is this sort of originality which finds confirmation and gains development by contact with the Masters—every one of them; and Milcendeau, I think, went to all, not only the Italians who inspired Moreau, but also to Rembrandt, Rubens, Velasquez, Delacroix, and the others.

He has the good fortune to possess an individual style of drawing, and he has his native land, home and race—herein is the artist's inexhaustible store. In his own country he recovers himself, gathers fresh strength because he has sprung from its very soil. A supply of sap has been, as it were,

his heritage, and he knows where that supply may be renewed. In the case of Milcendeau, this store of force is in Vendée and in Brittany. Amid these familiar landscapes and villages, surrounded by folk long and well known, he feels at his ease; he knows what he is going to say and how he is going to say it. Thus the slightest of his sketches has an inimitable accent of its own. Compared with the pages he has brought back from his native place, all the *mises-en-scène* of tourist painters appear insipid, without emotion, without conviction.

With Milcendeau there is the deep touch, the sensitive mark—the parentage, so to speak. Look at these old peasants sitting in the chimney corner, or at the table, eating their soup, or out of doors, looking after their pastures. Everything about them—their stiff, bent frames, their lean faces, their hard, suspicious, obstinate eyes—tells



"ENFANTS"

FROM THE PASTEL BY CHARLES MILCENDEAU



Charles Milcendeau's Pastels

of long, long labour and one fixed idea—the land. The women are the obedient slaves of the same plan—looking in turn after the soup, the cattle, and the children. And in the case of the old women, who turn their spinning-wheels, and knit and sew, or beg under some ruined church porch, we see that calm, passive resignation which suggests the life of the moss-covered stone.

I have been a witness of almost all Milcendeau's self-combating. I have watched him try diversions, travels. One cannot forget the charming scenes and portraits he brought back after a sojourn in some mountainous village in Spain. With him nothing was wasted. He "found himself," and his mind grasped the meaning of comparison. So he returned home stronger than when he started, with a clearer view of the mysterious nature of the life around him. Now and henceforth he is in full possession of his fancy, and can apply his special form of art to any spectacle demanding his notice

and his thought. He produced in Paris splendid portraits, wherein one may find the same intensity as one finds in his silhouettes and his Vendéen features. He has conceived and executed paintings which are the logical sequence of his coloured drawings. But I come back inevitably to these drawings of his. They are justly treasured, for their fortunate owners know well they hold possession of work by one of the most original draughtsman among the new generation of French artists.

GUSTAVE GEFFROY.

WE have received the following note from our correspondent in Melbourne: The Trustees of the Melbourne National Gallery have lately purchased several drawings by the late Phil May. It will be remembered that May was for several years—in the 'eighties—a staff artist on the "Sydney Bulletin." The drawings purchased by the trustees were some

of those submitted at public auction of the works by the "Bulletin" proprietors. The display of the works both in Sydney and Melbourne prior to the dispersal, created quite a sensation, and good prices were realised; for May was, and still is, regarded with very wide popular favour. At the Sydney Royal Art Society's Exhibition the trustees have also purchased a pen-drawing entitled *The Scoffers*, the work of a young artist, Mr. Norman Lindsay, who is also on the staff of the "Bulletin." Judging by his achievements in the past, it is probable that in a few years his work will be ranked on a level with that of Phil May, with whom he has much in common. The Victorian Artists' Society held their annual meeting at the Galleries, Eastern Hill, on Oct. 29th, when the retiring president, Mr. Fred. McCubbin, was re-elected. The affairs of the Society are in a very prosperous condition.



"LA FILEUSE"

FROM THE PASTEL BY CHARLES MILCENDEAU

A Rebuilt Village

THORNTON HOUGH, CHESHIRE:
A REBUILT VILLAGE. BY
H. BLOOMFIELD BARE.

SLOWLY we seem to be recognising that a national danger lies in the gradual depopulation of our villages and the over-crowding of our towns. This stream of migration has been continuing so long unchecked that hundreds of miles of deserted country are starving for the labourers necessary to their prosperous cultivation, while into a comparatively small area of town land have been compressed thousands of the poorest and most helpless of unskilled workers. The result of this influx is over-burdening the labour market in the towns and reducing the unemployed to degradation and social conditions worse than slavery.

Not only in England, but in our Colonies and throughout Europe and America there is scarcely any difference of opinion with regard to this question. Men of all parties are well nigh universally agreed that the misery accumulated from all this error can no longer go unconsidered, and the serious question now forced upon us for immediate attention is—How to stem the drifting of rural population into the congested towns?

There appears to be a consensus of opinion in dealing with this question that something requires to be done to improve the social conditions of the agricultural labourer, and to make life in the villages more attractive; otherwise the exodus from the country to the towns seems bound to go on, even though a vast number of men in the towns are ineffectively seeking employment, and while land in the country is languishing for labour.

Something has been accomplished already in a few instances towards brightening the lives of rural communities by intelligently organised recreations for their leisure hours during the summer months, and by provision of employment in various home industries during the winter portion of the year. Still, a more general extension of this idea in the country is required to counteract the influence of the many unwholesome "attractions" offered by life in the busy, overcrowded towns.

Municipalities everywhere are engaged with the difficulties of housing their artisan population; at the same time, the housing of the rural labourer forms a very important part of the consideration necessary to the solution of this pressing question.

A writer in the *Times* recently instanced the conditions of existence under which large numbers of our village inhabitants suffer:

"Many of the cottages were so abominable they

could not call them houses, and the people so deteriorated in physique that they were unable to do the amount of work which able-bodied persons should do."

To argue out the whole of this subject in these pages is obviously impossible, yet it comes within our province to note one of the several isolated movements going on in different parts of the kingdom, all endeavouring to contend with and to reform the deplorable conditions above referred to.

Situated in a central part of the Wirral—that portion of Cheshire lying between the estuaries of the Mersey and the Dee—is the agricultural village Thornton Hough, nearly adjoining Port Sunlight, where, as is well known, an extensive scheme of model dwellings and other buildings have been erected to meet the requirements of an industrial community.

The writer's acquaintance with Thornton Hough extends over a considerable period previous to its improvement and extension, and his knowledge of the newer order of things claims to be something more than that of the casual visitor.

Before it was remodelled, Thornton Hough would not have been condemned by its exterior appearance—it did not outwardly display its worst features. But sufficiently bad examples of meagre accommodation and structural dilapidation would be disclosed on nearer examination. "Dirty, dark, damp, unhealthy interiors, at variance with all ideas of common decency," were masked by picturesque exteriors covered with roses.

A characteristic specimen of some of the demolished single-bedroom cottages facing the Neston Road stood on the site that is now occupied by dwellings containing three to five bedrooms, tastefully designed by Messrs. Douglas and Fordham, architects, of Chester. Their plans will be again referred to later.

With regard to the meagre accommodation of some of the old cottages, there were indeed only too many instances of this.

In one case a family of ten children had been brought up in a cottage with one bedroom only; the thatched roof was falling in, and the walls were bulging out. There were worse cases even than this, but it is unnecessary to go into particulars here.

Upon the discussion of some necessary repairs and projected additions for the sake of decency, the verdict of the village carpenter was emphatically given. "If yer touch the roof ye'll push the walls out, and if yer touch the walls ye'll have the roof down."

A Rebuilt Village



BUNGALOW COTTAGES IN
RABY ROAD, THORNTON HOUGH

MESSRS. GRAYSON AND OULD
ARCHITECTS

build an entirely new village, but how to rebuild an old one.

Absolutely irreclaimable cottages only were pulled down; those that were at all adaptable to modern requirements were altered and repaired.

The rebuilding was not always done on the old sites, but as far as possible the general outline of the village was preserved, and a score or more of additional cottages have been erected to supply the growing requirements of the farm-labourers; and the tenancy is confined

So the externally picturesque relics of bygone times, their crumbling sandstone walls, thatched roofs, and climbing roses had to vanish before the inevitable intrusion of modern ideas demanding decent family accommodation and wholesome sanitation.

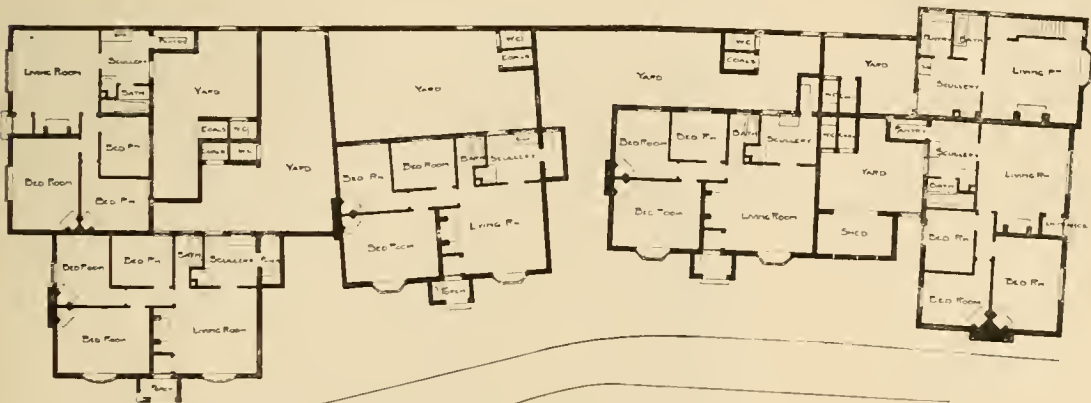
Yet this was not accomplished without some unwillingness on the part of the inhabitants to be removed from the old ruins to which they had become attached.

To an energetic landlord such as Mr. W. H. Lever, with power and means to carry out his reforming instincts, the problem, it appears, was not how to

almost entirely to this class.

Mr. Lever has not been discouraged by the fact that one per cent. is all the direct return upon his investment. In his view, if rents were raised above the amount the village labourer can afford to pay, the majority of the tenants would be forced away, and the value of his farms in the parish would be depreciated through the labourers not being housed within the same district; but, by retaining the original village population, he thus gains indirectly upon the value of the farm property.

The simplest of the dwellings, planned by Messrs. Grayson & Ould, of Liverpool, form a



PLANS OF BUNGALOW COTTAGES,
RABY ROAD, THORNTON HOUGH

MESSRS. GRAYSON AND OULD,
ARCHITECTS

A Rebuilt Village



"THE FOLDS,"
THORNTON HOUGH

MESSRS. W. AND S. OWEN,
ARCHITECTS

group of six oungealow cottages, built on the Raby Road. They have been placed on the site with a pleasing irregularity, instead of to a formal building line of frontage; they stand each upon a sufficient allowance of garden and yard space, and each commands an agreeable outlook; and this is a point that has been well considered with all the groups and blocks of cottages. They are so placed that from each there is almost invariably a good prospect of the country.

In these bungalows each plan includes a good-sized living-room, with a cosy ingle fire-place, a scullery, bath-room, pantry, and three separate bedrooms. There is decided comfort gained by the entrances being well screened from draughts, and sheltered by a recessed lobby or projecting porch, fitted with a fixed seat in each instance.

The exteriors, with simply designed solid oak framing, stuccoed filling-in, red sandstone chimney-stacks, and

roofing of stout grey flagging, have an appearance of good substantial construction, while the selection of materials provides colours which entirely harmonise with their surroundings.

Another group of cottages, known as The Folds, of rather more elaborate design, are planned alternately by Messrs. W. & Segar Owen, of Warrington, and by Messrs. Grayson & Ould. They are two-storeyed plans, with practically the same accommodation as those just described; all have three bedrooms and bathroom.

The Folds are prettily arranged around three sides of a good grass plot, set back from the roadway; and the feeling of spaciousness is augmented by the proximity of the village bowling-green, over which these cottages have full view.

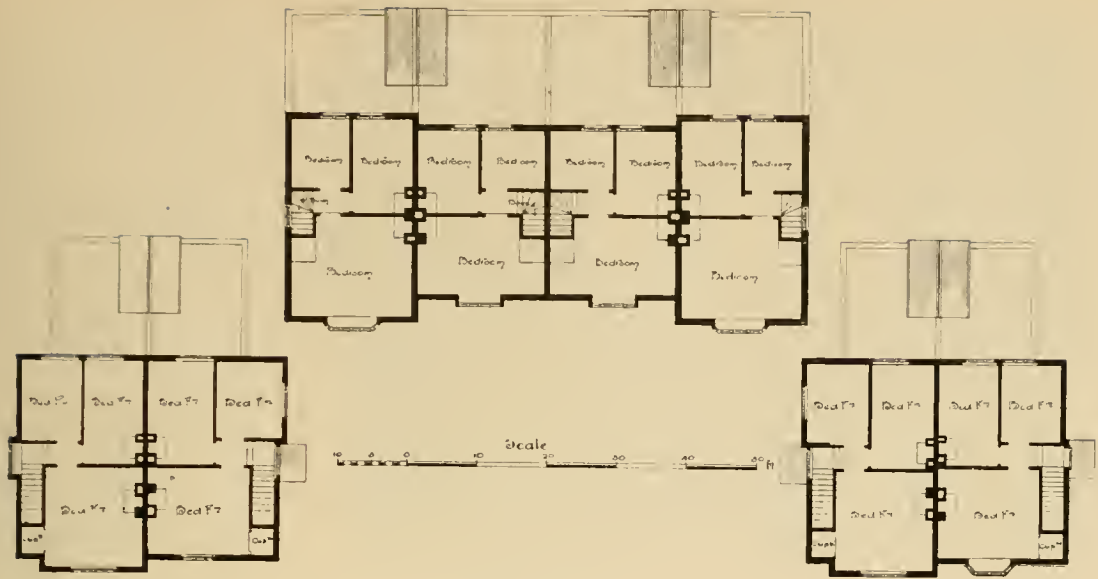
This disposition of plan seems to have been suggested by the form adopted in many old Lancashire villages, where the hand-loom weaving sheds



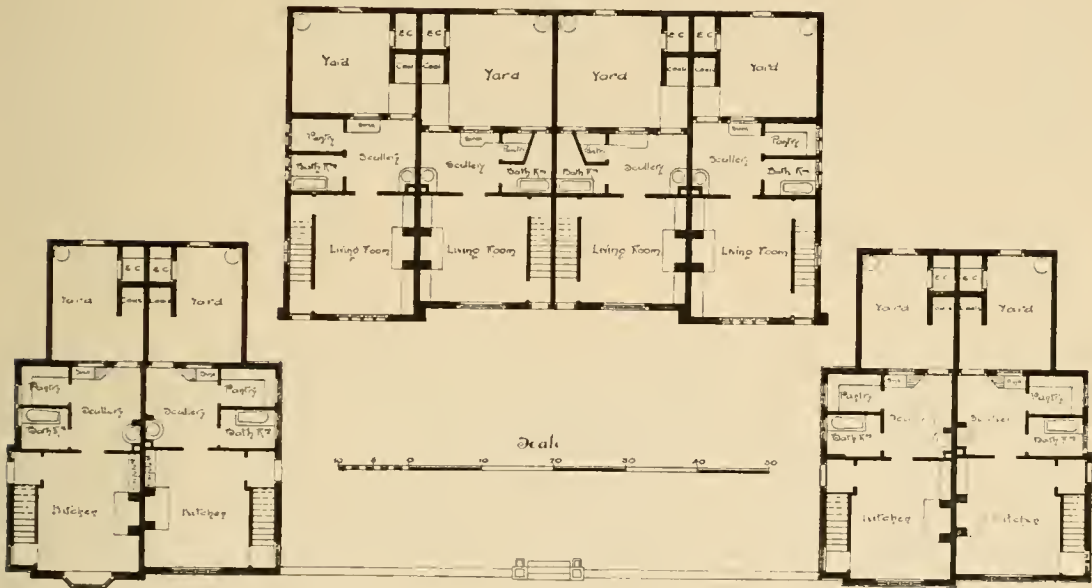
"THE FOLDS,"
THORNTON HOUGH

MESSRS. W. AND S. OWEN,
ARCHITECTS

A Rebuilt Village



- First Floor Plan -



GROUND PLAN

PLANS OF COTTAGES IN "THE FOLDS," THORNTON HOUGH
MESSRS. GRAYSON AND OULD
AND MESSRS. W. & S. OWEN
ARCHITECTS

A Rebuilt Village



THE VILLAGE CLUB AND
"THE FOLDS," THORNTON HOUGH

MESSRS. GRAYSON AND OULD AND
MESSRS. W. AND S. OWEN, ARCHITECTS

were often placed in the back row, and the cottage dwellings projected alternately, something like the letter **Π** thus forming enclosures or "folds;" in this instance it is a departure from a formal building line, which has been exercised with much taste. In this block of cottages, again, the silvery-grey oaken timbers and other constructive materials selected blend most harmoniously in colour.

Close by The Folds, and distinguished by a swinging sign, hung to an elegant wrought-iron projecting bracket, is the village club house, designed by Messrs. Grayson & Ould, together with other cottages by the same architects, and of the same type of plan as the rest.

Hereabouts the temptation is to wander from point to point in several directions, to obtain the interesting variety of views and groupings of the village as it surrounds the fine bowling-green and club pavilion.

The natural beauties of Thornton Hough, in-

cluding its sloping site, informal direction of its highways, and well-timbered environment, are all favourable to æsthetic development of its plan, and there is a satisfaction in finding how admirably these natural advantages have been seized upon and tastefully turned to good account.

Messrs. William & Segar Owen are the architects of another group of buildings, near the crossing of Neston and Manor roads. The ingenuity exercised in arranging this group of six cottages with a broken line of frontage to the

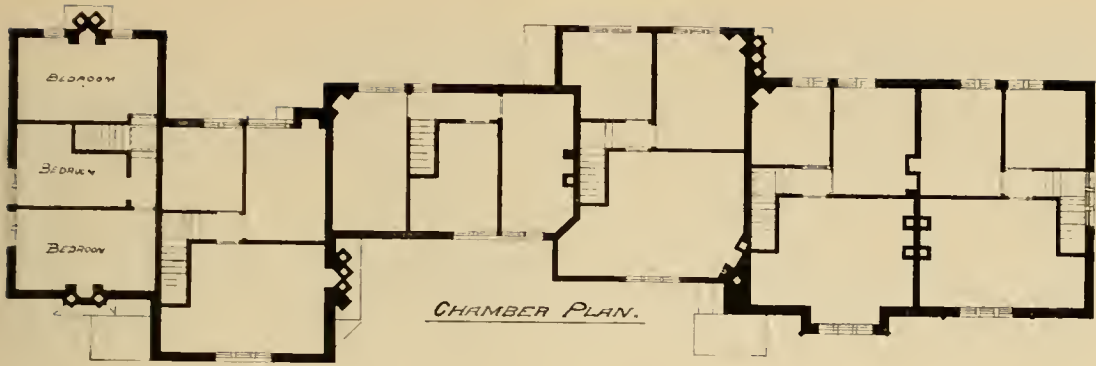
road has been very successful in its picturesque result. The plans follow the general type of three-bedroomed cottages, with rather more elaboration of oak framing of the first floors and gables, the designs of the timber work being pleasantly varied. The red-bricked footways and narrow verge of grass and flower-beds at the plinth base of the cottages have very agreeable



VILLAGE CLUB AND COTTAGES IN
"THE FOLDS," THORNTON HOUGH

MESSRS. GRAYSON AND OULD AND
MESSRS. W. AND S. OWEN, ARCHITECTS

A Rebuilt Village



PLANS OF SIX COTTAGES IN MANOR ROAD

MESSRS. W. AND S. OWEN, ARCHITECTS

relations with the design through the play of colours thus introduced.

The row of cottages having three to five bedrooms, built facing the Neston road, form the most varied group of all: they are from the designs of Messrs. Douglas & Fordham, of Chester. Elaboration of design in this interesting group certainly goes somewhat beyond the character of farm-labourers' cottages, and may seem therefore to make them too pretentious for their purpose. On the other hand, Mr. Lever admits the pleasure



COTTAGES IN MANOR ROAD,
THORNTON HOUGH

MESSRS. W. AND S. OWEN, ARCHITECTS

A Rebuilt Village



COTTAGES WITH FROM THREE TO FIVE BEDROOMS
IN NESTON ROAD, THORNTON HOUGH

MESSRS. DOUGLAS AND
FORDHAM, ARCHITECTS

he takes in the adornment of his cottage buildings, regardless of a financial return for his outlay in every case; and with this the lovers of good architecture will be little disposed to complain, because out of this healthy impulse has grown the refined transformation of a whole village. If the sole aim and object of building is money-making, art must vanish from Thornton Hough and from many places elsewhere.

A study of these, and indeed of any of the other plans of cottages in Thornton Hough, reveals the underlying motive of the landlord to be a solicitous care for the decency and self-respect of his tenants; and this consideration for comfort and welfare in the home undoubtedly places the relations between landlord and tenant upon a higher plane, and a more enduring footing, than if the interest were expressed by personal visits to the cottagers, or by a distribution of charity, blankets and scarlet

cloaks, with a fussy patronage on the part of the donor so distasteful to the sturdy independence of the village labourer.

Standing apart at the upper end of the village may be seen a pretty cottage with an oak shingled turret, appropriated as a coachman's lodge, also an entrance gate lodge, of which two views are given here, together with a plan of the latter, showing a parlour in addition to the living-room, also four good bedrooms. The spacious entrance porch adds a very inviting appearance to the front, and the situa-

tion of this lodge in relation to the entrance gates, opening to a fine avenue of trees, gives a charm to the picture, which is inadequately represented by our illustration, because of the omission of these pleasant surroundings from the photograph. This gate lodge is said to be largely a reproduction of the old schoolhouse at Weobley, Herefordshire, a place of old-time importance, eminently noted for its fine



COTTAGES WITH FROM THREE TO FIVE BEDROOMS
IN NESTON ROAD, THORNTON HOUGH

MESSRS. DOUGLAS AND
FORDHAM, ARCHITECTS

A Rebuilt Village



COTTAGES AT THE CORNER OF NESTON AND
MANOR ROADS, THORNTON HOUGH

MESSRS. DOUGLAS AND FORDHAM,
ARCHITECTS

half-timbered work, much of which is now rapidly succumbing to neglect and decay. These two lodge houses are from the designs of Messrs. Grayson & Ould, architects, of Liverpool.

In regarding the social life of Thornton Hough, a noticeable feature is the strong tendency towards the development of various sports and games. We find cricket, football, and bowls are all especially well provided for with ample spaces, and all these recreations are enthusiastically supported, thus maintaining one of the characteristics of village life in the good old times, if we may give credence to the descriptions by the traditional chroniclers of Merrie England.

Another recreation, more suited for practice during the winter months, is the cultivation of music, and a well-trained choral society numbering eighty members, out of a population of about three hundred villagers, testifies to the general interest taken in this form

of enjoyment. On a smaller scale a literary society is working to promote the discussion of intellectual topics, and to provide lecturers upon various subjects during the season.

Thus it will be seen that the social amenities organised in this way improve the ordinary hum-drum existence usually attributed to a country life.

That the possibilities for healthier and happier lives have been made more sure for the toiling villagers of Thornton Hough, through the humane provision of wholesome, decent,

handsome dwellings, close to their occupation, and at rentals which come within their limited means, is the point in full evidence here.

It is quite probable that the whole proceeding has entailed unremunerative financial outlay out of proportion to the customary expenditure upon village dwellings, and is therefore not likely to form an alluring example to the speculative building



COACHMAN'S LODGE,
THORNTON HOUGH

MESSRS. GRAYSON AND OULD,
ARCHITECTS

Victor Hugo's Drawings



ENTRANCE GATE LODGE,
THORNTON HOUGH

MESSRS. GRAYSON AND OULD,
ARCHITECTS

also by themselves creating works compelling admiration.

We know, through Goethe's "Conversations" that the poet on many occasions was near quitting poetry to devote himself entirely to painting; also, that he had worked in that direction during his youth and while on his Italian travels; indeed, the house in which the poet was born at Frankfort, like his residence at Weimar, contains a pile of very interesting drawings, wherein, as in his poems, Goethe the great classic, shows himself full of

landlord. On the other hand, there has certainly been pleasure derived from a successful remodelling and extension of Thornton Hough upon æsthetic lines, and a satisfaction in knowing that the cost has not all been pitched into the sea.

There is in an undertaking of this kind solid return for the outlay in the cumulative beneficial influence bearing upon succeeding generations of tenants. This, prospectively viewed by the man who does not live entirely for the present, appears as a first-rate asset in social economy.

H. BLOOMFIELD BARE.

VICTOR HUGO'S DRAWINGS. BY HENRI FRANTZ.

It is perhaps not without interest to note how the two strongest and most fertile poets of the 19th century, Goethe and Victor Hugo, showed an unceasing inclination towards the fine arts, not only by displaying interest in the productions of their predecessors and their contemporaries, but

a noble and lofty serenity.

Hitherto we had not been so well provided with evidence as to Victor Hugo's art leanings. At the Universal Exhibitions one might have seen at times a few drawings by the master; several of these were engraved in *L'Artiste* of 1841, and in *La France Littéraire* of 1840; and one can recall certain enthusiastic pages by Théophile Gautier, Baudelaire and Philippe Burty, also occasional reproductions



ENTRANCE GATE LODGE, THORNTON
HOUGH: END AND BACK VIEW

MESSRS. GRAYSON AND OULD,
ARCHITECTS

Victor Hugo's Drawings



Chamber Plan



Ground Plan

PLANS OF ENTRANCE GATE MESSRS. GRAYSON AND OULD
LODGE, THORNTON HOUGH ARCHITECTS

pilgrimage for those attracted by all—both men and things—with which he came into contact, one may at last obtain a thorough idea of Hugo's drawings. Here, on the walls, in glass-cases, in portfolios, is collected a vast *ensemble* sufficient for the glory of a man, and adding still further to that of *this* man. And even this, it would seem, is but a portion of the works which the poet scattered broadcast; for M. Gustave Simon, who has published, at the Librairie Ollendorff, a very well-informed *brochure* on the "Maison de Victor Hugo," asserts that the entire house would not have been too large for the accommodation of his drawings, so great was their number. For with the poet everything formed a pretext for design: a newspaper wrapper, an envelope, an invitation card, even the margin of a manuscript; everything about him was capable of being used for the immediate expression of one of his visions. Thus, by a different method of expression he completed his thought, for the characteristics of the draughtsman are indeed somewhat akin to those of the poet. In these works Victor Hugo gives evidence of an imagination, colossal and even extravagant at times—an imagination which delighted in conjuring up the Middle Ages, in the most violent and daring contrasts. "The Master," wrote Phillippe Burty, "possesses to an energetic degree the gift of enclosing within a *contour*, of bringing to life in a ray of light, of bathing in cross-reflecting shadows, the image of the things

in illustrated publications; but that was all one knew regarding Hugo the draughtsman, unless one had had access to the collections of M. Meurice, M. Lokroy, and a few other *amateurs*.

Happily the opening of Victor Hugo's house (for Paris now has a "Hugo Museum," worthy pendant to the "Goethehaus"), thanks to the efforts of Paul Meurice the poet, reveals to us at last this less-known, but in no way inferior, aspect of our poet's genius—here in this place of romantic



"LE CHÂTEAU DE FALKENSTEIN"

FROM A DRAWING BY VICTOR HUGO

Victor Hugo's Drawings



DRAWING

BY VICTOR HUGO

at the same time with a certain fidelity. As to the other sort, they have sprung solely from his brain—these dazzling visions of the East, these fantastic imaginings of cities and “burgs,” these fanciful characters. All Victor Hugo's drawings may be placed in one or the

which spring to life in his verses: dismantled castles, moons which, rising, turn the trees into phantom outline, vessels lashed by the storm, motionless lakes, rivers winding through wide-stretching plains, fairy palaces, fabulous flowers and birds—all these things he has depicted with astonishing sureness.”

A study of Victor Hugo's drawings shows one that they may be divided into two general categories: that they spring from two different sources. In the one case the poet has been inspired by Nature, not by any means, it is evident, in a textual fashion, for his imagination travestied or dramatised in accordance with his aspirations, but

other of these categories. Let us, to start with, examine the first variety.

As everyone knows, Victor Hugo travelled much. His travel notes on the Rhine, on France and Belgium and the Pyrenees, give us full information on that point. While he was recording his impressions, or summarising them in his letters, he was taking sketches, for the benefit of himself and his, of all the scenes which pleased him especially. In this way he roamed the banks of the Rhine, leaving us a monument of all the famous castles and ancient cities, which shows how close was the collaboration of poet and draughtsman.

On the 23rd of August, 1838, after having



“LA VILLE EN PENTE”

FROM THE DRAWING BY VICTOR HUGO

Victor Hugo's Drawings



"LA TOUR AUX RATS"

FROM THE DRAWING BY VICTOR HUGO

ascended the Rhine from Cologne, Victor Hugo reached Bacharach, two beautiful views of which he depicted. "Bacharach," he wrote, "is the most ancient bit of human habitations I have ever seen in my life." He tells, too, how he lived there in Rembrandtesque interiors, and it is the outside of one of these most characteristic abodes that he has fixed with so much precision of touch, and such absolute "rightness" of values. From the same town we have another drawing: "Above the Byzantine church, half-way up, are the ruins of another church of the fifteenth century in red sandstone, without doors or window-frames, or glass . . . a magnificent skeleton showing its proud outline against the sky."

But it is the "burgs," even more than the houses with their old decrepit façades, that attract Victor Hugo. These

eagles' nests perched on sheerest rock, high above the troubled waves of the stream below; these cyclopean towers in ruins covered with vegetation, wherein he never fails to perceive the contrast between Youth and Death—these are truly the chosen spots whence he evolves his imposing Burgraves.



"BURG DE VIANDEN"

FROM THE DRAWING BY VICTOR HUGO

Victor Hugo's Drawings



"BURG DE FÜRSTENECK"

FROM THE DRAWING BY VICTOR HUGO

All the drawings in this series might well be mentioned, for they all appear as the expression of the romantic landscape. Take, for example, this powerful *Burg de Fürsteneck*, thus described by the poet : "At my feet, the background of the landscape was hidden by a thick white mist, its edges gilded by the sun. 'Twas as though a cloud had fallen into the valley . . . the fog lifted, and when I reached the village the sunbeams were coming too."

Here we touch on one of the most romantic aspects of the Rhine. Between Lorch and Bingen the river broadens out before entering into the narrow gorges. Yonder stand the Rheinstein, the Reichenstein, and the Vaugtsberg, sombre ruins even now seeming to threaten one another ; and here, on this side of the confluence of the Nahe, rises "a strange edifice, a mournful ruin erect among the reeds in mid-stream between two towering mountains. This ruin is *La Tour aux Rats*. Victor Hugo in his

drawing (see page 41) has accentuated the legendary side of the scene, the dramatic aspect of the spot where, according to tradition, the cruel Archbishop Hatto met his end, devoured alive by rats, as he himself had caused the flames to devour the famine-stricken folk — men, women and children — who had clamoured for bread outside his castle walls. Now, says Victor Hugo, the curse of Heaven and the horror of mankind are on that tower ; and, indeed, this is exactly what his drawing expresses.

I admire greatly, too, his *Burg de Vianden* (page 41).

It is a fine thing, wherein the firm and vigorous manner of the master is expressed to the full. Expelled from Belgium, with his granddaughter Jeanne, Hugo made a journey into Luxembourg. While engaged in drawing the house in which he lived at the corner of the bridge—a drawing which has certain magnificent Rembrandt-like contrasts of light and shade—he wrote: "I love this country ;



"UN CHÂTEAU DU RHIN"

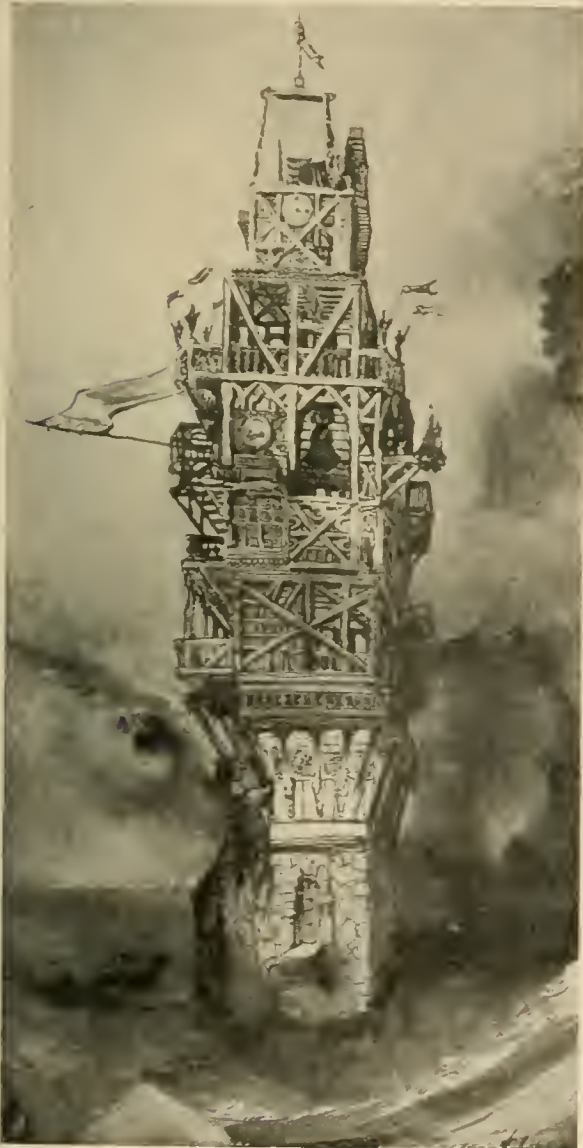
FROM THE DRAWING BY VICTOR HUGO
(In the collection of M. Paul Meurice)



Victor Hugo's Drawings

this is the fifth time I have been here. In other years my own dreamings and the tendency within me have drawn me towards lovely places which are wild places. . . . To-day I am driven to this country as by a gust of wind, and I thank that gust of wind."

Victor Hugo drew other things besides ruined castles. See the splendid drawing of a town on the storm-swept sea-shore; and all these sketches of buildings wherein he shows one every detail that has impressed him in the ancient monuments of France and Belgium.



"PIRE DU XVII SIÈCLE"

FROM THE DRAWING BY VICTOR HUGO
(In the collection of M. Paul Meurice)



"ABBAYE DE VILLIERS"

FROM THE DRAWING BY VICTOR HUGO

As I have said, Victor Hugo, the draughtsman, corresponds identically with Victor Hugo, the poet, and as he chose his figures, now from history, now from fancy, so, in these drawings, this new Piranesi—as Gautier calls him—at times abandons reality altogether to give free play to his imagination. Already in certain of his Rhine drawings—particularly in one styled *Die Pfalz*—he had given signs that his fancy would take the upper hand, and that eventually it would create of itself, utilising its remembrances of Nature. Accordingly, Victor Hugo's castles become more and more fantastic, with deeper and deeper abysses at their feet, with ramparts more and more formidable around them, while their towers rise more proudly than ever towards fantastically-formed clouds. . . .

In this connection I will mention his fairly well-known *Burg de la Croix* and his extraordinary *Ville en Pente* (reproduced page 40), which by its conglomeration of walls and towers, make one think of a

Victor Hugo's Drawings



"VISION D'ORIENT"

FROM A DRAWING BY VICTOR HUGO

Carcassonne rebuilt by giants. Then again, his cathedral drawings recall "Notre Dame de Paris," as also *La toile d'Araignée*, of which he speaks in the famous novel. At times the poet of the "Légendes des Siècles" lets his fancy carry him even to the mysteries of the East, and fashions strangely-shaped pagodas and mosques. He is content even to leave the mediæval, and to take pleasure in evoking—he did it several times—the complicated architecture of the seventeenth century beacons. In M. Paul Meurice's collection there is a splendid

drawing (see page 43), which may be most exactly described by two lines from "L'Homme qui rit"—"The architecture of a lighthouse tower was magnificent and extravagant. There was a wealth of balconies, and balusters, and turrets, and *logettes*, and recesses and weathercocks. They were merely masks, statues, foliage, volutes, *ronde-bosses* figures, cartouches with inscriptions."

The processes employed by the draughtsman may well cause astonishment to artists, for by the simplest means he succeeded in producing prodigious impressions. "I ended," wrote the poet to Charles Baudelaire, in 1860, "by mixing in my drawings chalk, fusain, sepia, charcoal, soot, and all sorts of strange combinations, which contrive to produce approximately what there is in my eye, and, above all, in my mind." Often he would add a touch of vermilion.

At times a chance spot—once even the upsetting of an ink-pot—formed the starting-point of one of his drawings. "Then," wrote M. Simon, "he would take the first thing that came to hand: a pen with wider-open point, the stump of a goose quill, an old scrap of pencil, a pen-knife, or, if there was nothing else, his thumb." And it was with means so rudimentary as these that Victor Hugo succeeded in producing the most strikingly powerful, and sometimes even the most delicate, effects.

It seems to me this fine collection of works, so



"LA TOILE D'ARAINÉE"

FROM THE DRAWING BY VICTOR HUGO



"BRITAIN'S BULWARKS"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. J. DAY

full of interest, cannot fail to have a salutary influence upon artists. I am far from suggesting any retrogression in the direction of romantic formulæ and romantic ideals. The Past should remain the Past; art does not travel backwards. At the same time we find many an artist, weary of the *paysage intime*, which has been in such high honour of recent years, beginning to seek anew for a *subject*. On such as these Victor Hugo's drawings must needs have a powerful effect in pointing out the part imagination may play in the domain of the landscape, and how that domain may be extended and magnified thereby.

HENRI FRANTZ.

THE PHOTO-
GRAPHIC
WORK OF W.
J. DAY. BY
W. K. WEST

DECIDEDLY it is no longer possible to ignore the claims of photography to consideration as a valuable medium for the

expression of artistic ideas. The commentators on modern art movements who still profess to regard it as a merely mechanical contrivance, incapable of any response to the intentions of the worker who uses it, are hopelessly out of date, and are wasting their energies in useless opposition to the development of a form of practice which is destined in the immediate future to acquire a very definite position among the arts. These critics, indeed, prove by their attitude towards photographic work that they have not studied its present-day characteristics, and have

not kept themselves acquainted with the changes in it which have come from recent improvements in cameras and plates, and from the more intelligent use which some of the photographers themselves are making of their opportunities. The conditions now are very unlike what they were twenty, or even ten, years ago; and a very different type of criticism must be employed if the art is to be fairly dealt with.



ATMOSPHERIC STUDY

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. J. DAY



ATMOSPHERIC STUDY

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. J. DAY

There is, however, no necessity to adopt the argument advanced by certain admirers of camera work, that it should be judged in exactly the same way as those forms of pictorial production in which the direct handiwork of the artist appears. This is claiming for photography more than is either desirable or legitimate. The methods of the photographer are not, and should not be, those of the painter or the draughtsman. He has, it is true, to exercise in his choice of material an even more careful selective sense than the picture painters, for he has not, like they have, a chance of correcting deficiencies in his subject by idealising facts, or by inventing details which do not exist in the scene before him. Directly he begins to put handwork into his negatives or prints he starts on a downward course, which ends in the destruction of the qualities which give individuality and significance to his art. He produces something that is not a true photograph, and is most certainly not a spon-

taneous piece of original craftsmanship. He debases his profession by showing that he is ashamed of it, and he makes his work ridiculous by trying to imitate by mechanical means the technical peculiarities of brush or point work.

But if he cultivates his selective sense until he knows how to choose from the mass of material which Nature offers him just those arrangements which admit of exact reproduction, and if he trains himself in the mechanism of his art until he knows how to make his apparatus respond fully to his artistic in-

tentions, he can, by the aid of his camera, achieve results which are fully entitled to the sincerest admiration of all art lovers who appreciate the value of personal accomplishment. There will be ample evidence of his æsthetic understanding in his choice of motive, and in his recognition of the pictorial aspects of the composition provided by Nature; and his technical skill will be revealed in his management of subtleties of tone gradation and



ATMOSPHERIC STUDY

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. J. DAY



qualities of illumination. If he is an artist he will show it by such means ; if he is not, he will make no one think he is by worrying inefficient photographs into some semblance of still more inefficient etchings or water-colour drawings.

There are not many workers in the field of pictorial photography who so completely satisfy the essential conditions as Mr. W. J. Day. Few men have laboured so consistently to uphold the purity of this form of art practice, and fewer still have kept in view with such absolute singleness of purpose a remarkably high ideal of photographic production. Circumstances have, no doubt, helped to make him

an artist of unusual type. For one thing, he has spent all his life in the country—at Bournemouth—so that he had constant opportunities of studying Nature under all sorts of aspects, and has had always within easy reach a wide variety of subjects. For another, he comes of a family which has been very much occupied with professional photography, and he has had the advantage of a thorough training from childhood in the technical side of his work. From his father, especially, who was a most intelligent investigator in the days when photography was largely a matter of experiment, he acquired a belief in the possibility of extending the range of the

craft, and this belief remains very definitely in his mind even now, when so much has been done to make easy achievements which would have been utterly out of the reach of the workers who were doing their best a quarter of a century ago.

But, above all, he owes his position to the fact that his artistic capacity is with him instinctive, and not, as it is with so many other men in his profession, a superficial acquirement. He has by temperament the power to recognise not only what is subjectively and dramatically the best material for treatment, but also what is the most appropriate aspect under which it should be presented. His sympathy with Nature is absolute, and his belief in her as an infallible guide is altogether devout. Hence it follows that he is strictly a realist, with an honest conviction that it is his mission to interpret with scrupulous fidelity whatever subject he decides upon as suitable for pictorial record. It is, however, in making this decision that the strength of his individuality appears. By years of communion with Nature he has learned many of her secrets : incessant observation has taught him how she should be followed, and how



"CAUGHT"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. J. DAY



"HARVESTING IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE"
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH. BY W. J. DAY

The Photographic Work of W. J. Day



ATMOSPHERIC STUDY

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. J. DAY

her suggestions will affect most surely his artistic temperament. So there is in everything he produces just that right balance of fact and imagination which is attainable only by the man who is at the same time an enthusiast and a shrewd student, capable equally of careful thought and prompt decision.

If a series of his works is examined, there can be seen at once what an amount of care he has taken to exclude everything that might diminish the dignity of his transcription of natural beauties. The theatrical effectiveness which pleases the superficial observer is completely absent from his method; he never tries to be bombastic, or to gain cheaply by exaggeration the attention of people who like showy things. The dominant note in his art is simplicity; but to obtain this simplicity he does not slur over the little details which give richness and variety to his pictures. On the contrary, he so deals with them that they take each one their right place in the pictorial scheme, and help, as they do in Nature, to produce a general impression that is adequate and convincing. No one perceives more correctly that the exact and elaborate vision of the camera is of the utmost value to a worker who can use its precision to help him equally in recording facts and in investing them with all the tone modulations which put them into proper pictorial relation. He appreciates fully that the simplicity of Nature is really infinitely complex, and that her largeness and dignity come only from the perfect welding together

of numberless parts, no one of which is allowed to assert itself unduly.

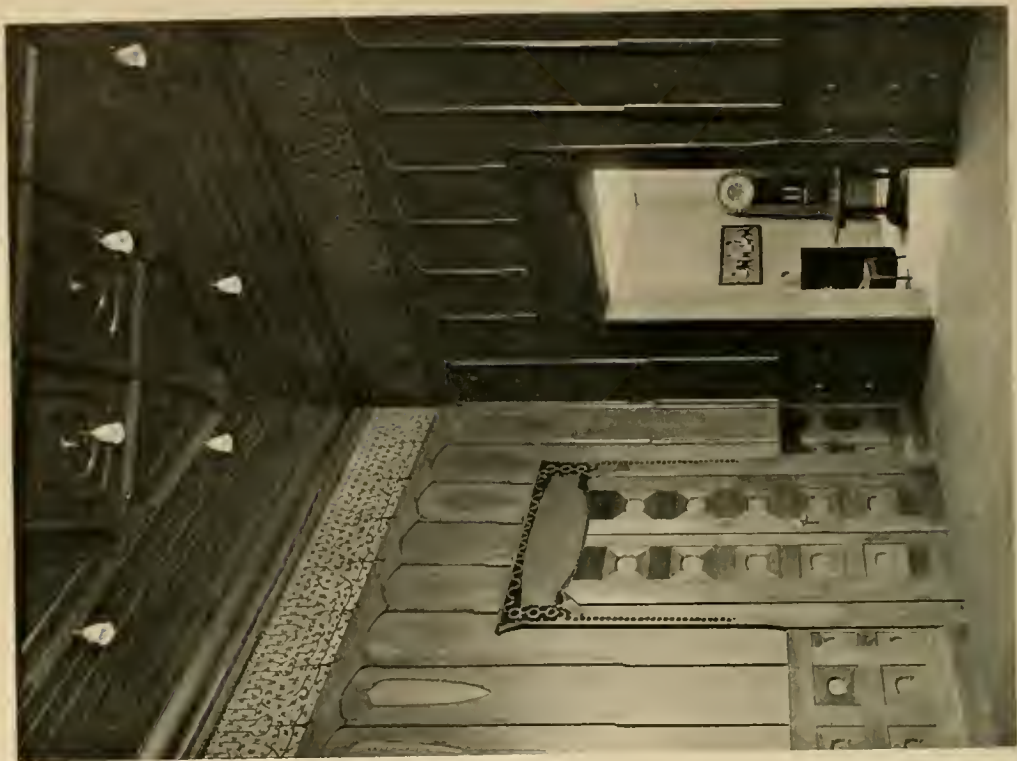
This admirably artistic attitude is very well illustrated in his large landscape, *Harvesting in Buckinghamshire*. As a whole, the picture is distinguished by a particular breadth and restfulness, and yet every part of it, when closely examined, can be seen to be full of almost microscopic detail. But with so much subtlety has the subject been treated that none of this detail demands more attention than it would be fairly entitled to receive from anyone viewing the

actual scene. There are the same qualities in his atmospheric studies, with their exquisitely gradated and modelled skies and their amazingly accurate adjustment of aerial tones. Nothing is over-



GATE

DESIGNED BY R. RIEMERSCHMIED
(See article on Arts and Crafts at Dresden)



DESIGNED BY
R. RIEMERSCHMIED

CORNER OF THE PRESIDENTIAL CHAMBER FOR THE
NEW SAXON PARLIAMENT HOUSE



DESIGNED BY
R. RIEMERSCHMIED

ANGLE OF ONE OF THE ROOMS FOR THE
NEW SAXON PARLIAMENT HOUSE

Arts and Crafts at Dresden

emphasised, nothing jars or obtrudes itself ; each picture can be looked at, as a whole, without feeling that there is anything in it that would be better left out. Yet this scholarly and gentle art has its full measure of dramatic effect when the occasion for it arises. It would be hard to find a more sympathetic record of a memorable scene than the *In Memoriam*, with the half-veiled sun gleaming upon the sea over which the body of a great Queen is being carried, between a double line of saluting battleships, to its last resting-place on shore.

Some measure of his success as a worker is undoubtedly due to his rare command over the mechanism of photography. With all his artistic perception and accurate understanding of pictorial essentials, he would not express himself so persuasively if he had not mastered the many technical difficulties of his craft. In his working method there is the same straightforwardness as in his manner of regarding Nature, the same honest directness and absence of affectation. He never has recourse to the executive conventions which have been adopted by so many present-day photographers, and scrupulously avoids all the varieties of what is popularly known as "faking." The wonderful atmospheric quality of his pictures comes from truth of tone, not from inaccurate focusing, and this truth of tone is obtained partly by judgment in exposing the plate, but far more by the exceptional skill with which he develops his negatives. Another point to note in his practice is that he never puts handwork into either his negatives or his prints, and that he never tries to obtain results by such a makeshift device as printing in his landscape from one negative and the sky from another.

The value of such a man's work in helping on the progress of artistic photography can hardly be over-estimated. He is fighting his hardest to promote the best interests of an art which has suffered, and is still suffering, from the lack of proper standards. Because photography is, up to a certain point, easy,

it has been chosen as a pursuit by many people who have no real æsthetic understanding, and, at best, a very imperfect acquaintance with the technical side of their work. They have set up false ideals, and have, to some extent, induced the public to believe that there is greater virtue in trickery than in sterling and faithful achievement. Against this lamentable misconception the influence of such an artist as Mr. Day, with his unvarying respect for the qualities of his medium, should operate most advantageously. He takes his place by sheer merit at the head of his profession, and he claims the attention of everyone who recognises what photography might become if it were developed consistently and along proper lines. He has assuredly proved it to be an art in which there is ample scope for individuality, even if its necessary limitations are strictly observed.

ARTS AND CRAFTS AT DRESDEN. BY PROF. HANS W. SINGER.

THE "Werkstaetten fuer Handwerkskunst," which represents at Dresden what the "Arts and Crafts Association" represents at London or the "Vereinigte Werkstaetten" at Munich, is only a couple of years old ; but it has proved marvellously successful owing to the taste and business tact of its manager Mr. Carl Schmidt.

Ten years ago Dresden did not exist as far as the



DINING-ROOM

DESIGNED BY PROFESSOR P. BEHRENS

Arts and Crafts at Dresden



NOOK IN A BACHELOR'S LIVING-ROOM

DESIGNED BY E. H. WALTHER

production of applied art is concerned. Its old standing had been completely lost; and people, looking for new original work, turned their eyes towards Munich, Darmstadt and Stuttgart, or Vienna. Mr. Schmidt has the sole management. He is an artisan himself, and was filled with a strong love for the good old days of true handicraft. It was not, primarily, that he had any new style of furnishing in view; what he wished to see was that the customary machine furniture should yield its place in the favour of the purchaser to the production of the hand.

The former was utterly lifeless, and the mere mechanism of the machinery has caused changes of form and construction totally adverse to the real purpose of the object constructed. For example, machinery has not constructed chairs as chairs should be constructed; but the principles of constructing chairs have been changed in order to fall in with those of machinery. Besides this, Mr. Schmidt also knew that when once handicraft came to its right position

again, a new style must result, for no man can construct anything by hand without in the long run putting some of his soul into it.

He started a little establishment in 1899, with three workmen, and they produced small household articles. It was a risky venture, for of course as to prices he could not compete with the machine-made products of the warehouses. He has recently opened an exhibition of over thirty fully-furnished rooms from designs by the artists, Baillie Scott, Behrens, Von Geldern, Egmont, Hempel, Krause,

Mackintosh, Meinhold, Nicolai, Riemerschmied, Roessler, Schaudt, Thiele, Walther, &c. From this it appears that he has won the day, which is proved further by the circumstance that his establishment occupies a whole building now, and employs a hundred workers, while it has been entrusted with the design and construction of the representative Hall of the Saxon Government at the St. Louis Exhibition.



BEDROOM

DESIGNED BY NICOLAI



CABINET

DESIGNED BY M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT

Of course, some of Mr. Schmidt's original intentions have suffered modification by this time. It would be impossible to do the work done here without employing machinery to some extent, nor is this actually attempted. But strongly-pronounced main principles still distinguish the establishment from the trade factories; for instance, the artist must supervise the construction of each object from the moment he designs it until the moment it is ready to be sent out of the place; and every piece, in all its details, must be entirely constructed upon the premises. Thus the *Werkstaetten* will not build a wardrobe, and then send out to see what can be got in the way of brass fittings or hinges and locks. All these things are made along with the woodwork in the *Werkstaetten*, even the keys; and no key designed for one piece of furniture is made to serve in duplicate for another, merely for convenience sake. The artist who designs a piece of furniture must design his own new key. The artist who designs the shape of a new arm-chair must also attend to its covering; the frame is not sent round

to an upholsterer to be covered with some stuff that he may think best suits it, or that affords him most profit. Thus, although if occasion demands a certain piece or set will be repeated for different customers, everything that leaves the house is unique in a higher, æsthetic sense, inasmuch as one mind has attended to all its details, which have all been carried out in one and the same spirit. Machinery plays the part of the tool; it serves, it does not rule over, the hand. For the workmen engaged in the "*Dresden Werkstaetten*," courses of lectures on art, æsthetics, general culture (excluding an historical treatment of former periods, for he does not want to freight his people with a ballast of past styles), are arranged and they are supplied with free opportunities of learning to draw.

The exhibition now open at Dresden has been looked forward to for some months with much expectation by many people interested in arts and crafts, and



CABINET FOR BOOKS

DESIGNED BY PROFESSOR OLBRICH

Arts and Crafts at Dresden

it has not proved disappointing. The handsome little catalogue contains an interesting preface, in which the aims of the Werkstaetten are enlarged upon. There we read: "If we wish to be not of yesterday nor of to-morrow, but of to-day, we must not attempt to attain this end by producing something different from other people, but something better than other people. Whoever examines our designs will recognise the gulf that divides us from those who try to be *new* and nothing more; from the stagey, meaningless and grotesque creations of a vulgar and hasty fancy that strut in the show windows loudly advertised as representing the 'Modern' style, or 'Jugend' style, or 'Secessionist' style. The term 'Modern,' as we take it, must neither necessarily be restricted to fantastic over-decoration nor uncouth oddity, but may be used to specify an independent, simple, purified, and refined style of workmanship."

This is a good standpoint to take, and when we enter the present exhibition, we are agreeably surprised at finding so much reserve in the invention of new forms and an almost complete absence of objects made for striking novelty at all costs.

The hero of the exhibition is Richard Riemerschmied, by whom there are about a dozen different creations to be seen. Several of these are small courtyards. Within the inner precincts of large cities such small areas are frequently to be found, much too small to be treated as gardens, and scarcely large enough for a yard. But few hardy evergreens can be made to grow in them, and generally they are unprepossessing, and neglected. Riemerschmied furnishes two examples of how they can be turned, with the help of very little material and much taste, into delightful places.

Among the furnished rooms by Riemerschmied items still occasionally turn up that are not convincing, where one is moved to ask the question, "why was it necessary to give this thing such an—let us be polite, and say *unconventional* shape!" On the other hand, there are also some excellent pieces of furniture by him on view: notably

an inlaid table, frame and inlay of one and the same wood and tint. The effect is attained merely by making use of the grain of the wood and placing it at different angles in the various inlays.

Riemerschmied's best efforts are the two rooms for the new Saxon Parliament House in course of erection. They are polychrome, and very effective—as effective as some of the fine polychrome mediæval church interiors along the Rhine. The decoration along the frame of the doors and of the wainscoting is an incised line ornament, cut in about a quarter of an inch deep and then stained in various colours.

For the rest I shall limit myself to a very few words of description. The cabinet, by Baillie Scott, is the principal piece in a morning-room of his, and is executed in pear and elderwood, stained black, with inlays of mother-of-pearl, ivory and pewter. A bedroom set by Nicolai, pine wood painted white with yellow decoration, is good without being new; the dining-room by Behrens I should call new without being particularly good.

The cabinet in the music-room by Prof. Olbrich is also open to some objections. It is in mahogany, with inlays of maple, etc. The designer's display of inventive powers is rather meagre, and the notion of turning the inlaid semi-circles with their bases *out* is not a happy one. The sideboard by Mr. Schaudt's is a much less pretentious piece of furniture, but it has found favour with the public more readily than anything else almost.



DRAWING-ROOM

DESIGNED BY R. RIEMERSCHMIED

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY OF SCULPTORS, PAINTERS AND GRAVERS.

As all readers of THE STUDIO are aware it has been the business of this journal to notice the work of living painters of all nationalities who have shown remarkable qualities in their productions, and especially to rescue from neglect those who, while displaying talent, have failed from one cause or another to be recognised at their true worth. It is a cause of great satisfaction to feel that many men whose names were unknown to the world have, by reason of the publicity given to their talents in THE STUDIO, now risen to an eminence in the esteem of art-lovers which it will be their own fault if they forfeit in the future.

To bring together the work of a number of painters, without consideration of nationality or of popular taste, is in these days as unusual a performance as it is a commendable one. This is the avowed aim of the International Society of Painters, Sculptors and Gravers, and as it follows so closely the lines upon which THE STUDIO has consistently laboured, the Society's Exhibition calls for a rather more extended notice than the large demands upon the space of the magazine permit us usually to devote to shows of this kind.

It is unnecessary, however, to illustrate so many of the exhibits as might otherwise have been chosen for the purpose, owing to the fact that a large number of the works shown have already appeared in previous issues of the magazine, in connection with articles upon the various exhibitors. Amongst these may be mentioned Mr. László's fine portrait of

Cardinal Rampolla, Whistler's *Valparaiso*, Mr. Lavery's *The First Communion*, Mr. Zuloaga's *Un Mot Piquant* and *Githine et Andalouse*, Mr. Millie Dow's *Eve*, Mr. Hornel's *Woodland Garden*, Mr. Cottet's *Messe du Matin*, Prince Paul Troubetzkoy's bronze group *Mother and Child*, Mr. Chahine's and Mr. Klinger's etchings, etc.

Before proceeding to comment in detail upon the works displayed we must enter a protest against the deplorable lack of taste shown in the arrangement of the rooms and the hanging of the pictures. Imagine a large reception-room, the walls of which



"LE DÉJEUNER"

BY CLAUDE MONET

(By permission of M. Durand-Ruel)

are hung to half their height with white sheets, having no sort of decorative relation to the rest of the room, and giving to the whole a painful coldness and lack of repose!

Why could not the decorations of the rooms have been entrusted to some such responsible decorative artists as Mr. George Walton, Professor Hoffmann of Vienna, or Mr. C. R. Mackintosh of Glasgow, or a single room given to each of the three with no further instructions than that each room was to be adapted to the pictures to be shown in it? The result would have added greatly to the renown of the Society, and at the same time would have been a lesson to the many who have no ideas upon such subjects. It would, indeed, have been possible to find a hundred trade decorators in Paris alone, any one of whom, had the matter been left solely in his hands, could have achieved a better effect, without greater expense, than the combined efforts of the committee of artist-painters have succeeded in obtaining. If there is one thing outside the immediate concern of his own art that a painter might be supposed to know something about, it is the question of how pictures should be disposed in order to obtain the best effect. At the establishment of any large tradesman in Paris, it is quite certain that, when he shows his carpets, or his hangings, his furniture or his jewels, he will so display them that each article appears to the best advantage. It is only necessary to examine carefully the manner in which a shop-window in the Rue de la Paix has been dressed to realise something of the art of display. No man knew better than the late Mr. Whistler the importance of its surroundings to a picture, and it was rarely, if ever, that he exhibited

one of his own, privately or publicly, unless the suitability of the frame, the condition of the light and background had been duly considered and approved by him. When we see what the members of the influential committee have done for the favourable display of their own and their brethren's work, we are reduced to a state of melancholy wonder.

That there were many difficulties to be contended against cannot be denied. There always are in such cases. The brilliant reds and yellows, for instance, of the two works by Zuloaga required special treatment with surroundings of their own to do them simple justice.

But what can be said when we find Mr. László's admirable *Portrait of Cardinal Rampolla*, Mr. G. O. Desvalliére's *En Soirée*, and Mr. Robert Burns' *St. Patrick Spens*, striving vainly to emerge from the gloom occasioned by the overhanging



"LE GRAND PENSEUR"

BY A. RODIN



"THE TOILET." BY C. H. SHANNON.

balcony in the Central Hall? In the case of the two latter, so dark is it that to exhibit them under such conditions is not to exhibit them at all. Then, again, we should like to know what law of taste governs the placing of the dark portrait of W. M. Chase side by side with two pictures of vivid sunlight—the effect emphasised by their being placed under the window, whilst the portrait remains in the shade. Mr. C. H. Shannon's *Bathers*, too, suffers seriously in its colour values by such close proximity to the extraordinarily intense yellows in Mr. Anglada's clever painting; whilst Mr. Raffaëlli's portrait loses any charm there may be in its dead whiteness by a similar unfortunate position near Mr. Anglada's other picture. Mr. Emile Claus' poetical *Matin* is also killed by its surroundings; whilst another instance of glaring lack of judgment is the hanging of Mr. Frieske's delicate white painting, *Girl with Parasol*, next to Mr. Brough's *Captain Harvey Brooke*, very boldly painted in hot red. Again, it is a little difficult

to keep patience with a selection committee whose pride it is that merit alone shall lead to a picture being hung, when one comes face to face with the glaring contradiction to this rule in the *Portrait of a Little Girl* by Carolus-Duran. Surely only the well-known name saved it! Nothing could have brought the committee more credit for singleness of purpose than its rejection.

Another reasonable cause of complaint against the Society is the scarcity of decorative objects exhibited by it. As it was deemed advisable to show a few, why not a much larger number when so much space suitable for their display was available? Can it be that the painters are jealous of their brethren, the art-craftsmen? If not, the reason is inexplicable. Certain it is that some important exhibits of ivory, of silver and gold, of pottery and enamels, would have added materially to the attractiveness, as well as to the financial results of the enterprise.

There are few artistic associations which



"LE DÉGEL"

BY FRITZ THAULOW

The International Exhibition

have so comprehensive a programme as the International Society. The idea of creating a common meeting ground for artists of all nationalities is one which can be very heartily commended. It is good for art workers to be able to compare their accomplishment with that of men who live in other countries and labour under different conditions; and it is good for art lovers to see gathered together from one direction and another evidences of the most divergent points of view. It is an advantage, too, that there should be a place where the unconventional artist can assert himself, and submit his protests against the more customary forms of practice to the test of criticism and public discussion. Only when he has such facilities given him can the man who has something fresh to say hope to be properly heard. The societies which are wedded to the regular traditions do not encourage the innovator; they are really disposed, as a rule, to look at him askance, and to deny that his defiance of the creed that they profess deserves to be taken seriously.

Every association which assumes a mission in the art world has a tendency to settle down into a groove, a tendency to believe in its own infallibility, and to reject as immoral every effort to prove that artistic achievement ought not to be hedged round with restrictions or confined within narrow boundaries.

The International Society itself, oddly enough for a protesting organisation, began by being conventional. It adopted at the outset the belief that most of the well-established academic principles were based upon obsolete fallacies, and so it decided to exclude from its exhibitions practically everything which did not blatantly assert a supreme contempt for academic art. The convention it chose was that of eccentricity. It was sufficient for its purposes that the artists it recognised should do things which hardly any other art society would willingly exhibit. Whether these things were good art or bad was almost immaterial; if they were extravagant enough they would serve to point the moral which the



"THE OLD MILI"

BY R. MACAULAY STEVENSON

The International Exhibition



"OLD BLANKET MILL, CHAGFORD"

BY GROSVENOR THOMAS

hasty reformers desired to preach to a painfully indifferent public. So this aggressive convention grew until it seemed likely to become as ridiculous and useless as the mannerism of the tame followers of the academic school.

Happily the present exhibition of the society at the New Gallery, proves that this irrational attitude has been abandoned. There is plenty of eccentricity in the collection, but it is eccentricity which is directed by intelligence and has its vehemence under the control of common-sense. It is not the result of a kind of childish petulance at the readiness of the public to believe in the correctness of the conventions to which they have become accustomed, but the expression in most cases of a sincere intention on the part of the artists themselves to give full play to personal convictions—to advance an individual creed not because they want particularly to shock other people, but because they wish to be free to deal with their art in the manner that they honestly hold to be right. The strong man who has come to an independent conclusion about the part he

ought to play in his profession, cannot be expected to bring himself down to the level of the admirers of pretty trifles. For good or ill he must follow his own course, and if this happens to run counter to the prejudices of his weaker fellows, he cannot be accused of seeking wilfully to cause offence. The deeper thinkers who recognise the soundness of his intention will welcome his performance, because it has a real meaning, because it demonstrates what they are constantly arguing—that art is not a dead language with a formalised grammar and a set of immutable rules, but a living thing which is susceptible of endless change according to the condition under which it is practised. All they ask is that every unconventional departure should be sincere and untainted by any trace of affectation.

There is certainly much in the collection arranged in the New Gallery which will entirely satisfy this demand. In portraiture, figure compositions, and especially in landscapes, which show both individuality of thought and remarkable power of execution, the exhibition is richer than

The International Exhibition

any which has been opened in London for some years past. There is, for instance, a delightful full-length of a young girl, *Miss Janie Martin*, by Sir James Guthrie, which combines in an exceptional manner charm of characterisation with beauty of colour arrangement and grace of technical method; and there are two canvases by Mr. Lavery, *The First Communion* and *A Lady in Pink*, which are handled with superb directness, and are almost entirely free from that fault of colour opacity, which has in the past diminished too often the attractiveness of his pictures. M. J. E. Blanche's *Portrait of a Child*, too, is very accomplished as an exercise in expressive brushwork; and Mr. Robert Brough's *Captain Harvey Brooke of Fairley*, M. Raffaëlli's *Portrait of Miss R.*, M. A. H. Maurer's well painted but ugly full-length *The Dancer*, M. Blanche's *Portrait of George Moore*, and M. Neven du Mont's 1850, a small full-length of a lady in a green dress, deserve particular attention. Of the figure subjects quite the most remarkable is *Un Mot Piquant* by M. Zuloaga (of which an illustration has already

appeared in THE STUDIO), an aggressive achievement which, despite its want of beauty, has a mastery which cannot be denied; and the most pleasing in many ways is Miss MacNicol's *Vanity*, a nude girl seated on a couch and surrounded by draperies in shades of ashy grey and subdued rosy pink. M. Claude Monet's large composition, *Le Déjeuner*, painted in 1868, is a robust tone study, ambitious in scale and masculine in manner; M. Cottet's *Deuil Marin*, is a semi-decorative, semi-realistic picture seriously designed and honestly treated; and Mr. C. H. Shannon's *Bathers* and *The Toilet* (here illustrated) are gracefully imagined and harmonious in their schemes of low-toned colour. M. Bauer's fantastic *Pera* (here illustrated), M. T. Millie Dow's *Eve* (already illustrated in THE STUDIO), Mr. F. Newberry's *The Embroiderer*, and M. Vierge's *Étude de Berger Espagnol*, are things to remember.

Few of the landscapes can be said to equal Mr. E. A. Walton's delightful pastoral, an altogether charming arrangement of graceful lines and delicate tints sensitively carried out; but among the more



"DEUIL MARIN"

BY CHARLES COTTET



"CAMELIAS"

BY STUART PARK

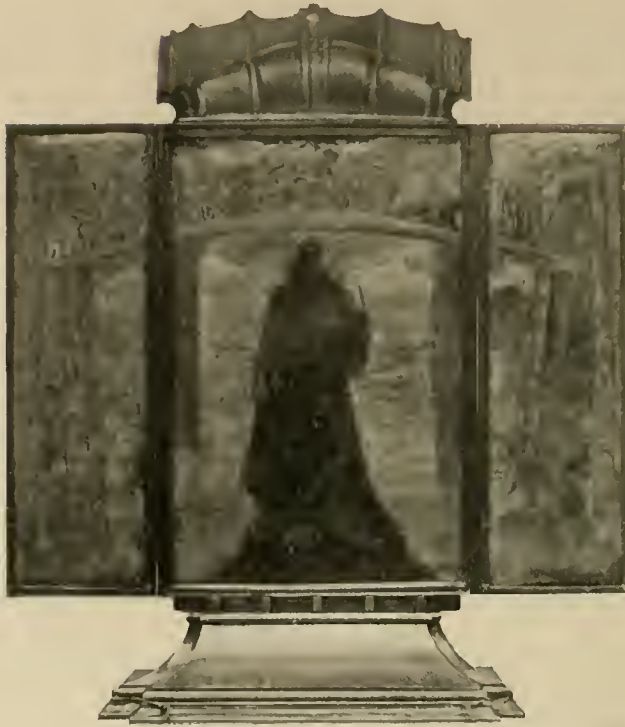
interesting achievements must certainly be counted Mr. Peppercorn's impressive composition, *A Corner of the Common*, Mr. Bertram Priestman's broadly-painted riverside subject, *The Lock Pool*, Mr. Oliver Hall's *Old Quarry*, and Mr. Buxton Knight's sunny and atmospheric picture, *The Marsh Mill*; and there are by Matthew Maris two small canvases, *Souvenir of Amsterdam* and *Montmartre*, which are veritable masterpieces. M. Thaulow's *Le Dégel* is one of his best records of a wintry effect; and Mr. Macaulay Stevenson's *Old Mill*, Mr. Mark Fisher's *Return from Pasture*, M. Breitter's *Old Amsterdam*, Mr. Whitelaw Hamilton's *The Harbour*, Mr. Grosvenor Thomas's *Old Blanket Mill*, *Chagford*, and the gay colour note, *Welcome Spring*, by Mr. James Charles, all help to give the exhibition a character that is most convincing. A flower group, *Camelias*, by Mr. Stuart Park, must be noted for its rare technical quality and subtlety of colour. As a tribute to Mr. Whistler's memory,

three of his pictures are hung together at the end of the west room—an unfinished full-length of a lady in an exquisitely suggested costume of rosy pink, the famous *Symphony in White*, and the not less famous *Valparaiso*.

The room devoted to drawings and engravings is not the least of the attractions of the show. In it are hung water-colours and pastels of the highest importance by Professor von Bartels, Mr. J. Crawhall, Mr. A. Rackham, M. Luigini, and Mrs. Sutro; memorable drawings by Mr. A. S. Hartrick, Mr. F. Mura, M. Vierge, Mr. Anning Bell, Mr. E. J. Sullivan, and Phil May; etchings, aquatints, and lithographs by M. Chahine, Mr. Roussel, M. Thaulow, M. Legrand, and Professor von Menzel; and some notable wood engravings by Mr. Timothy Cole, with many other things of the greatest interest. The sculpture section is dominated by M. Rodin's vast statue, *Le Grand Penseur*, one of a series of characteristic works which he has

The International Exhibition

contributed; and among the other sculptors who are well represented are Mr. Derwent Wood, Mr. H. Wilson, Mr. Alexander Fisher, M. Bartholomé, and Mr. F. Lynn Jenkins, who sends one of the best pieces of applied art in the exhibition—a silver cigar-box in beaten silver. This is to be presented to the Seaforth Highlanders by Sir Thomas Sutherland, G.C.M.G., as a souvenir of his son, who was an officer in the regiment.



ENAMEL TRIPTYCH:
"THE BRIDGE OF LIFE"

BY ALEXANDER FISHER

The Glamour of the Forest; Douglas Robinson's *The Pink Peignoir* and *A Summer Night*; Rudolf Hellwag's *Clodgy Point, St. Ives*; Miss Biddy Macdonald's *A Portrait*; Mr. Fred Yates *Evening at Rydal Water*; W. M. Chase's *Portrait of an Artist*; Anders Zorn's *Children and Nurse*; Professor Adolph von Menzel's *Army on the March*; Frank Mura's charcoal drawings *Returning from Pasture*, *A Thames Barge*, *Old Cottages*, and

Other works worthy of mention include Professor Gerald Moira's cartoon in tempera *The Rape of Deianira*; Willem Witsen's water-colour *Bridge at Amsterdam*; M. A. J. Bauer's etching *The Cathedral, Amiens*; William Nicholson's *La Petite Marchande*; E. A. Hornel's *A Little Lady*; William Nicholson's *The End of the Morrice Dance*; A. Ludovici's *The Pool*; Le Sidaner's *Maisons sur l'Eau*; Le Sidaner's *The Portail*; Oliver Hall's

Pond at Little Easton; Edgar Wilson's *Old London*; Frank Duveneck's *The Rialto* and *Desdmona's House*; Max Liebermann's *Mother and Child* and *Needlewoman*; Theodore Roussel's etchings, *Chelsea*, *Battersea*, *Summer*, and *Chelsea Palaces*; Arthur Rackham's *Snowdrop and the Seven Dwarfs*; Charles Milcendeau's *La Toilette*; Mrs. Sutro's *La Sortie de Bal*; and Henry Muhrmann's pastel, *Frozen River, Meissen*.



"PERA"

(By permission of Mr. E. J. van Wisselingh)

BY A. J. BAUER



STUDIO-TALK.

(From our Own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—The Winter Exhibition at the Royal Academy cannot be said to be particularly justifiable. It is a reversion to a type of show which was customary at Burlington House some years ago; but, by its lack of real interest and by its atmosphere of antiquated inefficiency, it seems to suggest that the material for such exhibitions has become exhausted. Evidently the Academy now has either to borrow again works which have been seen sufficiently often in past shows of old masters, or else to fill its rooms with canvases that are mostly unfit to be dragged from appropriate obscurity. The latter course has plainly been followed this year. One of the galleries is occupied by an excellent collection of sculpture; but in the five rooms hung with pictures there are less than a score of works which can be honestly placed in the first rank. That this should be so is the more to be regretted because it is certainly not the mission of an educational institution like the Academy to set dubious accomplishment before

the public. Archaic art, which can only be tolerated because it has some degree of archaeological interest, should not be forced by the full weight of Academic authority upon students whose limited experience does not enable them to discriminate between what is good and bad. The young artist, who sees that a very inferior craftsman is put forward at Burlington House as an "old master," is very likely to yield to the temptation to substitute affectation for serious study.

It is quite possible that to some such cause is due the failure of the Academy students this year to produce anything worthy of being awarded the gold medal. The subject set, *The Meeting of Alexander and Diogenes the Cynic*, was, it must be admitted, more than usually uninspiring, and unlikely to induce any of the competitors to do themselves justice. The works sent in for the other painting prizes were generally of only moderate merit. Mr. J. H. Lobley took the Turner Medal with an ingenious picture of *An Express Train at Sunset*, Mr. W. P. Day the Creswick Prize with a



"THE ANNUNCIATION"

FROM THE PAINTING BY GEORGE PHOENIX

Studio-Talk

clever study of detail, Miss C. Oules an award for a painting of a man's back, and Mr. W. E. G. Solomon the silver medals for a set of drawings from life and for a cartoon of a draped figure. A much higher standard was reached in the sculpture competitions, in which Mr. A. C. White took the gold medal, and Mr. L. Jennings and Mr. F. Ransom other prizes. Mr. L. V. Grace gained the gold medal for architecture.

We have pleasure in giving on page 71 an illustration of a clever decorative painting by Mr. George Phoenix, entitled *The Annunciation*.

The "Landscape Exhibition" at the Dudley Gallery is always an excellently consistent and serious show. It was as good as ever this year, and included many things of very great interest. Such canvases as Sir. E. A. Waterlow's *Gorge d'Apremont*, Mr. Leslie Thomson's *On the Arun* and *A Cool Retreat*, Mr. R. W. Allan's *Far off among the Hills*, and Mr. Peppercorn's subdued and dignified *Twilight* deserve to be remembered as admirable records of Nature; and there were some pastoral landscapes, delightful in sentiment and quality, by Mr. Aumonier and Mr. Mark

Fisher. The collection was especially attractive in its general effect, and it had throughout a very welcome atmosphere of sincerity.

A collection of a hundred drawings by Thomas Collier, one of the ablest and most observant of our water-colour painters, has recently been on view at the Leicester Galleries. The Exhibition was very convincing as a display of confident accomplishment, and as an assertion of the remarkable intelligence of an artist who looked at Nature in a way peculiarly his own. His exquisite drawing of landscape forms, his subtle feeling for atmospheric tone and for delicacies of light and shade, his tender and yet vigorous sense of colour, and his instinctive regard for style made everything he produced worthy of the closest attention; and this show proved beyond dispute his right to a place beside Cox and Copley Fielding, and the other British masters.

Among the water-colour painters who have made an especial study of the beautiful English country, its simple, picturesque cottages, and its changing atmospheric effects, there is no one who has done truer justice to the subject than Mr. Wilfrid



"EASHING BRIDGE, SURREY"

FROM THE WATER-COLOUR BY WILFRID BALL



"ST. CROSS, NEAR WINCHESTER"

FROM THE WATER-COLOUR BY WILFRID BALL



"HAYTIME IN SURREY"

FROM THE WATER-COLOUR BY WILFRID BALL



"VENDREDI, BRUGES"

BY NORMAN GARSTIN

Ball. Birket Foster saw but one phase of country life, whilst Mrs. Allingham has limitations of vision, and often sacrifices the greater effect for the smaller. In Mr. Wilfrid Ball's work there is no straining after mere prettiness, and the various features of his landscape are considered in their true relation one to the other.

He does not greatly trouble himself about the exact form of a leaf or flower, or about the pattern of a child's apron. Each item of his pictures is considered in relation one to the other. Working, perhaps, with a more limited palette than some painters, his colour effects are always harmonious and agreeable to the eye. The exhibition of his recent work, at the Fine Art Society in New Bond Street, cannot fail to increase the reputation he has held so long among those whose eyes

are able to see the beauty of restraint and the co-relations of sky and water and earth.

Mr. C. J. Collings, who has just exhibited a series of water-colour drawings at Messrs. Dowdeswell's gallery, is an artist of very definite power and individuality, a good colourist, and a skilful executant. When, some few years ago, his work was first seen in London, its sincere decorative intention was generally recognized, and the originality of the artist's point of view was much commended. Since then he has acquired a much more complete control over pictorial subtleties. His design and draughtsmanship have become more sensitive, his colour has gained in strength and delicacy, and his range in choice of material has perceptibly widened. He is now a landscape painter of much distinction, who deals with Nature in a personal manner that is the more welcome because it is so markedly out of the beaten track.

Mr. Norman Garstin's water-colours, *In Border Lands*, made lately a not unattractive show in the galleries of the Fine Art Society. The collection consisted of records of picturesque bits in Normandy, Brittany, and Holland, and deserve to be remembered for their unaffected simplicity of treatment and judgment in choice of subject. The best drawings in the series were the *Vendredi, Bruges*; *Lilies and Lace*; *A Bend of the Seine*, and a very pleasant note of quiet colour, *Twilight in the Garden, Caudebec*.



"LILIES AND LACE"

BY NORMAN GARSTIN



"A YORKSHIRE MARKET"
BY T. M. HEATON



"LA SOURCE"

BY A. RODIN

On page 75 we give an illustration of a drawing entitled *A Yorkshire Market*, by Mr. T. M. Heaton, a clever pupil of the Herkomer School at Bushey.

An exhibition of drawings, unusual both in its character and its excellence, has been held in the Goupil Gallery. There were in it exquisite examples of such masters as Millet, Diaz, Rousseau, Corot, Daubigny, and Jacque; of Mr. R. Fowler, Mr. F. Mura, Mr Muirhead Bone, and Mr. Linley Sambourne; of Mr. Leslie Thomson, Mr. Austen Brown, Mr. Moffat Lindner, Mr. George Thomson, Mr. Mark Fisher, Mr. Buxton Knight, Mr. Montague Smyth, Mr. R. W. Allan, and Mr. H. B. Brabazon. But quite the most attractive section of the show was the group of Whistler drawings—admirably selected illustrations of his rare skill as a draughtsman, and of his wonderful control over refinements of modelling and line arrangement.

The metal work illustrated on pages 341 to 344 of the January number, from designs by Mr. Claude New, was all carried out for a house at Richmond, Surrey, by Mr. Dendy Wray, of the firm of Blunt & Wray.

PARIS.—Each succeeding annual exhibition of the Société Internationale still further confirms the impression that the vitality of this group is steadily diminishing, and that there is nothing left but for it to disappear

entirely. A few exceptions apart, one finds oneself constantly face to face with what may be styled the "Seen-already"—mediocre work which one would really like better were it absolutely bad, but which simply is clear evidence of a played-out tendency. What is to be said of M. Bouchor, or M. Legouët-Gérard, or M. Dagnaux, or M. Fourié, or M. Gosselin, unless it be this: that they are merely marking time; that, beyond the *facture*, there is nothing in their work? The great interest



"DERNIÈRES PENSÉES"

BY A. RODIN



"VENICE"

BY R. ALLÈGRE

in the exhibition lies in Sargent's big canvas, *Portraits of Children*, a work of most brilliant composition, and technically a *tour de force*. The large portrait of a man by Félix Borchardt is not *sympathique*, but it reveals an interesting striving in the direction of free open-air painting. M. Allègre shows progress; his Venetian scenes are frank and solid. M. Franz Charlet and M. Bartlett once more display their curious visions of Holland. M. Casas is scarcely himself in his melancholy portrait of a man. Finally there are the contributions sent by Mlle. Delasalle, who also appears to be restraining herself unduly.

How much more real and live seems the display of a few artists who have been exhibiting in the Petit Galleries, their pictures being painted with the Raffaëlli colours! I have no hesitation in saying that on this occasion the experiment is much more convincing than was the case last year. The artists have gained a greater mastery over the process, and they now reveal it in all its variety. In the case of Auburtin, for example, the new

colours resemble fresco-painting; while with Thaulow, Boulard, and Houbron, they often give the impression of a very brilliant water-colour. As for the work of Chéret, Prouvé, and Steinlen, one would think it was done in pastel. Consequently M. Raffaëlli is more than ever confident in his process. Various aspects of Honfleur and Trouville painted by him this summer will, when shown, convince even the most obstinate of the excellence, the fluidity, and the softness of his oil "sticks."

After the exhibition of the works of Gustave Loiseau, whose bright palette has kinship with that of Sisley, MM. Durand-Ruel displayed a remarkable collection of water-colours by M. René Binet. Here is an architect who brings back from his travels no mere ground-plans and wash-drawings of the ordinary type, but a series of warm and luminous little works, wherein he revives the famous aspects of Naples and Pompeii and Sicily, and of all those classic landscapes too often neglected nowadays. M. Binet proves to us that it would be impossible to interpret them in a new manner; and, as



"LA CHAPELLE PALATINE (PALERME)" BY R. BINET

M. Binet enchants one with the ruins of Pompeii, with the sea gleaming behind like *lapis lazuli*. Then he shows us Torre-Annunziata, with its mass of fishermen's dwellings; or Palermo, with its dazzling gardens, or nobly-formed Taormina. Particularly would I dwell on the interiors of the Palatine chapel, wherein gold-work and glass and pillars sparkle in a radiant symphony of colour.

As is the case every year in early winter, the exhibitions are so many that it would be impossible for me to describe them all in these notes, wherein I desire, to the best of my ability, to record that which is essential in the artistic movement of the capital. Therefore I can do no more than mention the exhibition of pastels by Madame A. de Carié, at the Galerie des Artistes Modernes; or that of a diverse group of artists, including Prouvé, Madame G. de Lurieux, Ménard, Delaherche, and Henri Martin, who displayed their productions on the premises of M. Rivaud, the goldsmith; or the ceramic work by Chaplet at Georges Petits.

Gustave Geffroy writes of him, "his works have constructive power and luminous envelopment."

Steinlen has collected his works, and displayed them in an *exposition d'ensemble*, which reveals to the full this great artist's love of reality and life, with which the readers of THE STUDIO are familiar. Both as lithographer and



FRIEZE

DESIGNED BY J. GOLLER
EXECUTED IN OPALESCENT GLASS BY LIEBERT BROTHERS



"SPRINGTIME"

BY WALTER BESIG

as draughtsman Steinlen the painter commands admiration in this exhibition.

But the best things are not always to be found in the galleries. Those, for instance, reposing at the present moment in Rodin's studio deserve far more attention. The master, who was not seen at the last Salon, has been particularly active this year, and has nearly completed several big works, of which there will be much to say hereafter. Among his smaller works—wherein the statuary's art seems more young, more vigorous, and more alive than ever—is a *Source*, wonderful in its facile grace, and showing clearly the artist's subtle knowledge of the human frame, and of the slightest play of the muscles. In his *Dernières Pensées*, which is destined for the tomb of Rollinat, Rodin shows us,

rising straight from the marble, the head of the poet, whose wife died but a few weeks before him, and towards whose portrait he turns his last glance. This is not Rodin's final version of the work. We know how conscientious he is in all he does; how *difficile* with regard to himself; how often he returned to his *Balzac*. His *Dernières Pensées* is, so to speak, a scheme—small, but yet absolutely finished—for his monument of Rollinat. Probably all that he will need to add will be certain modifications tending to bring the poet's face into greater prominence.

H. F.

DRESDEN.—The illustration on page 78 shows one section of a frieze designed by J. Goller. There are to be eight such sections, repeating the same



"AUTUMN SUN"

BY WALTER BESIG

landscape artists who painted subjects from the Goppeln heights. Those were the days when *plein air* was in vogue. A love of nature — pure and simple — had come upon artists and they sought to paint her unadorned. Perhaps one might express it this way, that instead of digesting whatever *motif* they selected, they sunk their personality altogether in it; and in these Goppeln pictures nature looks not as the individual eye of any one of these painters might see it, but as all of us (as long as a too-close acquaintance with old paintings had not spoiled our vision) might see it. Later on Besig accompanied his friend Müller-Breslau to Silesia, where he gradually acquired a more personal style. He has come to love deep, rich colouring, and as the examples reproduced discover, he has, along with the rest,

design, always in different hues. The whole is executed by the firm of Liebert Bros. in opalescent glass, mounted in the manner of mosaics on a metal panel. The treatment of the drapery is remarkably happy: each dress is made up of two different hues, representing the folds in a high light and those in the shade, somewhat in the fashion of the quattro-cento fresco painters, who reduced their gamut in the painting of drapery also to two tones, a lighter and a darker one. Besides the elegance exhibited in the design, this frieze displays the beauty of the material to the best advantage.

abandoned the somewhat questionable realism of earlier days.

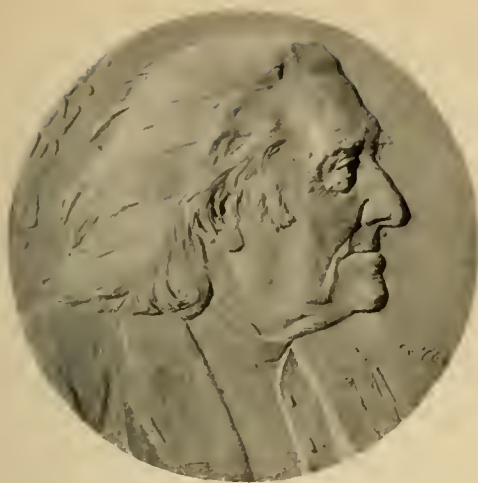
H.W.S.

Walter Besig appeared first, a decade or so ago, in the part of a rather mild water-colour landscapist, inclining to old-fashioned ideas and an obsolete style. His connection with the quondam "Secession" here soon changed that, and he figured prominently among the group of Dresden



MEDAL

BY RUDOLF MAYER.



"LISZT"

BY RUDOLF MAYER



"SCHOPENHAUER"

BY RUDOLF MAYER



MEDAL

BY RUDOLF MAYER



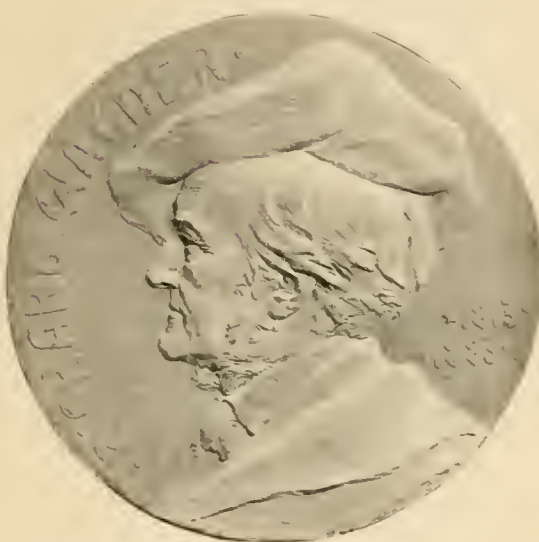
"GOETHE"

BY RUDOLF MAYER



MEDAL

BY RUDOLF MAYER



"WAGNER"

BY RUDOLF MAYER



MEDAL

BY RUDOLF MAYER



MEDAL

BY RUDOLF MAYER



MEDAL

BY RUDOLF MAYER

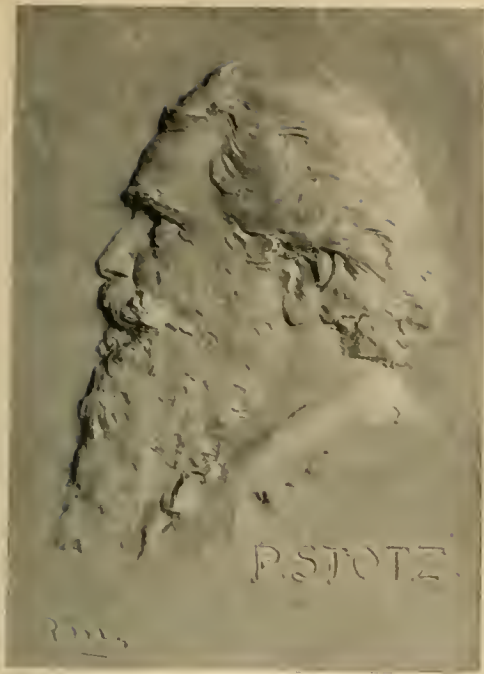
private commissions, particularly for embossed gold and silver vessels. For some years past, however, he has continued to indulge his old fancy for the medal and the plaquette, which was stimulated by a first prize which was awarded to him. With these notes is reproduced a selection of his most recent work, which gives ample proof of his ability. In addition to figures and heads are ornamental works, which, as decorative objects, became popular when issued from the minting

KARLSRUHE.—The revival of the Medal is arousing at the present time more interest in Germany than has hitherto been shown in this branch of art, one of whose chief exponents is Professor Rudolf Mayer of Karlsruhe. The artist is a native of Austria, and his technical knowledge of metal-work was gained in the Art-Handicraft School ("Kunstgewerbeschule") in Vienna. He won his first laurels at the Vienna Exhibition of 1873, and as a result was invited to Stuttgart as teacher of medalling in the School of Art-Handicraft there. After twelve years' teaching he went in a similar capacity through the Lehrer-collegium of the Kunstgewerbeschule at Karlsruhe, where he has now been engaged for the past sixteen years. Apart from his teaching, he has undertaken many



"PLAQUE"

BY RUDOLF MAYER



MEDAL

BY RUDOLF MAYER

FRANKFORT.—The work of the clever sculptor, Mr. Josef Kowarzik, is already familiar to readers of THE STUDIO through previous examples which have appeared in these pages. The medallion portrait of the late Professor Mommsen and the portrait group of the sculptor and his wife, which are here reproduced, will still further enhance his reputation as a refined and resourceful sculptor of the first rank.

PRAGUE.—Recently "The Manes" held its seventh exhibition in the pavilion built by the architect Jan Kotěra for the purpose of the Rodin exhibition.



MEDAL

BY RUDOLF MAYER



MEDAL

BY RUDOLF MAYER

establishment of B. H. Mayer of Pforzheim. As our illustrations show, Professor R. Mayer takes the best modern Frenchmen as his models, without directly imitating them, however. He strives to present his motive in all simplicity, with broad effects, but without disregarding detail. Therein one recognises the accomplished *ciseleur*, and realises how out of the craftsman has sprung the artist.



TH. MOMMSEN BY JOSEF KOWARZIK



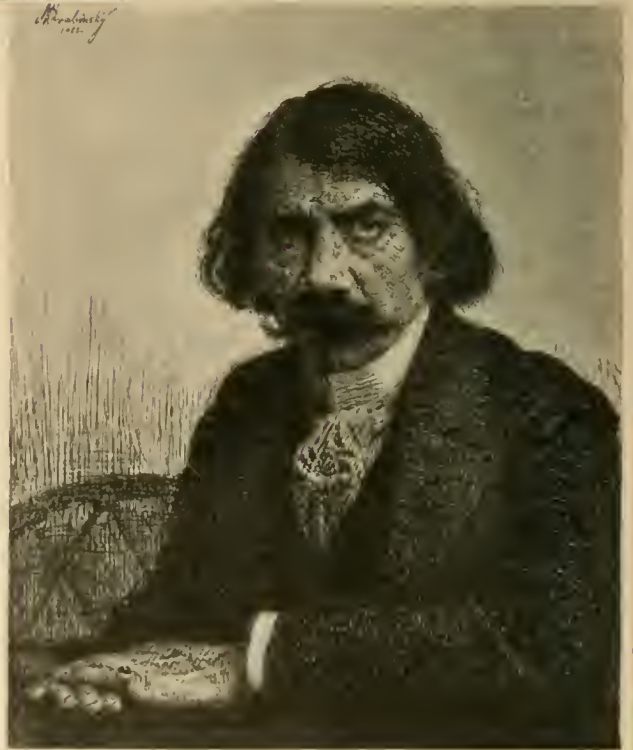
"THE ARTIST AND HIS WIFE"
BY JOSEF KOWARZIK

The exhibition consisted of works by modern Bohemians, and in picking out the greatest contrasts—the work of Sřabinský and Joza Uprka—I attempt to give some idea of the interesting exhibition where everyone of the 200 pictures in the tastefully arranged rooms was well hung.

Sřabinský is well known as a master in pen-and-ink technique. He is fond of slightly colouring his drawings and the effect is wonderful, as for instance, in the picture *Kamélie*, which is full of poetical charm. One has to see the effect with one's own eyes before it is possible to realise its simple and primitive execution. Quite a masterpiece in drawing was the large rondo *U stavu* ("at the loom"), which would find its equals only in a large international exhibition. An equally able artist Sřabinský shows himself in his portraits.

An interesting contrast to his style are the pictures of Joza Uprka. While the former treats his palette with the greatest discretion, Uprka almost revels in paint, and uses his brush boldly. Himself a man of the country, he is very successful in rendering scenes from country life, giving full justice in his paintings to the people's love of colour, which is quite a characteristic of the Slav nations. One of the most admired pictures of the exhibition was *All Souls' Day*, a churchyard in the foreground, with a group of peasants in their gay-coloured costumes, lighting candles and lamps on the graves. This picture was admirably handled, as well as bold and harmonious in its colour arrangement.

Amongst sculptors I only mention Professor Sucharda, whose work always bears the mark of original thought, and lends distinction to any exhibition in which it occupies space. V. P.



"PORTRAIT OF THE POET B. KAMINSKY"
FROM THE DRAWING BY MAX SVABINSKY



"THE MANES" EXHIBITION, PRAGUE GALLERIES ARRANGED BY JAN KOTĚRA

MUNICH.—The society of artists calling itself the Phalanx has opened a small but very choice exhibition in the Helbing Rooms, of works by three little known artists. Karl Strahtmann, who is only known to the public as a contributor to the paper "Fliegende Blätter," here has an opportunity of revealing himself as a painter—bizarre, no doubt, but highly original. We see here figure-subjects by him in elaborate ornamental borders, landscapes carefully executed in the *pointilliste* manner, and caricatures of strangely extravagant fancy. Most of his pictures leave an impression of tapestry

rather than of painting, and, apart from the eccentricity of the subjects, have much charm and delicacy of colouring. Next to Strahtmann, the engraver Heinrich Wolff, the recently appointed professor in the Königsberg Academy, is seen to advantage. Most critics are agreed in regarding him as the man in all Germany who stands almost alone in the technical knowledge of his art. He is equally skilled in every method of reproduction and engraving, and is a *virtuoso* in the best sense of the word. Finally, the exhibition introduces to the public a young impressionist in Artur Stremel, who produces wonderfully brilliant effects by a very original scheme of colour.

There has lately been a breach in the "Secession" Association in Munich. The younger members were dissatisfied with the policy of their elders, and tried to throw off their tutelage. At a very stormy general meeting the rebellion broke out; the senior members ultimately brought matters to a point

by proposing that the original members—Profs. von Uhde, Franz Stuck, A. von Keller, and E. von Habermann—should be appointed life members and governors. This motion was rejected by a large majority, whereupon the committee of governors resigned in a body. However, in the election then and there of their successors, the candidates proposed by the older men won by a small majority, and so any immediate outbreak of hostilities was averted. The younger artists still adhere to their demands, insisting that the Society should act in combination with other Secessionists throughout Germany, and are bent on



"THE MANES" EXHIBITION, PRAGUE
GALLERY ARRANGED BY JAN KOTĚRA
(See Prague Studio-Talk)

founding a separate association if their resolutions are not passed

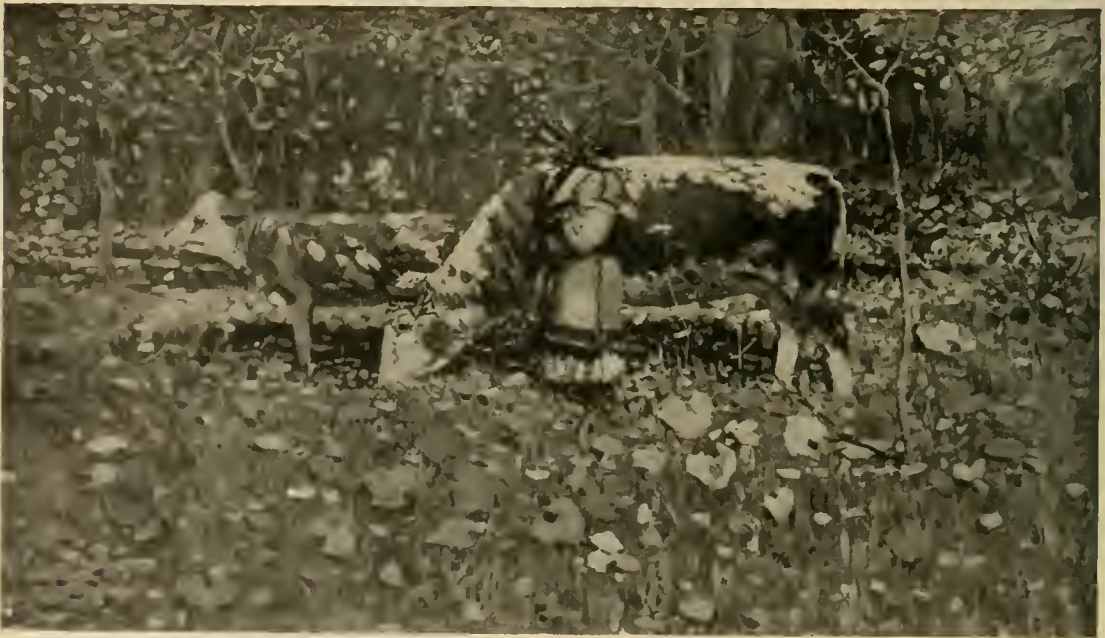
The President of the Munich Society of Arts, Prof. Hans von Petersen, has resigned his post on the score of failing health. He was appointed in

succession to Prof. Franz von Lenbach, and has held the office for only one year.

The "Royal Cabinet of Engravings" has arranged an exhibition of the works of Ludwig Richter. To those who saw the Artist's Jubilee Exhibition in Dresden last autumn it has nothing new to show, but to such as omitted to do him due homage then it will be welcome.

In Krause's Rooms there are now to be seen those works of the late Moritz von Schwind that have remained in possession of his daughter. They are drawings, water-colour studies, and a few finished pictures. Especially noteworthy are some fine and spirited heads in pencil.

In Heinemann's Rooms, in one of the galleries recently built by Prof. E. Seidl, there is now the first of his projected great exhibitions of works by German and foreign artists. These exhibitions mark an important new departure in the art world of Munich, where hitherto the winter has been an absolutely dead season. E. E.



"IN SUMMER"

(See Prague Studio-Talk)

FROM THE PAINTING BY JOZA UPRKA



KAMÉLIE." FROM A DRAWING
BY MAX SVABINSKY

REVIEWS.

À Travers Cinq Siècles de Gravures. By GUSTAVE BOURCARD. (Paris: George Rappilly).—This important French publication is well worthy of a place in every art-library and collector's home, so exhaustive is its account of all the most celebrated, rare, and curious engravings executed between 1350 and 1900. The scholarly author explains in his *Avant-propos* that the book is intended primarily for collectors, and adds that, whilst he includes all numbered or catalogued prints of any value, he has carefully eliminated all of doubtful authenticity, but at the same time he naïvely confesses that he has not been able to resist the temptation to mention certain examples which, in spite of their melancholy condition, have yet retained the power of pleasing his fancy. With regard to original contemporary work—he ignores all modern reproductions—he declares that he relies on his own judgment alone, and that if he is sometimes a little too enthusiastic in his praise, he is often also extremely reticent in his criticism. A noteworthy and comparatively novel feature of the new book is the very large space devoted to modern European engraving, especially as practised in France; and, in spite of the delicacy of his task, which he himself fully recognises, the author has accomplished it most satisfactorily, although he says he has not been able to resist plucking a few flowers, the perfume of which has intoxicated him, but which may possibly not appeal with equal force to all his readers. In addition to full particulars as to size, state, and location in public collections of all the most important engravings or prints in Europe and America, this most indefatigable author had, he says, entertained a project of giving also the names and addresses of all private owners, but here he was met with so many difficulties that he had to give up the idea. He wished, he explains, to have established a kind of freemasonry between connoisseurs, so that they might exchange duplicates and generally aid each other; but he failed to give due weight to the jealousy which, with rare exceptions, seems inseparable from the pride of ownership. The *Avant-propos* is succeeded by a Preface consisting of an interesting *causerie* on engraving, and a very useful account of the various processes employed, with a table of technical terms in French, German, and English. The first half of the book itself is divided into early schools, whilst the second deals with the French engraving in the eighteenth century and modern work of every

nationality, the narrative being brought down to the beginning of the twentieth century. Very full indices of artists, engravings, and books on the various branches of the art give full completeness to a work that represents many years of arduous toil. It is strange that the only illustration should be a reproduction of an unimportant etching by Sir Seymour Haden.

Lady Diana Beauclerk. By Mrs. STEUART ERSKINE. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.) £2 2s. net, or Édition de Luxe £6 6s. net.—Living as she did in the 18th century, when there took place the remarkable art revival in England the effect of which is still everywhere felt, Lady Diana Beauclerk enjoyed exceptional advantages for giving scope to the talent she undoubtedly possessed, though the claim that she was a genius put forth by some of her contemporaries will scarcely be conceded. The daughter of the third Duke of Marlborough, Lady Diana was born in 1734, and in 1754 married the fascinating but profligate Viscount Bolingbroke, from whom she was divorced in 1768 after suffering much from his neglect, though the charge of positive cruelty has scarcely been proved against him. Only two days after the legal separation was declared Lady Diana married Mr. Topham Beauclerk, the only son of Lord Sydney Beauclerk and the great-grandson of Charles II. and Nell Gwynn. Although the bride had long been in love with her new husband, this second union proved no more happy than the first, but Lady Diana found her best consolation for her woes as a wife in her children, to whom she was devotedly attached. Her more important work was not indeed produced until after she was left a widow in 1780 and her sons and daughters were all settled in homes of their own. An ardent lover of children and thoroughly imbued with the classic lore that was so much in vogue in her day, Lady Diana excelled in the composition of dainty groups of the Cupids, Pans, Bacchanals, and Fauns with which Greek fancy had peopled a realm where care and suffering were unknown; and even when she delineated human children she gave to them the joyous frolicsomeness of the imaginary beings she knew so well how to realise. In Mrs. Erskine's most fascinating volume may be obtained a far more complete idea of Lady Diana's work than has yet been possible, very many of the exquisite designs here reproduced being from private collections. The illustrations include a very fine photogravure of a characteristic group of Bacchanals, and seven facsimile reproductions in colour, amongst which the two groups

of Cupids after Bartolozzi's engravings and the design for the decoration of a ceiling are especially fine. The characteristic compositions for Wedgwood are also very delightful, as are the head and tail-pieces for the "Leonore" and Dryden's "Fables," though the larger drawings are less satisfactory, the subjects being quite unsuited to the artist's style. The various Portraits interspersed throughout the volume, though they do not of course bear comparison with those of their author's great contemporaries, are pleasing and often full of character.

Oxford. Painted by JOHN FULLEYLOVE, R.I. Described by EDWARD THOMAS. (London: A. & C. Black.) 20s. net.—All who have felt the spell of Oxford, to which the most indifferent must sooner or later succumb if they are admitted even to the threshold of its inspiring life, will welcome the appearance of this new attempt to call up pictures from its past, and to catch the fleeting impressions of the present. To a great extent, the expectations which have been raised by the announcements of the book will be realised, the illustrations after the drawings of Mr. Fulleylove being full of charm, though they share the limitations of the "three-colour process," which is never successful in the interpretation of green. It seems a pity, for this reason, that all the drawings should have been done in the height of summer, for the autumn tints of the creepers on the churches and colleges give them an added touch of poetic beauty. Another drawback is the omission of several noteworthy buildings, Balliol College, with its beautiful quadrangle haunted by its famous tame raven, for instance, might well have claimed a prominent position. Amongst the most beautiful of the pictures are the *Oxford, from the Sheldonian Theatre*, *Oxford, from Headington Hall*, and the *Interior of the Bodleian Library*, the last especially realising with great felicity its dignified architecture—subdued yet rich colouring, and its strong savour of mediævalism. Mr. Fulleylove is, in fact, thoroughly in touch with the quaint old city, but the same can scarcely be said of his literary collaborator, who, in his effort to write in a light and humorous style, has missed the serious side of his subject, and more than once degenerated into flippancy, as when he says, *à propos* of nothing in particular, "A don will not hesitate to make the worst joke, in a strong and cheerful voice, in the bookseller's shop when it is full of clever freshmen." Surely, more dignified treatment than this should have been meted out to the Alma Mater who has moulded so many noble characters, and

sent forth to do battle for the right so many of the "perfect gentle knights" who are Oxford's best gifts to the world.

Queer Things about Japan. By DOUGLAS SLADEN. (London: A. Treherne & Co., Ltd.) Price 21s. net.—Without adding much to the general knowledge of Japan, Mr. Sladen has written a bright, chatty book upon that delightful country and its people. If Mr. Sladen does not say much that is new, he says it in a new way, and his way is a forcible one which compels the interest of the reader. The illustrations are from various sources. Some are reproductions upon a reduced scale of modern Japanese chromo-xylographs; others in black-and-white, are ascribed by the author to Hokusai. We do not, however, trace the characteristic touch of the master's hand in any of them other than the view of Fujiyama which is made to do duty as decoration for the end-papers. The grotesque figure drawings are more characteristic of Chinnen than of Hokusai. The "queer things" of Japan are only queer to the stranger. They lose their queerness when one is accustomed to them, although, perhaps, not their intense interest.

Masterpieces selected from the Kōrin School. By SHŪCHI TAJIMA. Volume I. (Tokyo: Shimbi Shoin.)—Among the great painters who have made Japan famous as an artistic nation, none has been greater than Ogata Kōrin. The appreciation which has been accorded to his work, not only in Europe and America, but even in Japan itself, does not, in our opinion, do justice to the beauty and great decorative value of his production. Even the late William Anderson, whose magnificent book on the "Pictorial Art of Japan" is the finest existing one upon the subject, failed to distinguish the great qualities of his genius at their true value. Examples of Kōrin's best work are almost unknown in the West. A few pieces of lacquer-work, a few odd volumes of design, form almost the entire evidence at our command. The choice specimens in the possession of collectors in Japan have been unknown to us, excepting from the small reproductions in black-and-white that have occasionally appeared in Japanese art periodicals. That an effort should be made by his admirers to gather together some representative examples of his genius, and to reproduce them in such a manner that the art-loving public may realise the greatness of his ability, was most desirable; and the result, judging from the first volume now before us, is most commendable. We learn from the introduction to this volume that it is intended to reproduce, in addition to the work of Kōrin, examples by Kenzan, Kagei, Shikō, Hōitsu, Ki-itsu, and other followers or

workers in the style of the great master. The illustrations now given chiefly consist of some fine collotype reproductions of screens and fans, and half-a-dozen excellent chromo-xylographs. We cordially recommend the work to the attention of all lovers of Japanese art.

The Pilgrim's Progress. By JOHN BUNYAN. With twenty-five drawings on wood by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. (Oxford: Henry Frowde.) 21s. net.—It is remarkable that such treasures as the drawings in this beautiful edition of Bunyan's inimitable allegory should have remained so long hidden in a private collection, and all admirers of the work of George Cruikshank owe a debt of gratitude to their owner, Mr. Edwin Truman, for allowing them to be reproduced in an easily accessible form. Their appearance is peculiarly appropriate at the present moment, in view of the renewed interest in wood engraving and the revival of the old-fashioned mode of book illustration that preceded the introduction of process blocks. They enable critics to compare the drawings of a master designer of the past with those of such modern exponents of xylography as Lawrence Housman and his contemporaries. These drawings, some of which were already cut on wood before their author's death, whilst the rest have been executed by skilled craftsmen of the present day, are, moreover, to a certain extent, revelations of a little-known side of Cruikshank's character, for his fame rests chiefly on his remarkable caricatures and excellent illustrations of fairy tales. He was, it is true, an ardent advocate for social reform, but he showed no marked religious enthusiasm, yet certain of his interpretations of incidents in the "Pilgrim's Progress" reflect the very spirit of the preacher. *The Cruel Death of Faithful, Apollyon falls upon Christian, and Christian loses his Burden at the Cross* have all the grim simplicity of Bunyan's own work. The text of the book, which has an interesting biographical Introduction from the pen of the late Canon Venables, is that of the second edition of the first part and the first edition of the second part; and the editor explains that the only alterations made are the corrections of obvious errors of orthography and punctuation which, he says, it would have been pedantic to retain.

A History of Painting in Italy. By J. A. CROWE and G. B. CAVALCASELLE. (London: John Murray.) Two vols. 21s. net each.—The publishers of this new edition of a work which will, no doubt, long remain one of the best art histories in circulation, have laid all students of the period it embraces under a deep debt of gratitude. Ever since the

first issue of the original book in 1864 public appreciation of its value has been on the increase, and it has been reprinted again and again; but as was inevitable, in view of the importance of recent discoveries, it has lately fallen to a great extent out of date. As trustworthy as ever, so far as the critical judgment pronounced on individual masters is concerned, the decisions of its authors with regard to certain attributions, dates, etc., would, as a matter of course, be reconsidered by them were they living at present. Recognising to the full the permanent value of every word of the text, the present editors have left it untouched, but they have supplemented it with an excellent series of notes, bringing the book into line with the results of the most recent research. So far two volumes only of the six promised have appeared, one dealing with Early Christian art as a whole, the other with that art as practised by Giotto and his followers. The new notes in these two volumes have all been written by Professor Langton Douglas, whose "Fra Angelico" and "History of Siena" have already placed him in the front rank amongst the authors of the day; but in his arduous task he has had the co-operation of the learned librarian of the House of Lords, Mr. Arthur Strong, whose translation of Dr. Kunstler's great monograph on Mantegna was so well appreciated. The result of the joint labours of these two experts is in every respect thoroughly satisfactory. Each volume is complete in itself, with two indices—one of places, the other of people mentioned in the text—a feature of no little value to the student who is pressed for time. To these sterling qualities as books of reference is added the great attraction of a number of very beautiful reproductions of the chief works of the various masters discussed, including a truly representative series of early mosaics and no less than twenty frescoes by Giotto, with examples of those of his chief contemporaries.

How to Identify Old China. By Mrs. WILLOUGHBY HODGSON. (London: Bell & Sons.) 5s. net.—Although there are already in circulation many costly and richly illustrated volumes on china, this little book will be heartily welcomed by those whose enthusiasm is greater than their power of gratifying it by the acquisition of more ambitious works. The authoress of "How to Identify Old China" has a very thorough grip of her subject, and has been at great pains to supply just the information most needed by the amateur collector. She gives several pages of facsimile reproductions of distinctive marks, a great number of excellent illustrations of characteristic examples of British

pottery and china, and adds interesting biographies of famous inventors, with accounts of the various processes employed in their potteries and manufactories. Her concluding chapter of Cautions and Suggestions should be read by all aspirants to connoisseurship. She advises every one who possesses old china to *learn* it. "Find out," she says, "where it was made, when, and by whom. Study the paste, glaze, and decoration. Try, by comparison with other china, to identify the decoration as the work of particular artists, and unearth, if possible, the histories of their lives, visit museums and make notes of any points which may strike you amongst the productions of factories in which you may be interested, and keep a book in which to enter a list of your china and its history."

Étude de la Plante. Par M. P. VERNEUIL. (Paris: Librairie Centrale des Beaux-Arts; London: B. T. Batsford.) Price £2 10s.—If the study of plant-form be made by the young designer a means to an end, the end being the satisfactory filling of spaces with beautiful form and mass, it is one that cannot be too strongly recommended. But if the aim and end of such study is the reproduction only in naturalistic detail of the objects copied, then the progress of the student as a decorative artist will be rather retarded than advanced. The modern decorative art of France has especially suffered from the craze of naturalistic imitations of leaves and flowers, which have been unsuccessful precisely because the craftsman has been more intent on the correctness of the natural form he has imitated than upon the decoration of the object by simple mass and juxtaposition of form and colour in the quantity and proportions it may have seemed to require. We do not think that the work before us is entirely free from these unwholesome tendencies, although it is evident that the talented author has striven to adapt nature-forms in some measure to the necessities of decoration. In this respect he has been more successful in his iron, bronze, and goldsmith's work than in his pottery and marquetry. But his book is, nevertheless, full of suggestion, and is, moreover, a magnificent specimen of the bookmaker's art.

The plate which is distributed yearly by the Art Union of London is, for the current season, an etching by C. O. Murray after a painting by Stanhope Forbes, A.R.A., entitled *Good-bye! Off to Skibbereen*. The incident is that of a Penzance lugger leaving home for the fishing grounds off the south coast of Ireland. The touch of pathos of the woman waving adieux to her little son, who is making his first voyage, gives to it a human

interest which will worthily add to its popular welcome. The etching is strong and powerful, and does justice to the excellent original.

In his "Shakspearean" cards (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.) Mr. F. C. Tilney has made an interesting and successful attempt to break away from the conventional style of playing-cards, and they can be strongly recommended to those to whom an artistic change in this respect would be agreeable.

AWARDS IN "THE STUDIO" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

CLASS A.

A XLIX. DESIGN FOR A POSTER.

The FIRST PRIZE (*Seven Guineas*) is awarded to *London* (B. H. Smale, 40 Acfold Road, Fulham), and the SECOND PRIZE to *Einig* (P. V. MacEnancy, 16 Ponsonby Avenue, Belfast). The following are awarded Hon. Mention: *Carlo* (K. Vernon); *Italia* (Sylvia Parkhurst); *Pan* (F. H. Ball); *Tell* (E. C. Skill); *Orange* (C. H. Rees); *Abbey View* (A. Murray); "*A. L.*" (A. Leete); *Hestersum* (E. H. Robert Collings); *Doric* (G. W. Mason); *Norn* (Alice M. Fabian).

A XLVIII. DESIGN FOR A SET OF FIRE-IRONS.

The FIRST PRIZE (*Two Guineas*) has been won by *Craft* (F. White, 19 Amott Road, East Dulwich), and the SECOND PRIZE by *Ryde* (H. Slade, 137 Norwood Road, Heme Hill, S.E.). Hon. Mention is awarded to *Craft* (F. White); *Monk* (A. Everiss); *Pooh-Bah* (C. E. Jackson); *Loidis* (H. E. Henderson) and *3739* (P. A. Hill).

CLASS B.

B XXXIX. DESIGN FOR A BOOK-COVER.

The result of this competition is extremely disappointing. "Isca's" design is the only one worthy of a prize, and the Second Prize is consequently withheld.

FIRST PRIZE (*One Guinea*) goes to *Isca* (Miss Ethel Larcombe, Wilton Place, St. James, Exeter).

SECOND PRIZE, withdrawn.

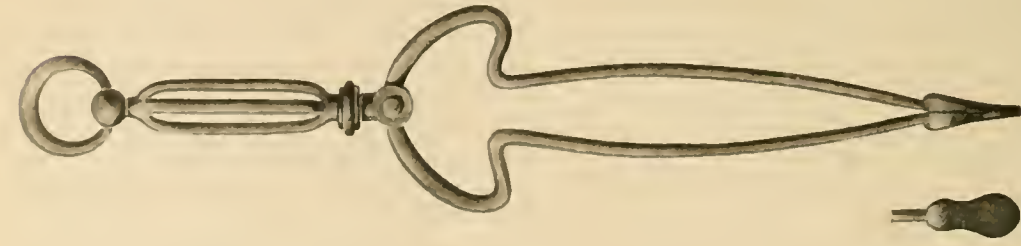
Hon. Mention: *Alex* (A. S. Carter).

CLASS C.

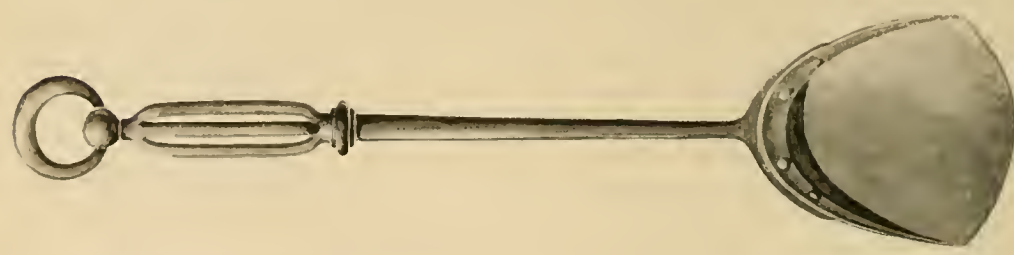
C XXXVII. A GROUP OF OBJETS D'ART.

This Competition, a subject presenting few real difficulties, has resulted in an inexplicable failure, no competitors appearing able to either group *objets d'art* or to obtain satisfactory photographs of them. The prizes are withheld.

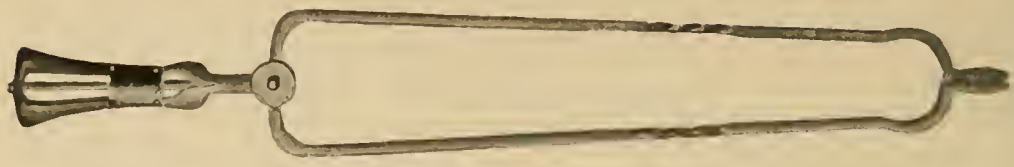
Hon. Mention is given: *Bino* (Mrs. Manson); *Rainbow* (C. E. Wanless); *Cose di Museo* (M. O'Gorman) and *Auchallater* (Agnes M. Poynting).



FIRST PRIZE (COMP. A XLVIII)



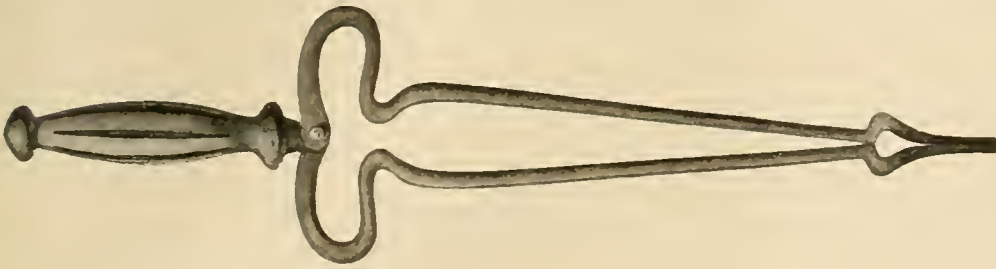
"CRAFT"



SECOND PRIZE (COMP. A XLVIII)



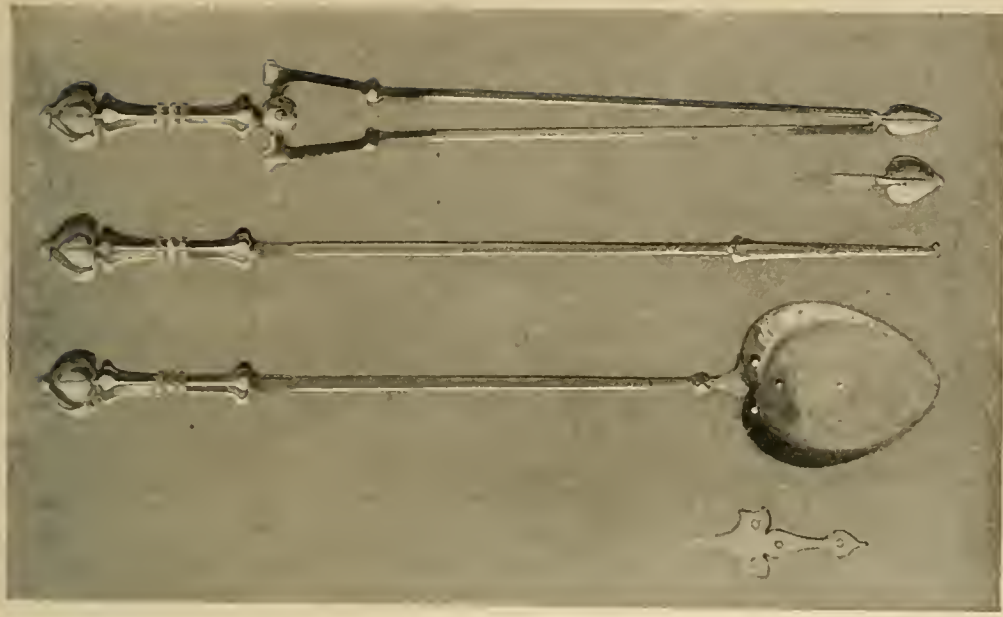
"RYDE"



HON. MENTION (COMP. A XLVIIII)



"CRAFT"



HON. MENTION (COMP. A XLVIII)

"MONK"

THE LAY FIGURE: ON THE WORSHIP OF THE OLD MASTERS.

"I SOLD a picture to-day for ten thousand pounds," said the Art Dealer, with a chuckle.

"It was not by a living artist, I presume," enquired the Man with the Red Tie; "you cannot get such prices as that for modern work, can you?"

"Of course not," returned the Dealer. "It was an old master, and quite worth the money. But, do you know, although I say it against myself, I sometimes wonder whether a man who will pay such an amount for a picture can be quite sane. I am inclined to believe that the art of picture-dealing consists chiefly in catching the buyer while he is in a condition of mental aberration, and that if he was allowed to have a lucid interval one would do no business with him, or at all events not on that scale."

"Out of your own mouth are you convicted," said the Critic; "your clients are all mad, and you have made them so by over-stimulating their acquisitive instincts. Art collecting now-a-days is guided neither by taste nor reason, but merely by an irrational spirit of competition. It is one of the forms of excitement cultivated by millionaires who have more money than they can spend in any sensible fashion. You are always egging them on to outbid one another, and then you jeer at them for making exhibitions of themselves."

"You are too hard on me, and on the millionaires," replied the Dealer. "After all, how can they show their taste better than by collecting old masters? And if they want them why should I not be well rewarded for the trouble that I have to take in keeping up a supply of good things? You cannot get fine pictures for the asking, and the man who will have nothing but the best must pay the top market price."

"I disagree with you entirely," cried the Man with the Red Tie. "There are plenty of fine pictures going begging at the present moment, but because they happen to be by living men you will not allow your clients to look at them. You do not give modern art a chance; you would rather plant upon the collector the veriest daub by a painter who died a century or so ago than suggest to him that he should buy something much better by an artist of his own time."

"Our friend puts the matter, as usual, rather strongly," said the Critic, "but there is common sense in what he says. The present-day collector

would rather give the ten thousand pounds you are gloating over for a poor thing by what is conventionally called an old master than a hundred for a canvas which does not pretend to be anything else but a recent performance. But I will admit that the dealers are not wholly to blame for this state of affairs. When the Academy lends the weight of its authority to the encouragement of a craze, and hangs on its walls such oddities as now make up its Winter Exhibition, it is not surprising that the public, monied and otherwise, should believe that the cult of the old master is the only one permissible to people who profess to have taste. Strangely enough, quite a large section of the community thinks the Academy to be infallible; and so Burlington House has become a valuable ally to the dealers who keep the consciences of the artistic millionaires, and incidentally profit considerably by their guardianship. I quite agree that modern art does not have a fair chance. How can you expect it to have when the Academy admits to its Winter Exhibitions things that, if they were sent in for its summer shows, would be received by the Council with roars of laughter? When there is one standard of accomplishment set up in May and another in January the public naturally gets confused, and falls back upon the comforting idea that archæological interest only is needed in works of art. Bad things are, of course, made no better by the accident of their having been produced at a time when art was in a barbaric condition. But because these things are old collectors go mad over them, to the tune of ten thousand pounds and more, and foam at the mouth in their eagerness to possess them."

"And I suppose," sighed the Man with the Red Tie, "because modern art is new it will continue to be neglected. We who have the misfortune to be alive must sit in studios crowded up with unsold works and see the houses of the collectors filled with stuff that the veriest beginner amongst us would be ashamed to paint. Mind you, I do not quarrel with the prices paid for the true masterpieces of the old men; there are some pictures which are inestimable in value. But I do think it hard that a thing by some ancient bungler should be thought to be worth so much more than a really good work by an artist who would be hailed as a master if he had only been born two hundred years ago."

"You may say what you like," laughed the Dealer, "I have got ten thousand pounds."

THE LAY FIGURE.



"THE BLUE GIRL."

A STUDY FOR A PORTRAIT BY

J. MCNEILL WHISTLER.

REPRODUCED IN LITHOGRAPHY BY T. R. WAY.

(From the paste' in the possession of Thomas Way, Esq.)



MODERN PAINTING IN SWEDEN. BY AXEL TALLBERG.

"*Ars longa, vita brevis*," says an old Latin proverb, and no doubt it speaks the truth in many respects, but certainly not in all. It would seem as if that old saying could very well be reversed and befittingly applied to the present state of affairs in all artistic life and to some phases of the recent evolution of art in most countries.

"*Vita longa, ars brevis*," appears of course to be a decidedly unbecoming violation of such a long-established and time-honoured expression, and it is doubtless one that more likely than not will be strongly and scornfully repudiated by a great number of old-fashioned artists who seem to have put their very hearts and souls into the belief that their artistic ability will last as long as themselves, and that their age and time-worn methods, as a matter of course, must give an enhanced weight to their position.

I do not mean to say that there are not a good many of the older artists who are still young at heart and bright in mind, but as these generally, and in good comradeship too, struggle on the side of "the unruly youths," the irreverent reversion of the proverb alluded to cannot possibly apply to them. In truth, the feather or honour that fits *their* cap best is that very same proverb in its old, original sense.

When I insinuated that some artists seem to live longer than their art, I intend particularly to refer to those among the elder ones who cannot, or more probably do not wish to, grasp the idea that decline in vitality, as a rule, must correspond with at least the same decline in mental power and, consequently, in a more or less rapidly failing capacity of conception, of artistic expression, and of truthful rendering. A man who was, forty or fifty years ago, a great artist decidedly must not on that account only claim to be one now. His art is the outcome of a period in his life of executive vigour,



"WINTER EVENING"

BY A. SCHULTZBERG



"A ROCKY COAST"

BY KARL NORDSTRÖM

and when that has passed he should not think that time since then has proceeded without progress, or that that progress has been made without a transforming influence upon the art of the present time.

Now, it may be quite true that the obstinate opinion of such gentlemen ought not to make much difference to the steady course of artistic progress, and I will readily admit that it does not; but it is, nevertheless, just as certain that the *practical exercise* of that opinion is a most provoking obstacle to progress, an obstacle that very often must be got rid of and, alas, just as often rolls back again. A considerable number of the artists referred to, have, as long as states and communities continue to grant funds towards the support of artistic institutions, or as long as such institutions have funds of their own, very formidable means of backing their opinion with the actual power of their position. They have, generally on

the strength of works done long ago, now likely enough almost forgotten, and by virtue of their advanced age, in many cases the power of vote: that is, the power of granting money towards the support, the encouragement and the cultivation of art, and they have further the no less far-reaching power of bestowing honours and distinctions. Now, as these gentlemen cannot, or will not, understand the demands of modern art, as they will not acknowledge the true value of present-day progress, as

they cannot perceive the signs of to-day in regard to the future prospects of art, they must, as a matter of sheer necessity, reward the followers of themselves and of their own time.

That this has been the case and, to a lamentable extent, still is the case in most countries is quite certain. Artists reflecting the art of times long gone



"NORTHERN LIGHTS"

BY B. LIND



LANDSCAPE. BY
H.R.H. PRINCE EUGEN



"PORTRAIT OF THE COMPOSER W. STENHAMMER" BY ROBERT THEGERSTRÖM

been violent struggles, and the result of the contest is the great variety of individual achievements, of original ideas, of ardent observation and powerful rendering, which, together with a strongly pronounced personalism, form the fresh and unrestrained art of the new era.

If the veteran members of the Royal Swedish Academy of Art had in the early eighties differed from their foreign colleagues Swedish art would not have been a constant field of battle during the last twenty years. The veterans might then have kept their old glory untarnished, together

by, have been tenderly supported and made conspicuous, while the stubborn strugglers for new ideas and new views have had to do the best they could, more often than not, without any support at all. In this melancholy fact we find the truth of another ancient proverb: "There is nothing so bad that no good will come from it."

Opposition has met opposition. There have

with their peace and happiness; and the artists of the younger generations might have gained theirs in the old way, by accepting Royal and Academic honours, grants, appointments, and pensions. So far everything would, no doubt, have made for quiet, but there would certainly have been no advance in art; at least, not anything like the progress that has been made



"OFF DUTY"

BY HARRIET SUNDSTRÖM



"A DALECARLIAN GIRL"
BY ANDERS ZORN

Modern Painting in Sweden



"EVENING"

BY ALFRED BERGSTRÖM

surely can bear comparison with the modern art of any other country in the world.

Like so many other similar institutions, the Swedish Academy had at the start honourably endeavoured to fulfil the useful objects of its existence; but in the early eighties the decline in that respect brought things to such a deplorable pass that even the most important statutes governing the institution were set absolutely aside. According to the rules, the Academy should arrange an exhibition, open to all Swedish artists, at least once every three years. At the time, more than eight years had passed without any such exhibition

—a progress that has given Sweden an art so charming in its vigour and youthful strength that it having been held, and as there appeared to be no hope of bringing the Academy to its senses and



"BREAKERS"

BY OSCAR HÜLLGREN



"SEA EAGLES" BY
BRUNO LILJEFORS

Bruno Liljefors
1897

Modern Painting in Sweden



"A SPRING NIGHT:" WATER-COLOUR AND CHARCOAL BY GUNNAR HALLSTRÖM

to their duty, the young artists of Sweden, at home and abroad, agreed that this state of things could no longer be tolerated. Adding this well-founded grievance to a great many others accumulated during scores of years, and all bearing against the same venerable institution, they, in 1885, first asked for and then resolutely demanded a revision of statutes, reorganisation of the schools, and many other just and proper measures towards the better management of affairs pertaining to the furtherance of art in Sweden.

It was not likely that the Academy would accept these proposals from "that revolutionary crowd"; and they consequently replied that they could not consider them at all. Upon this the "opponents," as the malcontents were then called, there and then decided to henceforth shift for themselves without any aid or help of any description from the Academy. They even went so far as to solemnly pledge themselves not

to accept any honours or distinctions conferred upon them, singly or as a body, direct or indirect, by the Academy, until that institution should decide in favour of the re-organisation demanded.

The opponents forthwith incorporated themselves, and had shortly afterwards a very strong society, "The League of Artists," to set against the retarding influence of the Academy. This redoubtable League since then has given the sorely-troubled Academicians many a hard and bitter nut to crack.

The modern art of Sweden is the young and beloved child of that resolute new Society. "The League" has worked hard from the very beginning, and year after year it has had excellent exhibitions, both at home and abroad. It may be justly said that it has given the world a splendid example of what can be achieved by inflexible persistence of purpose and a never-failing good-will.

I will not say that this society has not, like all the rest, suffered from temporary indispositions. It



"AFTER RAIN"

BY FRITZ KARFVE



Modern Painting in Sweden

has, in truth, more than once during these twenty years, been more or less dangerously infected by home or Continental epidemics arising out of the abnormal growths that now and then occur in the fair garden of art and beauty. But they have happily been of short duration. It has, by the way, always appeared to me that such diseases are obliterated by the same means as those which have proved fatal to the rabies bacillus—they are killed by their own poison. This has, at any rate, always been the case in Sweden, and particularly in the society in question. These epidemics and perhaps some other circumstances have, however, had one drawback—they have time after time separated certain of the members from the society, and of these some have once more put themselves under the protection of the ancient Institution, while others have preferred to be outsiders altogether.

At present the "League" is fresh and healthy, and if it grows in strength at the wonderful rate it has done hitherto, the Academy will surely before long have to acquiesce in the improvements demanded. It will, at all events, be none too soon.

It must not, from what I have said, be inferred

that I refuse to admit the merits of other parties and art corporations existing in Sweden. There are doubtless many clever artists among the Royal Academicians, as well as in the much crowded but less remarkable "Society of Swedish Artists," from which sole source the Academy at present is by necessity compelled to draw its supply of fellows and associates. But these bodies achieve nothing at all as corporations. They have no mutual will, and, as far as I can see, no object in common. They have, however, as I have already admitted, some excellent artists among them, and by the efforts of individual members they must be said to add in some degree to the means of artistic progress.

The best known among the Academicians are the figure painters: Count Georg von Rosen, Julius Kronberg, Baron Cederström, Emil Österman, Axel Jungstedt, Victor Andrén, and Johan Tirén; and of landscapists: Gottfrid Kallstenius, Alfred Bergström, Edward Rosenberg, Anselm Schulzberg, Olof Arborelius, and the still working veterans A. Wahlberg and Gustaf Rydberg.

In the first set von Rosen is, perhaps, the most prominent man. He has in his day turned



Chr. Erikson Eugen Janson Nils Kreuger
"THE COMMITTEE OF THE LEAGUE OF ARTISTS"

Karl Nordström
(Chairman)

Robert Thegerström Richard Bergh

BY RICHARD BERGH

Modern Painting in Sweden



"AT NOONTIDE"

BY NILS KREUGER

out a great number of works, many of which must be considered as masterpieces in the difficult art of portrait-painting, but above all he is conspicuous as Sweden's "painter in the great." Some of his historical pictures are still unsurpassed in Swedish art, and not a few of his *genres*, mostly treating subjects belonging to the 14th and 15th centuries, are excellent in their way. Julius Kronberg is a most intelligent and clever decorative painter; in the matter of draughtsmanship, composition and colour perhaps one of the very best now living. He has done some great decorative works lately which show that his long-admired ability is not at all diminished since the days when he first made his name about thirty years ago. These artists are, however, not to be ranked among the creators of the modern art of Sweden, although they may be justly considered as pioneers in the movement that led to the revolutionary action of 1885.

Björck, Österman, Jungstedt and Tirén, are all comparatively young men. The most powerful in this quarter is doubtless Björck who is the "Enfant Terrible" among the academicians. He pos-

sesses a very fine eye for colour and is a most charming painter, but he seems to neglect somewhat the characteristic qualities of his subjects, and as a consequence of this his likenesses are not always to be relied upon. His rendering is, however, invariably brilliant and fascinating. Of Österman, the King-painter, I have already spoken in *THE STUDIO*, and the once famous Jungstedt is hardly worth mentioning at present. He has, although still young, worked himself out. Let us hope it is only a temporary disablement.

The landscape men in the Academy are rather more interesting than their figure-painting colleagues. They are all, with the exception of Arborelius, Wahlberg and Rydberg, young men. The chief leaders are Kallstenius and Schultzberg, both most devoted lovers of their art, and both convincingly earnest in the execution of their works. Bergström, although he is very uneven in his productions, may also be ranked with these two. Some of his pictures are gems in their way, while others are absolutely worthless. Rosenberg's strength and rough vigour gives, sometimes, very good results, but a little more piety and tenderness in his approach to



"TWILIGHT GLOW"

BY B. AHLGRENSSON

Modern Painting in Sweden



"A GRAY WINTER DAY"

BY ANTON GENBERG

Nature would add a great deal to the value of his paintings.

I need hardly say that that accomplished painter, Prince Eugen, is also a member of the Academy, but I daresay that this has come to pass less through personal sympathy than by other reasons. As this excellent artist is not called the "Red Prince" for nothing, it is hardly surprising to learn that his leanings are all in the direction of the progressive "League." With Björck it is the same, consequently these two eminent artists usually ignore the exhibitions arranged by the Academy, whilst always taking part as invited exhibitors in the shows at the "League."

The "Society of Swedish Artists" is a remarkable mixture of talent and mediocrity, of genius and shallowness. It has a great many members of both sexes, among whom, however, but a small number are artists in the true sense of the word.

It may be mentioned as a curious fact that all the artist - members of the Academy, with the exception of Prince Eugen and Björck, are also members of this Society.

The best names, besides the academicians already mentioned, are the figure-painters, Gustaf Ankarcrona, Ivar Nyberg, Wilhelm Smith, Emerik Stenberg, Bernhard Österman, and the "French" member, Allan Österlind and Fanny Brate. These are all young, but with the exception of Smith and Österlind they all seem to have "stopped their growth," some of them evidently for ever.

The landscape men are more promising and more interesting than the figure-painters here as well. The best is no doubt the splendid colourist, Pelle Swedlund, who has, during the last few years, painted some very fine works. Wilhelm Behm and Anton Genberg are both talented painters of winter, as is also Carl Johanson, while



"PORTRAIT"

BY COUNT GEORG VON ROSEN

Modern Painting in Sweden

John Kindborg is a good painter of forest subjects, and Oscar Hullgren is rapidly rising as a marine painter.

To the minor societies belong Otto Hesselbom, a landscapist possessing originality in the conception of his subjects as well as in their rendering. This artist is, curiously enough, far better known abroad than he is at home, although he has never been outside his native country. Members also of these societies are Fritz Kärffe and Bengt Hedberg, landscape painters, and Anders Trulson, a figure painter of great ability.

Among the "Savages" who do not belong to any society or institution at all we find two names well known and greatly honoured all over the world, Anders Zorn and Carl Larsson. Both have until quite recently been members of the "League," but they have now, for reasons unknown, left that body. "Savages" are also the eminently gifted Gunnar Hallström and the interesting landscape painter Erik Hedberg.

I have purposely left the "League" to the last: firstly, because their best names are already well known abroad; and, secondly, because they themselves are very modest; being, indeed, in art what the "Puritans" of old were in religion. Insisting always upon rigid adherence to natural simplicity, this excellent quality is, I am tempted to think, the sole secret of their rapid success.

The most prominent painter of the "League" at present is Richard Bergh, who, since he left the schools of the Academy, more than twenty years ago, has passed through many strange and remarkable stages of artistic evolution. He is now, however, the most sober of artists, and at the same time a profound thinker. Bergh is a philosopher by nature and an artist by impulse. He may be regarded as the principal maker of Swedish modern art, and its foremost representative.

He has had staunch and inflexible supporters in Karl Nordström, a landscape painter of rare quality, Robert Thegerström, the eccentric but always interesting Eugen Janson, Georg Pauli, the genial sculptor, Kristian Eriksson, and in Bruno Liljefors, the famous animal painter. These, together with Larsson and Zorn, are the men who have given Sweden her present art, and established the prestige won by that art at home and abroad.

The younger members of the "League" are mostly disciples of the leaders mentioned, but a few of them have already gained a well-deserved fame for themselves. Among these, the best known are B. Ahlgrensson, Carl Wilhelmson, G. Fjæstad, Esther Almqvist, B. Lind, von Hennings, and Axel Sjöberg.



"H.R.H. THE CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY"

BY OSCAR BJÖRCK



"PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST: LAMP-
LIGHT EFFECT." BY ANDERS TRULSON



"PORTRAIT"

BY OSCAR BJÖRCK

The most ardent wish of every lover of art in Sweden now is that a speedy reconciliation between the various parties may be finally and peaceably effected. It would surely confer a lasting honour upon both.

AXEL TALLBERG.

OUR Philadelphia correspondent writes:—A number of interesting exhibitions of art work occurred in Philadelphia at the end of last year, previous to the regular Annuals of the Art Club and the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. Among

these should be mentioned especially a collection of seventy or eighty drawings in pencil of old London by Mr. Vernon Howe Bailey, exposed in the gallery of the Pennsylvania Museum. Broadly treated sketches, in which skilful use of the flat point of the pencil is made, of bits of the architecture around the Inns of Court—including Staple Inn, Clifford's Inn, Lincoln's Inn, St. Bartholomew's Close, Cloth Fair, etc., and other historical spots, made up the greater part of the exhibition. This was followed a week later by an exhibition of sketches in colour made in France, Belgium, Germany and Italy, by Albert Jean Adolph. These were in oil and water colour, and included some admirable views of interesting parts of Paris. Both of these artists were students in the school of art of the Pennsylvania Museum, and very appropriately were offered the use of the gallery for showing the result of their work whilst abroad. The annual exhibition of the members of the Philadelphia Sketch Club included one hundred and forty-four sketches in oil, pastel, and water-colour. The most interesting of these was a series of nineteen cleverly handled little views in Arizona by Mr. William C. Watts. Prizes were awarded to Mr. George Oberteuffer for his picture entitled *Sunlight*; to Mr. Alexander Bower for his *Autumn*; and to Mr. Adolf H. Pfeil for his *Storm*. A number of sketches of scenes in London music-halls by E. L. Bryant deserved notice for their originality and delightful freedom of rendering.



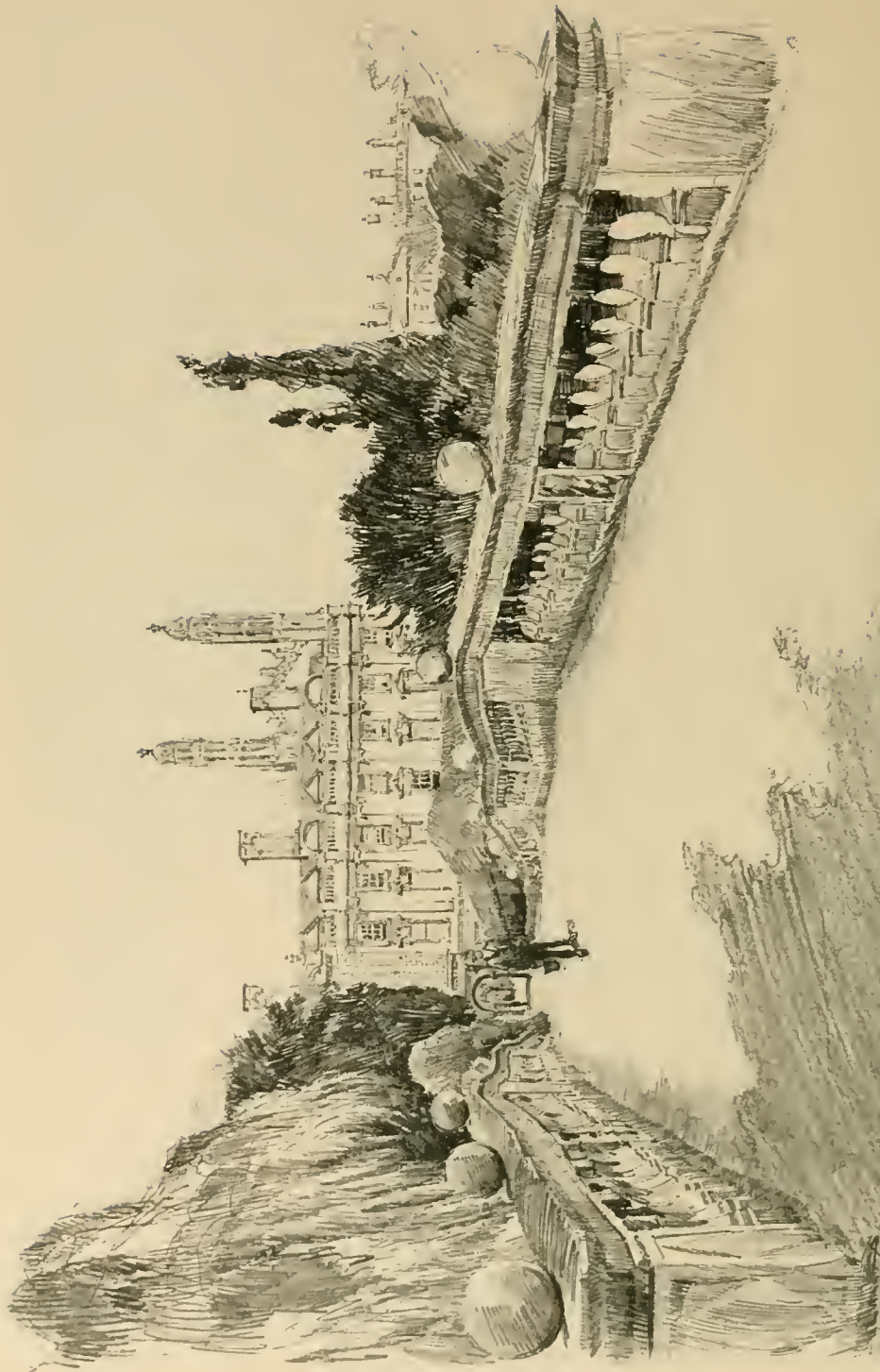
"A BIRTHDAY"

BY FANNY BRATE

CAMBRIDGE COLLEGES
DRAWN BY VERNON
HOWE BAILEY

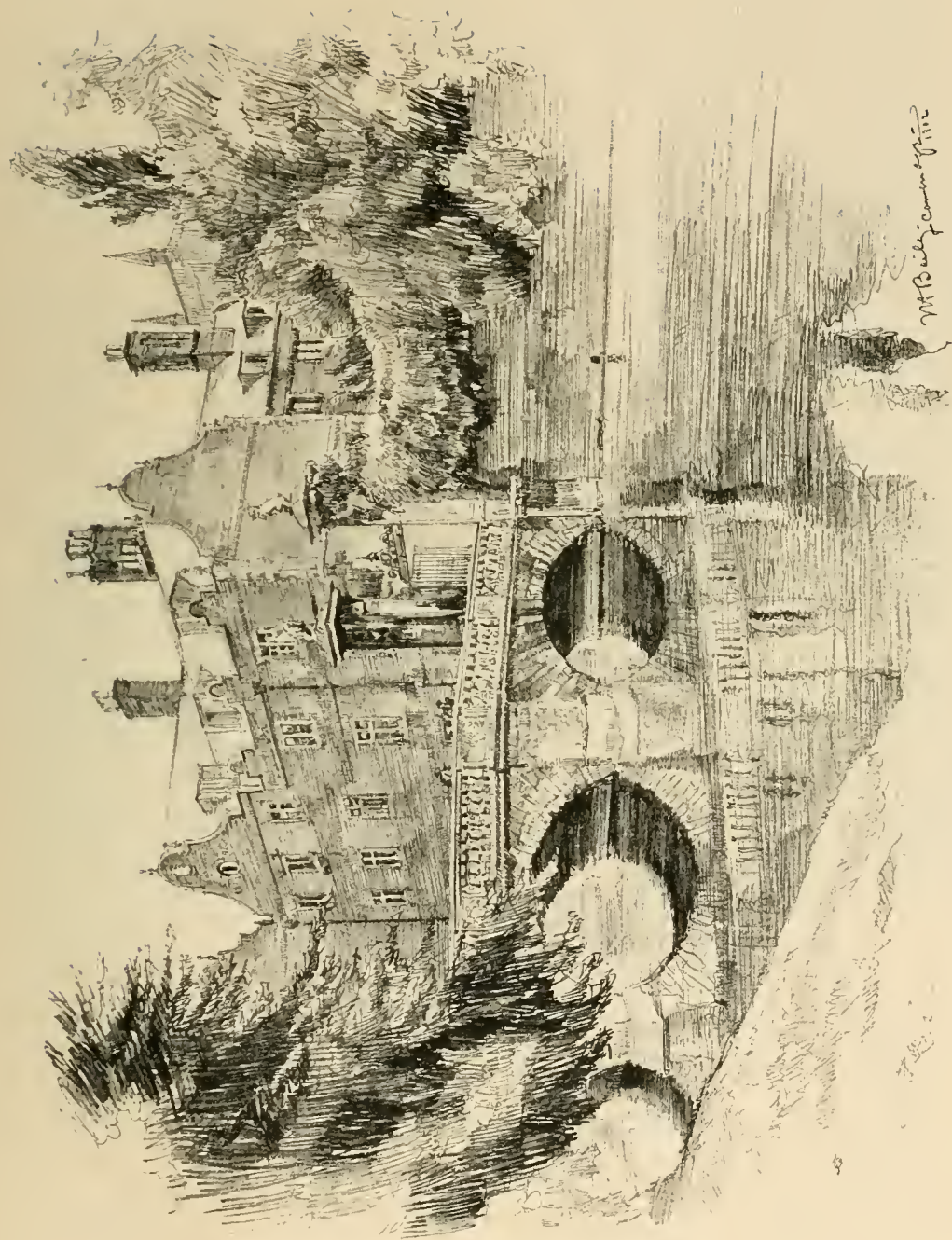


Clock Tower, Trinity College, Cambridge



W. B. L. 1891

Clare Bridge, Cambridge



St. John's Bridge, Cambridge

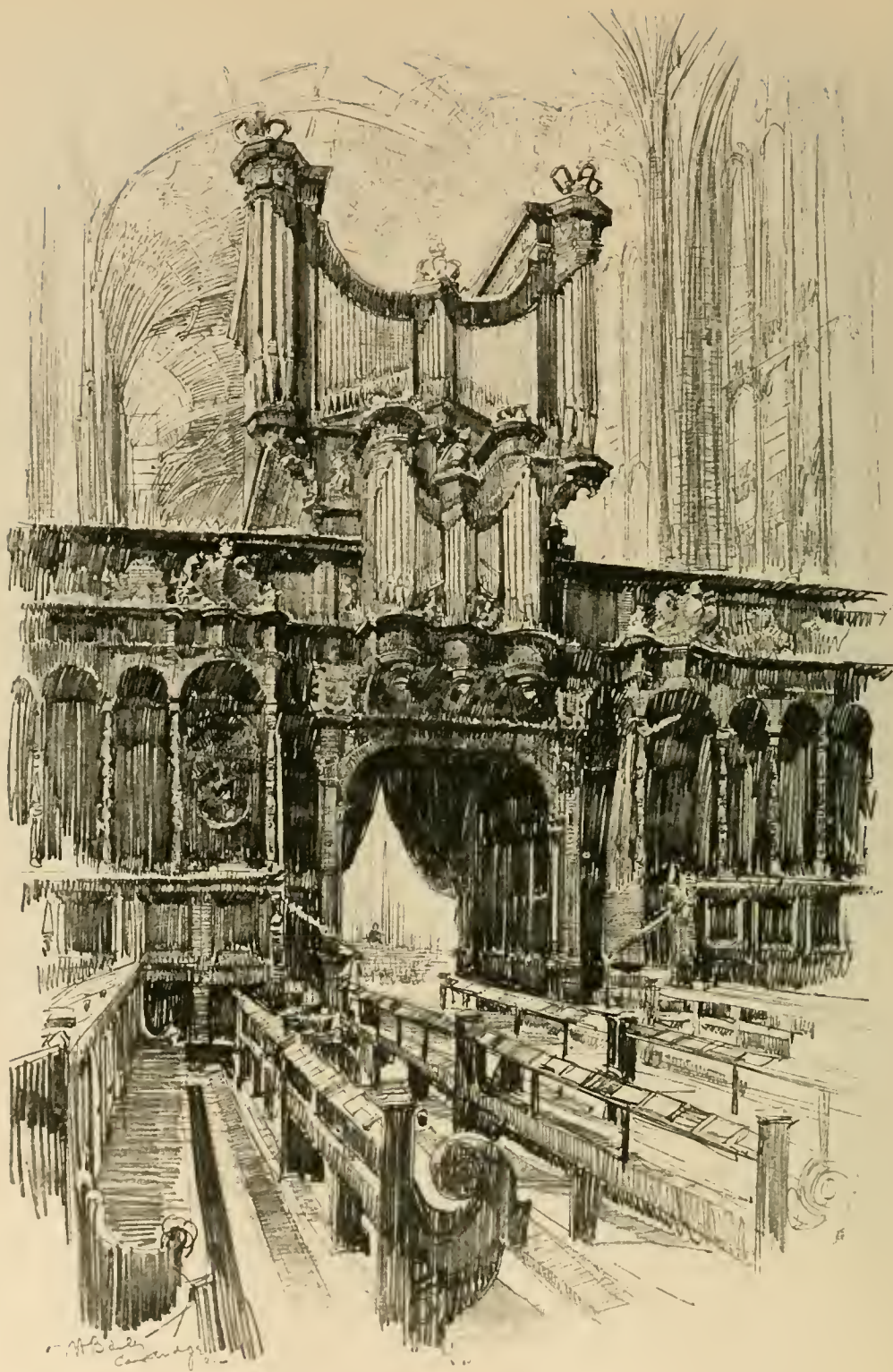


Clare Lane and King's College Chapel, Cambridge



*W. B. Smith
Cambridge. 1862*

The Gateway, Trinity College, Cambridge



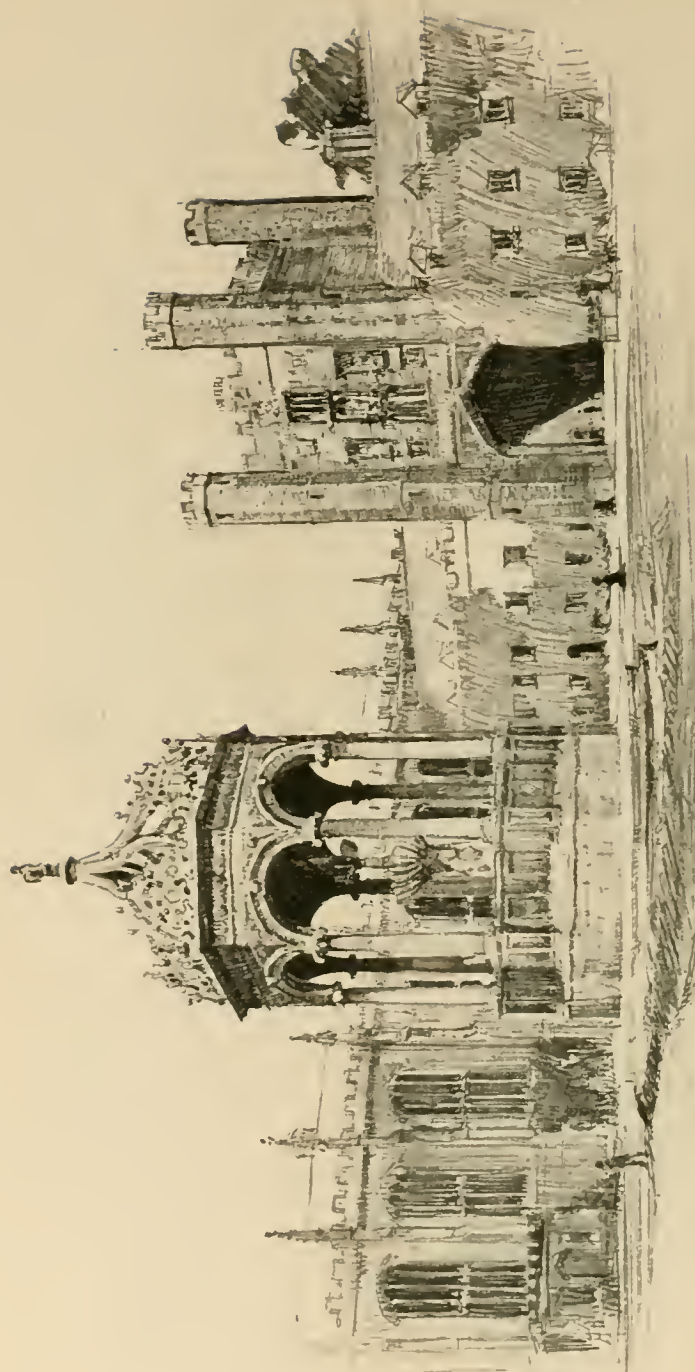
The Screen and Organ, King's College Chapel, Cambridge



W. B. Smith

A

Trinity College, Cambridge



Trinity College, Cambridge

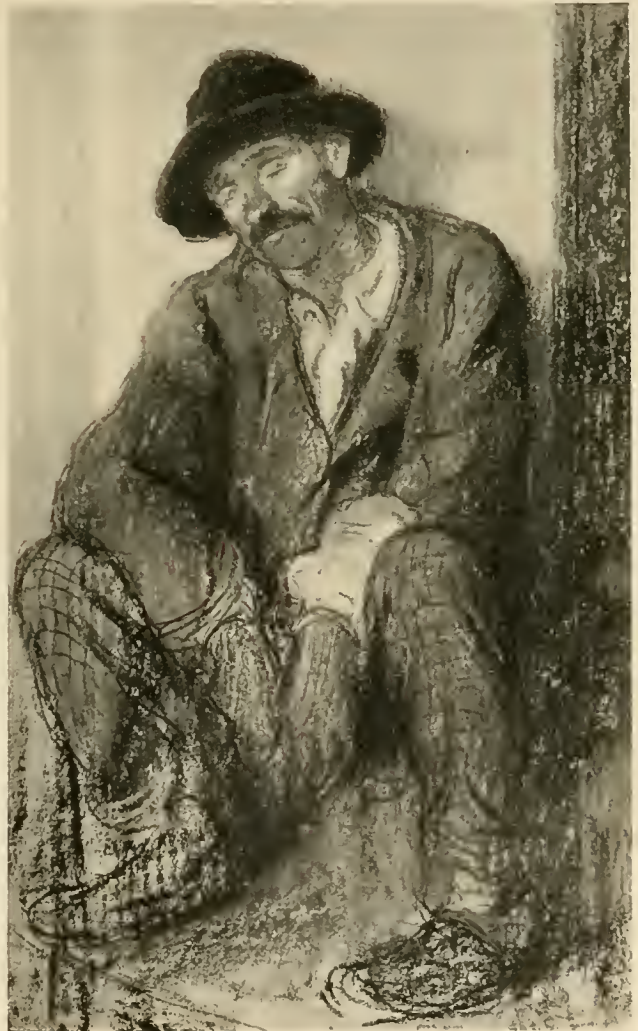
MODERN FRENCH PASTEL-
LISTS: JULES GUSTAVE
BESSON. BY HENRI FRANTZ.

JULES GUSTAVE BESSON is a pupil of Gustave Moreau, which may seem surprising at first, seeing that here we find ourselves face to face with a talent essentially different from that of the master—a talent which would seem to owe nothing to the painter of the *Salomé*, the *Hérodiades*, and all the other sumptuous apparitions with which Gustave Moreau's gallery is peopled. Such is the first impression one is inclined to feel. But we must remember how broad and eclectic was Moreau's teaching; must remember, too—as all his pupils, together with his faithful friend, M. Rupp, will testify—that Moreau was, above all things, anxious to let each pupil's talent develop in accordance with the aspirations of its own nature; and that in his desire to avoid encumbering the evolution of a man's ability he would go so far as to hide his own pictures from his disciple's gaze. It were impossible for the student to dispense with the master; and in this connection Moreau would seem to be of the opinion of Goethe, who wrote: "One cannot attain everything by oneself. That may be said of a bad and altogether foolish artist, but not of a good one."

Thus it happened that among Moreau's pupils—as in all schools—there were two clearly distinct currents. The one party remained faithful to the whole spirit of Moreau's art, which is altogether idealistic, while the other became realists. Among these latter is Charles Milcendeau, with whose pastels M. Gustave Geffroy dealt in the February number of *THE STUDIO*. He is the faithful portrayer of the peasants of Lower Brittany, while Besson has come to be the painter of working life.

Let us first try to discover exactly what Besson owes to his master. This is advisable, since by so doing one can put an end to the legend which represents Besson as one who has revolted against all Moreau's ideas. That is a grave error. It cannot be disputed, of course, that Besson adopts

a formula of realistic art which is at the very antipodes of the idealism whereto Moreau was always devoted; he abandons the forms of legend and of dream which live in Moreau's work, to choose his subjects from amid the real life which he has under his eyes; and despite all that he remains, in one essential side of his talent, one of the most worthy disciples (I do not say *continuator*) of his master, Moreau. The latter, indeed, always inculcated among his pupils the importance of fine colouring, and it was with this object in view that he made them pay such frequent visits to the Louvre. Now is not this same sense of colour a ceaseless preoccupation with M. Besson, this born colourist who is one of the best of his generation



"DORMEUR"

FROM THE PASTEL BY J. G. BESSON
(In the collection of Madame Lemée)

among all those exhibiting at the old salon of the Artistes Français? Even in his least brilliant subjects, those which in appearance are greyest and most subdued, he always succeeds in discovering a fine tone and in displaying the rich treasures of his palette.

Let him paint his workmen strolling about in the faubourgs, and the sunset glow will be full of warm and puissant harmonies; or let him go to the mining districts, and show the toilers at their labour, and he will clothe the very furnace mouths and the chimneys belching fire with true magnificence. He will paint ragged beggars in front of a church, but behind them blaze the splendours of stained glass and lighted candles. And it is precisely this love of beautiful colour—from which let us hope he will never depart—that he owes to his master, Gustave Moreau.

As I have already said, Besson is the painter of the working-folk, the toilers, of Paris. In a series of pastels exhibited two years ago at Hessèle's he showed us a great number of new and characteristic *documents* on the humble life of the capital. From the first he had been attracted by this aspect of the great city; accordingly he frequented quarters such as La Chapelle, Belleville, Grenelle, Bercy, and Ivry, all those, in a word, wherein labour is most feverish, and brought back therefrom a number of human notations full of breadth and truth; often, too, they were quite beautiful, such as those porters, strong and supple of gesture, easily bearing their heavy burdens to the riverside barges amid the panting engines and the smoke of factories and steamers. All these scenes of toilers at work or in the *cabaret* have the merit of being "lived," and the tone of truth which springs from them is not the least of their charms.

Besson has a great variety of gifts, and for that very reason it would be regrettable were he to specialise in a single *genre*. Other styles there are wherein he may find still further resources, and we must hope he will continue to enlarge the area of his vision. Has he not already done so, by the way, in his delineations of the fisher-folk of Brittany—rough men's faces, patient profiles of women—a whole *cortège* of simple, humble souls? Again, he asserts himself in his charming pastel notations done in Italy. Sometimes also Besson has raised himself from the mere representation of reality to more imaginative subjects, which, however, are still a true expression

of life. In his religious paintings he returns, so to say, to Rembrandt's ideal, representing these biblical scenes in the midst of modern life, such as in *Le Christ Consolateur*, *Les Iconoclastes* (belonging to Mr. L. Braillard), *Le Denier de la Veuve*, works which are really religious by their deep feeling and pity, but which remain intentionally far away from any *reconstitution*.

Such is Besson. But one must add that he is an artist who is enamoured of his work, living for that alone, and in no hurry to advance the hour of definite success, strong as he is in the approbation of some of the best judges of Paris and certain writers who grasped the meaning of his earliest efforts. To the great monument of truth erected by Degas, Raffaëlli, Carrière, Meunier and others, Besson contributes his energy, his work, and his comprehension of life. HENRI FRANTZ.

There will be opened at the Manchester City Art Gallery on March 23, an exhibition of pictures and other works of art illustrating the life and work of Ruskin.



"FEMME ET ENFANT"

FROM THE PASTEL BY J. G. BESSON
(In the collection of M. Hessèle)





"BRETONNES"

FROM THE PASTEL BY J. G. BESSON



"BIGOUDEN"

FROM THE PASTEL BY J. G. BESSON

(In the collection of Madame Lemé)



"MÈRE EMBRASSANT SA FILLE"
FROM THE PASTEL BY
JULES GUSTAVE BESSON

(In the collection of M. Hesse)

SOME RECENT WORK BY MR.
C. F. A. VOYSEY. BY AYMER
VALLANCE.

It sometimes befalls an artist's work that the aspect of it with which his name becomes associated in common estimate is not that which is habitual to him, but rather what is exceptional, especially if the latter be marked by striking peculiarities. And it is natural enough that this should be so, for what is pronounced necessarily arrests attention and is remembered, while the more normal, on that very account, escapes observation or is forgotten. Something of this sort appears to have happened in the case of Mr. Voysey, who, his name having once become connected with a certain type of building, is scarcely credited with the versatility of powers that belongs to him.

It is true there are many architects who, on principle, would employ only such building materials as are produced in the particular locality: but Mr. Voysey is no purist, nor has he any prejudice against importing from wherever he may. At the

same time, when a perfectly suitable material is ready to hand, he would naturally prefer to take advantage of it. And it is a matter for regret to the artist should a client insist on having what he or she deems a thoroughly characteristic house instead of one more properly native to the soil. Thus the house designed by Mr. Voysey for Miss G. C. Conant at North Luffenham, near Stamford, Rutland, notwithstanding the district yields excellent building stone, was required to have brick walls covered with cement rough cast. Happily it was roofed, after the manner of an Oxford college, with slabs of local stone. Another feature of the exterior is a large gable, with a clock, surmounted by an old fourteenth-century bell, weighing upwards of three hundredweight. It is fitted with a hammer, plugged with wood to deaden its harsh, metallic clang, for striking the hours. In the interior all the fireplace tiles are of special design, different in every room; the tiles themselves executed by Mr. C. Dressler at Marlow. The parlour walls are lined to the height of six feet with pink silk, the woodwork being enamelled in white. The floors



"BROADLEYS," WINDERMERE

C. F. A. VOYSEY, ARCHITECT

are carpeted with self-coloured Austrian pile carpets. Out of doors the gardens, in the middle of which stands a fine old walnut-tree, were laid out, according to Mr. Voysey's plans, with terraces and flagged garden walks. An entrance gate, executed by Mr. Bainbridge Reynolds from Mr. Voysey's drawings, and a dovecote designed by the same hand complete the quaint effect of the whole.

It may be wondered why, with his dominant love of the picturesque, Mr. Voysey does not build in half-timber. The answer is that, unfortunately, prevalent opinion, endorsed in official quarters, would appear to be hostile to the erection of timber-framed houses for modern use. Nay, bureaucratic bye-laws, wherever in force, actually require all buildings in which half-timber work is employed to be lined within with a substantial wall of brick. Thus in effect timber construction is rendered a mere superficial sham, and, as such, beyond the pale of reasonable architecture. The alleged pretext is, of course, the danger of fire. But the inflammability of timber houses is as much overrated as the belief in their instability is unwarranted. The wood itself, in course of time, acquires a seasoned solidity and hardness almost equivalent to the fire-resisting properties of a mineral substance; while the very system of its

bracing and jointing affords it, as it were, an elasticity and a power of resistance against strain of subsidence and the shock of concussion not possessed by any other building material. Of all the houses that formerly surrounded the Cathedral of Strassburg none survived the devastating ordeal of fire and shell during the siege of 1870, except one only, which is of half-timber, dating from the sixteenth century. It still stands at the north-west corner of the cathedral square, a conspicuous proof of the enduring quality of wood construction.

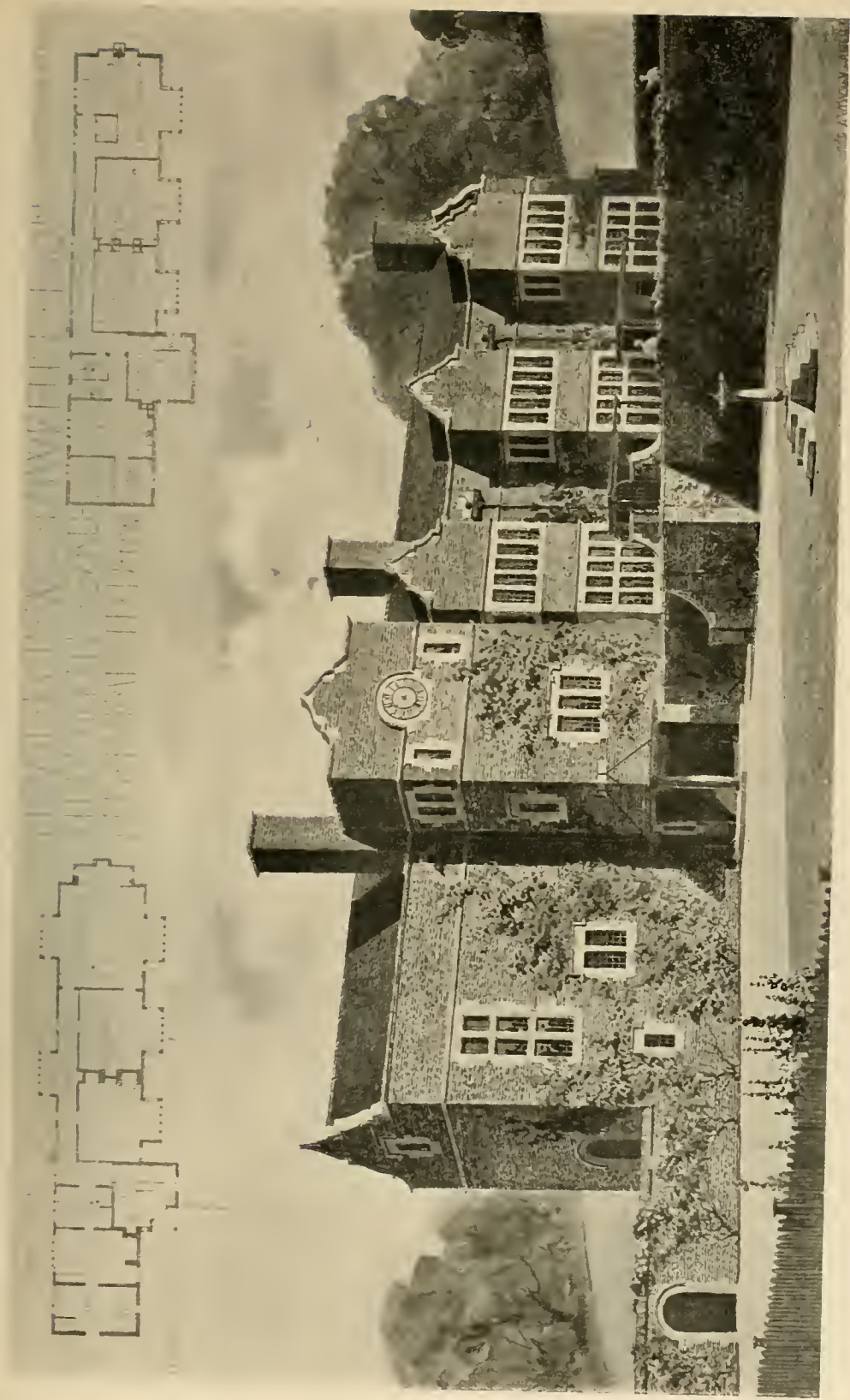
A thing against which the charge of inflammability is less undeserved is thatching; and yet its æsthetic properties are so great that I am happy to think that it has not been wholly abolished. No official interference, then, was in motion to hinder Mr. Voysey from building, besides an inn for the Earl of Lovelace, at Elmhurst, near Leicester, six cottages picturesquely thatched with straw on the same estate.

The importance of roofs as factors in a landscape is such, indeed, that the late William Morris devoted an interesting pamphlet to the consideration of this subject alone. We may be sure that if any of the materials which nature supplies do not look well, the fault lies with ourselves for misapplying them. Thus, though a slate roof hardly ever harmonises



"MOOR CRAG," WINDERMERE

C. F. A. VOYSEY, ARCHITECT



A HOUSE AT HAMPSTEAD
C. F. A. VOYSEY, ARCHITECT

with brick walls, it is not on that account to be taken for granted that slate roofs cannot be employed with æsthetic effect in any situation whatsoever. Even so unpromising a material as polished slate, which one might well imagine too unsympathetic to look well in any circumstances, is superb in its place, as all who have seen the glossy black roofs of Angers can testify. Nor can anybody deny the beauty of the conical roofs of the old Archbishopal Palace Gatehouse at Beauvais, whose convex surfaces gleam with the pearly sheen of grey satin.

Mr. Voysey, objecting personally to a hard surface which could not be expected to acquire the mellow tones of moss-grown age, never uses any save unpolished slate; but this he does introduce effectively in judicious combination with such materials as his experience has proved combine suitably with the slate. Thus "Broadleys," Windermere, a house designed for Mr. Currer Briggs, was built of local yellowish stone and roofed with Westmoreland slates. The latter, since they are quarried and sold in different sizes, admit of being used as roof slates should be, namely, in graduated stages, which have a much more attractive appearance

than the mechanical monotony of uniform slabs. A feature of "Broadleys" is the deep verandah, but, that the interior should not be overshadowed unduly, ample provision for lighting is furnished in the shape of an immense bow-window. The long verandah is conspicuous also in another Windermere residence, "Moor Crag," designed for Mr. J. W. Buckley. It is built of local greenstone, the two-foot thick walls being rough cast on the outside.

Next should be noticed two projects which were not destined to be realised. The first was a competitive design for the Carnegie Library and Museum at Limerick, the judges accepting in the end the work of a local architect. Mr. Voysey's design shows a handsome building of native chalkstone, the wall-surface relieved with a checker pattern in dark grey and lighter stone, the roof being of Irish blue-black slate. The second scheme—which came to nought because of a disagreement as to the situation of the building within the allotted space, Mr. Voysey not seeing his way to carry out a work in a manner required of him against his convictions—was a house intended for Mr. W. C. Lawrence, at Hampstead. The design



ROOM IN A HOUSE AT BIRKENHEAD

C. F. A. VOYSEY, ARCHITECT



ROOM IN A HOUSE AT BIRKENHEAD

C. F. A. VOYSEY, ARCHITECT

shows a tile-roofed building of red brick, with white stone string-courses and dressings. The characteristic feature is the brickwork, which Mr. Voysey proposed to carry out in bricks of narrow calibre, giving six courses to the foot, instead of the modern standard size bricks of four courses.

Mr. Voysey contends, and rightly of course, that if one wants a building to have the character of old work, one must, as nearly as may be, build it in the same manner and with the same standard of proportions as those adopted by the old builders. It is because we do not attend to these and such-like elementary matters that we go astray; or, if we do chance to remark them in ancient work, in the blindness that we flatter ourselves is knowledge, we misunderstand them and attribute to them some preposterously far-fetched symbolic or mystical signification, of which the single-hearted masons of old were as innocent and as unconscious as we ourselves have hitherto been of the existence of radium. A vivid apprehension of scale, and of the right relation of parts; a commonsense use of material; a practical though, belike, unformulated observance or acoustic and dynamic laws—these

were the factors which primarily contributed to make the buildings our fathers built what they are. And it is because we violate these first principles in our productions of the present day, that we have made ourselves unfit to replace a single stone of their venerable handiwork. If ever (which God forbid!) Westminster Abbey were to disappear by any such accident as that which destroyed the neighbouring Houses of Parliament, not all the boasted wealth of the British Empire, nor the united wealth and skill of the whole world, could avail to rebuild it again as it was before.

An antique-looking design on paper may give a highly satisfactory impression, and architects have a trick of manipulating and colouring their drawings so as not to fail in conveying the desired impression; but when the actual building comes to be finished, with modern appliances and mathematically uniform blocks and courses—even if free from the contemptible artifice of sham joints or sham construction—the result has a mechanical, cast-iron effect that the cultivated sense abhors. The monstrous Tower Bridge, with its iron framework belied by a superficial mask of stone, is a

case in point. Architecture conducted on such lines is as hopelessly unconvincing as an attempt to reproduce tempera pictures in oil paint. The copy is no more like the real thing than a volume of Chaucer printed in modern newspaper type, set in the middle of the page of machine-made composition paper, is like an old printed book.

But to return to Mr. Voysey and his work. In a house recently built and decorated throughout for Mr. F. Walters at Pyrford Common, near Woking, the dining-room is lined with oak, the wood being left, as Mr. Voysey prefers it, in the natural state, without staining, oiling, fuming, polishing or doctoring of any kind. The large window of the dining-room contains a specially designed heraldic panel with the owner's arms in painted glass. Less satisfactory work to the artist, though equally desirable, is the remodelling of interiors in already existing, commonplace houses. Such an undertaking Mr. Voysey has lately carried out for Mrs. Van Gruisen at Birkenhead, where he fitted a room in oak, with a deep white frieze, and a large open hearth to give character to the whole.

And now to treat of less ambitious works. The texture of tapestry of silk and wool combined—a process developed, if not actually initiated by William Morris—is one that lends itself peculiarly

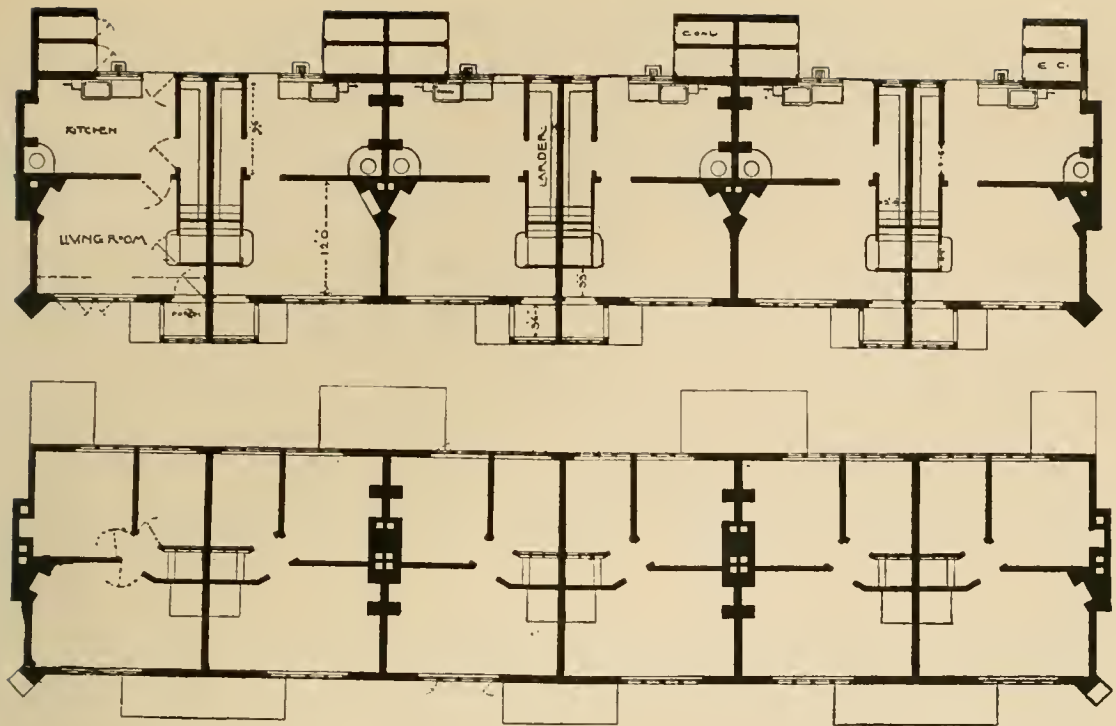
well to artistic effects; because, although the weaving is mechanical, the uneven stretching of the soft silk fabric in contact with the firmer body of the woollen web produces charming variations of surface. Mr. Voysey has designed many beautiful specimens of this particular sort of textile. A recent instance, executed by Messrs. Alexander Morton & Co., is founded on a *motif* of birds and roses, treated in the artist's most characteristic manner.

Further proofs of Mr. Voysey's resourceful invention may be found in a collection of door furniture from his designs, which include, among fittings for various uses, some quaint gate-latches in wrought-iron and a swing-door handle in brass or gun-metal, with birds picturesquely introduced into the design. No minutest accessory or detail of its ornament but is the object of Mr. Voysey's scrupulous care and attention. As instancing his conscientiousness I cannot refrain from mentioning how often, against his own interests as a designer of wall-paper patterns, should he judge the decorative scheme improved thereby, he elects to use self-coloured papers. Those known as Eltonbury silk fibres, whose beautiful texture represents the happy medium between a dead flatness and a glassy surface, are a favourite material employed by the artist for this purpose.



"VODIN," PYRFORD COMMON, WOKING

C. F. A. VOYSEY, ARCHITECT



PLANS OF COTTAGES AT ELMESTHORPE

C. F. A. VOYSEY, ARCHITECT



COTTAGES AT ELMESTHORPE, NEAR LINCOLN

C. F. A. VOYSEY ARCHITECT

To sum up, in a few words, the distinguishing qualities of Mr. Voysey's work : he aims in general at making it respond to the requirements of structure, material, use and artistic fancy, equally and in such wise that no one factor shall usurp more than its due share, but that all may contribute together to accomplish a perfect result.

AYMER VALLANCE.

MR. F. ERNEST JACKSON'S
LITHOGRAPHS. BY ERNEST
RADFORD.

ILLUSTRATIONS of Mr. Jackson's water-colours appeared in *THE STUDIO* for January, 1900, shewing him to have mastered that medium. When his subject claims colour he still has recourse to

the brush, but we are here concerned with his lithographs.

Since art, like Charity, generally has its beginning at home, some of his earliest exercises are probably blushing unseen in his birthplace, but nothing of earlier date than Mr. Jackson's paintings in Paris need detain us. Mr. Pennell has said that in Paris "Lithography was no a means to an end, but an end—an art in itself." He spoke then of an earlier stage in its history, but it still remains true that lithography in France is regarded by artists as one of their parts of speech, and is quite commonly practised accordingly.

In no less than three of those excellent schools which, under the Technical Education Board, have been established by the London County Council, Mr. Jackson has been appointed instructor.

For paying tribute to those who practise lithography worthily there could be no better time than the present, for did not Whistler, late President of the International Society of Painters, Sculptors, and Engravers, delight in it? He has made us expect to see art of a surprising order in everything drawn on the stone or paper, as the case may be. I write without any idea of reopening the discussion, which was closed some years ago, about the propriety of describing drawings transferred from paper to stone as lithographs, for that was only a word-puzzle surely ; but that there are properties peculiar to the stone nobody can deny, and while there is no lithographic drawing on paper which cannot be transferred to the stone, on the other hand there are lithographs proper like nothing one sees on



"CHICOT, THE JESTER"

FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY F. E. JACKSON



paper, unless the artist's hand has been forced. There would be a feeling of emptiness in the hearts of the disputants if the point should ever be settled, and as to the greater convenience of paper there is no one to raise a doubt. Mr. Jackson would admit it himself most likely, but nevertheless wishes it known that he teaches lithography only and that his drawings are all on stone. The itinerant landscape lithographers who prefer paper probably outnumber the others by far, but Mr. Jackson is without their experience of the inconvenience of stone, and when doing a portrait can either bring it to the sitter or receive that sitter at home.

Now to speak of the illustrations. There is little reminiscence of any School in the drawings here reproduced. In a lithograph we have a drawing which can be multiplied with less loss of its quality than would be the case with another process, and therefore the *Study of Flowers* is to be valued hardly less than an original drawing.

In the *Study* (reproduced on page 138) we have the true lithographer's drawing, not one which could have been done upon paper—at any rate, naturally. The studies—from models, presumably—of *Chicot the Jester*, and the *Buccaneer* give additional proof of unmistakable talent for character-seizing. Here we have portraiture and here we have lithography, with the touch of the artist, in the true sense, plainly visible. Neither in art nor Nature would it be easy to find anything with more grace in it than in the recent portrait of *Mrs. Rigden*. Other lithographs in hand which will be finished before this goes to press are portraits of *W. S. Marchant, Esq.*, *Madame Blanche Marchesi*, and *Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck*.

In conclusion, I wish to say a few words with reference to the debated

point of the propriety of scratching the stone in order to heighten the lights in the print. "Amateur *versus* Professional," there has been some talk with Mr. Jackson about it, and although I am told that there is precedent in the lithographs of Fantin-Latour and others, and that necessity invented this way of treating the stone, I am still of opinion that the less seen of these scratches the better. Why, in fact, give them that name at all if they are not to be reprobated?

Where it cannot be detected—this white lining—we are not concerned with it, of course; but where there are tone-making lines serving no other purpose, then surely they ought to contribute in a subordinate, rhythmical way.

The point is that nothing ever so little distracting should be permitted in art, and while in the *Study* there is nothing of the kind visible, yet in the *Jester*, where the object is to throw



"A BUCCANEER"

FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY F. E. JACKSON

the profile into relief, a good deal of scratching has been employed ; but why an adept in the art of lithographic drawing should have recourse to this it is difficult to understand.

In effect, I am merely repeating what W. J. Linton said about "line" and the disposition of it, in one of his manuals for wood-engravers, and his illustrations, contrasting some modern American work with work of the kind he thought best, went far towards proving his point.

But lithography is *freehand* drawing, you say, as if everything that makes for freedom in life made also for grace in art. As for artists, their name is legion, and of kinds there are almost as many ; but they only inhabit the earth to give pleasure, and in this matter of grace there should be only one rule for all.

ERNEST RADFORD.

We have received the following from our correspondent in Barcelona. "Of all the cities of Spain, Barcelona is the only one in which the influence of modern arts, as applied to industry, has become popular to any great extent ; in the rest of the Peninsula the old characteristic and eclectic traditions are still cultivated, from the Visigoth to the Churrigueresque. It is to the artist Alejandro de Riquer that the Catalan capital owes the fact that it is now a museum of picture posters, of wall paintings, and the decorative arts ; and that all its renowned industries bear the new feature of artistic transformation from its famous crystal ware, imitating the Venetian, its jewellery work, pottery, and inlaid work, to the architecture of its Oriental palaces and its Gothic-Mussulman furniture. The modern style which prevails in all the branches of its arts is purely English in form and spirit. Alejandro de Riquer, as a painter, is a disciple of the pre-Raphaelites. Like D. G. Rossetti, he is a poet and an artist. He is

primitive in his ideals : his figures are always Florentine virgins, human symbols of beauty and love. As a decorator he is a deft manipulator of the lines, a skilful rhymester of the curves, and one who knows how to treat details in the simplest way. He draws his inspiration from the flowers and the leaves, from the strange but ornamental flora ; palms and lilies, the tuberosa and the iris, on stalks which twist and turn in harmonious and capricious combinations. His latest and most remarkable works are the complete decoration of a drug store in the Calle del Conde del Asalto, and a smoking-room in the Liceo Club. His prints, posters, and decorative drawings are very numerous. He is also a writer of note, who illustrates his own books with extreme elegance.



A STUDY

FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY F. E. JACKSON



"STUDY OF FLOWERS"
FROM A LITHOGRAPH
BY F. E. JACKSON

THE WORK OF CARLOS GRETHE. BY PROF. HANS W. SINGER

THE form of Mr. Grethe's Christian name is accounted for by the fact that he was born in Montevideo, South America, a part of the world which he left, however, before he was able to receive any impression that could be of use to him in his later career as an artist. His studies were commenced at Paris in the studios of Bouguereau and Robert Fleury, and then continued under F. Keller in Karlsruhe. When he launched out for himself Grethe began as a painter of *genre* subjects and lived at Hamburg. He then settled at Karlsruhe, joining the well-known society, the Karlsruhe Künstlerbund, and it is here that his reputation commenced to spread. With Kalckreuth and Poetzelberger he was invited by the Suabian Government to come to Stuttgart in order to remodel the academy schools there and infuse new life into the art circles of that town which had become stagnant. Six months of the year find him there, the other six in Hamburg or its vicinity, and he has gradually come to seek all inspirations

for his work within the pale of that ever-varying, bustling, second largest port of the world.

It is a painter of the life in a seaport, of sailors and fishermen, that we find in Grethe, rather than a marine painter in the ordinary sense of the word. His interests have been most catholic: the shapes and variations of the numberless craft, from the yawl in which he drifted about the Hamburg haven for days and months, often in danger of being run aground, to the huge Atlantic liner of many thousand tons burden, whose bow assumes such strange aspects when seen from the water-line below; the single characteristic features in a ship's construction, from those of a whaler to those of a double-screw fast mail steamer; the life and looks of the shore fisher-folk or of the sailors upon the high seas; and again of the freighters, stowers, river-pilots, deck-hands, and all manner of working-men that enliven the great noisy city—all have found in him, in course of time, an earnest, careful student. And again he has studied, apart from the subject, the purely picturesque sides of the endlessly-varying situations that were unfolded before his eyes: how the glowing, setting sun holds his sway over the noisy scenes of



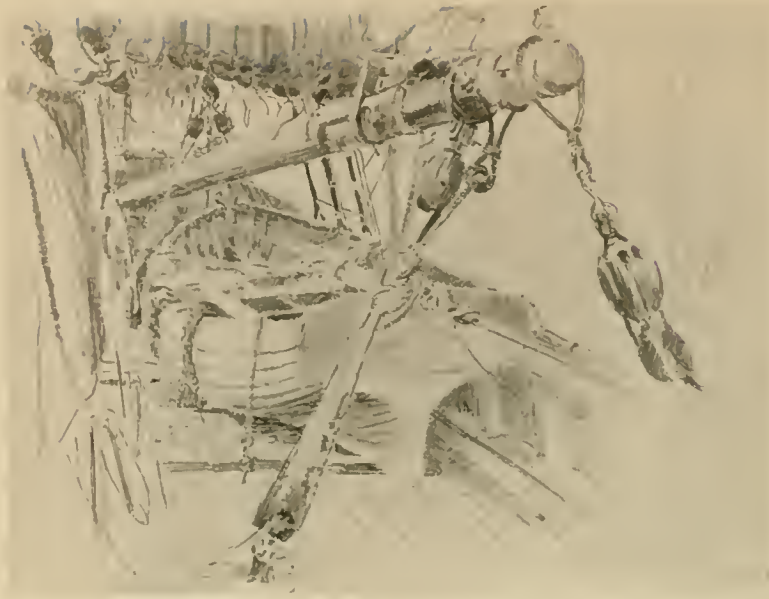
"A HEAVY SEA"

FROM THE PAINTING BY CARLOS GRETHE



"THE HOUSE ON THE PIER." FROM
THE PAINTING BY CARLOS GRETHE

Carlos Grethe



"STUDY OF RIGGING"

BY CARLOS GRETHE

joyless greys and browns of our matter-of-fact clothing and our factory atmosphere, which envelop present-day life in a garb of unprepossessing dulness are, here and there, piquantly enlivened by a bright patch of colour.

There is always one great danger lying in wait for an artist who grows especially interested in one particular phase of human life. He makes too much of a study of it, he become as specialist, a professional, as it were, with regard to the actual facts of this phase, and he has lost thereby his common footing with

modern life no less imperiously than it did over Claude's quiet, classical stretches of country; how the mist softens all individual detail into a seductive harmony, or how at other times the

public. He will, perhaps, either not trouble about this and produce incomprehensible work, or he will wish to establish the common footing again, and thus try to raise the public up to his



"PASSENGER STEAMERS IN HAMBURG HARBOUR"

FROM A SKETCH BY CARLOS GRETHE



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A SKETCH

BY CARLOS GRETHE

newly-acquired one, by telling them in his pictures all that he has learned. His work will be instructive: he will be giving new subject-matter. But how few of the world's geniuses have been able to do this without giving up some of their artistic qualities. The bulk of the fine pictures of all times are those that do not embody new situations, that have no real story to tell, that are comprehended at once without any literary or historical explanation, as soon as their titles have been given.

For Carlos Grethe this life was full of novelty, and it is but natural that he should have wanted to make known the many situations which had interested him keenly as subjects, apart from all possible art aspects that might be latent in them. His pictures were something like Kipling's Indian stories, for the greater part of their interest depended upon the fact of their being full of strange incident. In the case of Kipling these oriental subjects were altogether novel and unknown to the reading public; in Grethe's case the phases of seamen's life, as he had studied them, were also unknown. Both were likely to fascinate an audience by mere virtue of subject; and with this easy victory in hand, as it were, the artist may be led into a neglect of artistic execution.

By a long and arduous process of self-discipline Grethe has gradually purified his work. From year to year, as the exhibitions offered us new pictures of his, it was noticeable that the subject, as such, continued to lose its importance until it has gradually grown altogether dependent, and is now used merely as a framework within which to develop some purely artistic problem. A good deal of necessary self-restraint has helped to make advancing on these lines a heavy task. Many a dramatic episode, striking and fascinating at first glance, had to be laid aside as admittedly misleading: many a subject had to be dropped as delusive and dishonest. But the strong, individual way of openly looking into Nature's face, and looking for artistic impressions only, gradually grew upon the artist. Amid constant conflicts he has striven after a new form of expression that aims at nothing else but true values, without any side interests or anything else.

If many of Grethe's oil paintings betray that he has pretty nearly reached his goal, a still greater percentage of his lithographs in colours show this.



"ON THE WHARF" FROM A SKETCH BY CARLOS GRETHE

They are amongst the most delightful work that has been done in colour-printing. In nearly all of them one or two small fishing craft, the sea, and the sky are about all to be seen. The boats are either issuing out of the harbour, or edging round a pier, or lying still in a dead calm. Magnificent evening and morning skies, with their glory reflected upon the waves, are marvellously reproduced by the help of three or four stones only. I have mentioned Claude above, and it occurs to me to recall the fact that he, too, is fond of picturing fine sunsets. But there is a world-wide difference between these men. Claude is an idolator, and he wishes to raise an altar to the subject of his worship, to Nature in her most splendid aspects. When we see a Claude we say, "What a fine sunset that is!" When we see a Grethe we say, "How finely he has reproduced that sunset!" That is the greatest praise one can bestow upon Grethe's work, namely, that in everything one feels his presence. And in his case it is all the greater praise because he does not manifest his presence by literary or logical communion with us, but exclusively by an artistic one.

For the rest I would like to let the artist talk for himself, and translate a few passages out of an interesting letter which I recently received from him:—

"As a rule, my interest in some sort of action or proceeding is the primary cause of my painting a picture. In order to paint it I must have seen this action as it happens many times, and this generally has taken place long before my interest is raised to such a pitch that I feel that I would like to paint the action. Thus the representation of this action amounts to combining, for the main part in an unconscious manner, many experiences of one and the same incident. But in order to have unlimited freedom as to what features of this incident should be chosen and combined, my positive knowledge of the different elements of this action must be so accurate that I can in my mind's eye live through the whole action as if I were a participant in it. It is from this point of view that my studies and pictures should be regarded.

"Among all my studies of haven and

marine subjects there is scarcely one which has supplied the *motif* for one of the paintings, and, again, hardly any of these studies of detail were afterwards copied or made use of directly in a picture. All the numerous studies that actually have preceded the painting of each picture had only the object of making me thoroughly acquainted with all the facts and all the possible aspects of the subject. In addition to sketching them, I have always sought to impress these facts and aspects upon my memory without the assistance of pencil and brush. I want to know clearly all items that could possibly influence the final shape into which my picture will crystallise. For this reason I have made accurate studies of the rigging of ships, of the construction of boats, going into the smallest detail, and I try to keep this or that situation fresh in my memory by the help of an outline sketch: colour sketches are nothing more than cues for certain light-effects. Thus all my studies



"RETURNING FROM THE DOCKYARDS"

FROM THE PAINTING BY CARLOS GRETHE



"IN THE HOLLOW OF A WAVE"
FROM THE PAINTING BY CARLOS GRETHE

Studio-Talk

lack picturesque qualities ; they are but the raw material for my work, and as far as I am able to turn them into art, this process is effected only in the final painting of the picture itself.

"I have often found that my pictures have been taken for the presentation of some single, special occurrence. I may feel flattered at the circumstance that there seems accordingly to be something convincing in the way they present a situation, but I perceive at the same time how little that sort of naturalism which is above the pure imitation of nature is understood, and how really the more important half of my work is not valued. To paint a subject realistically affords me no satisfaction. My aim is to raise the individual model, the individual action into a type, and this can be achieved only when one emancipates oneself thoroughly from nature-studies."

Thus not one of Grethe's vividly presented pictures offers an incident or situation actually seen by him.

H. W. S.

STUDIO-TALK

(From our Own Correspondents)

LONDON.—The result of the recent meeting of the Royal Academy for the election of three Associates and two honorary foreign Academicians was none the less welcome

because it was to some extent unexpected. What might be the intentions of the Academy had not been allowed to leak out beforehand ; indeed, no one knew whether it had any, and, consequently, there were only the vaguest anticipations among the outside artists as to the manner in which the claims of the various candidates would be considered at Burlington House. Therefore the announcement that Mr. Frank Brangwyn, Mr. C. W. Furse, and Mr. H. A. Pegram had been chosen to fill the three vacancies was received with general relief. As there was so much uncertainty about what the Academy might do, as everyone wondered whether it was going to show a progressive spirit, or merely to observe its ancient conventions, such an election was especially gratifying. It has, at least, proved that there is now within the Academy a strong party which realises the advantage of keeping in touch with modern ideas, and the importance of being in the movement by which the art world of to-day is controlled. The stupid somnolence and belief in its own infallibility, which have caused Burlington House to lose its former position of authority in art politics, are seemingly about to give way to a more intelligent attitude ; and there are signs that the Academic body is going once more to strive for that leadership which both its friends



"THE PILOT"

(See article on Carlos Grethe)

FROM THE PAINTING BY CARLOS GRETHE



(See article on Carlos Grethe)

"LIGHTERS ROUND A STEAMER"
BY CARLOS GRETHE

and its enemies are always imploring it to assume.

Indeed, it is quite time that the Academy ceased to model its policy upon that of the Chinese Empire, and to pose as the one perfect and placid institution which permits, in its magnificent charity, a number of fussy little outside organisations to exist simply because it considers them too insignificant to be dangerous. Its position is now seriously challenged, and the public which used to believe in it implicitly is beginning to waver in its allegiance. Therefore, several pet delusions are obviously being abandoned, and, judging by this election, among these is the one that the decorator is not wanted at Burlington House. Hitherto the Academy has judged decorative questions from the standpoint of the subject or portrait painter, futilely and mistakenly; but now it has added to its list of members three men who are qualified by their capacities and practice to speak with authority on questions of design. Mr. Brangwyn is one of the greatest living decorators—a man who is versed in every detail of decorative art; Mr. Furse has executed some memorable decorations, and has, in his practice as a portrait-painter, showed consistently his understanding of those great qualities of composition which made the old masters of portraiture such magnificent decorative artists; and Mr. Pegram is a distinguished member of that band of sculptor-decorators who are doing so much to put the art of sculpture once more in a stable position.

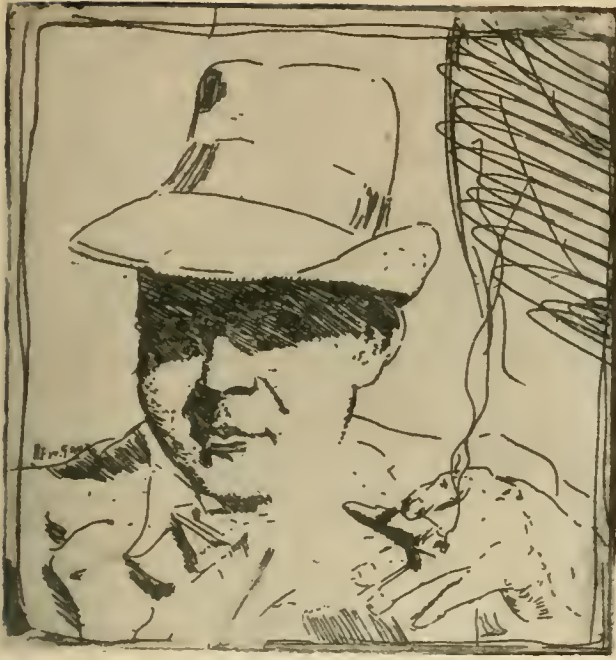
By the accession of these three Associates the Academy is strengthened just where it has been for some time past notoriously weakest, and it is also

brought better into agreement with the trend of modern art conviction. The taste for decorative work is rapidly ousting among people of intelligence the old love of incidental painting, and the thinking men who despise the subject picture are seeking æsthetic satisfaction more and more in the various forms of design. In the past the Academy has refused to admit the existence of such a tendency, and if it has elected artists of decorative ability, it has done so simply because they were also subject painters. But now it has suddenly awakened to the fact that there is a large and increasing section of the public which takes an interest in the decorator as such, and so it has hurried to prove it is of the same mind itself. The awakening is most welcome; it has caused well-deserved honour to be done to three of the most distinguished of our younger artists, and it has committed the Academy to a line of policy which



"SUNDAY AFTERNOON"

FROM A PAINTING BY CARLOS GRETHE
(See article on Carlos Grethe)



PORTRAIT OF FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.
FROM AN ETCHING BY F. W. GANZ

is really intelligent. This is a great step in the right direction.

At the Woodbury Gallery Mr. Grosvenor Thomas has been showing a remarkable collection of landscapes. His work is characterised by a romanticism that is never theatrical. Quite often he deals with the most ordinary subjects. Farm houses, the little bridges that span village brooks, or just a clump of trees against some hillside, shadowing with mystery all the foreground as it rises against a pale evening sky. From the everyday in life to weave designs which leave pictorial art to become decoration and yet to carry into this careful or instinctive placing all the atmosphere, life and light of sunny noon or evening greys is Mr. Thomas's accomplishment. In the three or four seapieces that the artist shows, we feel that had he studied nothing else Mr. Thomas were a sea-painter with an unusually English sentiment. In the representation of a storm-white sea, there is a charming suggestion of purple fading to green and then again to greys, in a picture almost white, and the endeavour is successful in suggesting white rain-mist and wind-blown spray drifting across a broken sea. No. 13, with its decorative arrangement of tree forms, is a good example of the quality of design in Mr. Thomas's work to which we have called attention. *A Misty*

Eve, shows the influence of Corot. In *Willows*, the delicacy of the tones seems to gain emphasis from the extreme vivacity and absolute freedom from timidity in the handling. In the painting of Wareham Bridge the quiet rest of English country finds expression in the restful colour which is such a distinctive quality of Mr. Thomas's work.

Mr. H. Jamyn Brooks' exhibition at Graves' Gallery consists of eleven paintings, the chief of which are the two portraits of the King and Queen. Whilst the painting of the King may be better as a likeness, as a picture Mr. Jamyn Brooks is more successful with Her Majesty. The arrangement of the grey silk dress against the summer landscape pictured upon the tapestry background is well thought out. Perhaps the best thing in the room is the portrait of Gladstone. It is very small, but the sensitive handling gives it a distinction lacking in some of the larger paintings. The unfinished

portrait of Andrea C. Lucchesi, Esq., shows us Mr. Brooks at his best in the larger pictures; this and the portraits of Capt. Adrian Jones and Col. Rawes, R.A., are full of painter-like qualities.

The Exhibition of a hundred and thirty-four drawings by Mr. E. A. Abbey, which is open in the Leicester Galleries, has an extraordinary interest as a demonstration of the powers of an artist who ranks among the greatest illustrative draughtsmen in the world. These drawings represent scenes from the comedies of Shakespeare, and are delightful examples of pictorial story-telling, fascinating in their vivacity and in their dramatic suggestion. But they are especially instructive as technical achievements which combine in almost perfect proportion charm of method with spontaneous vigour of treatment. They make no obvious profession of being masterly; on the contrary, they are quiet in manner and rather reserved in style. But when they are examined closely, it is not difficult to see what admirable understanding of details of craftsmanship controls them in every part. Their freshness and freedom, their easy directness, and their charming simplicity are the outcome of deep thought and the result of strenuous effort after appropriateness of expression. Such work is, indeed, possible only to an artist who



"LE BAIN DES NYMPHES"
ILLUSTRATION FOR DE HEREDIA'S
"LES TROPHÉES." BY L. V. SOLON



"LA NAISSANCE D'APHRODITÉ"
ILLUSTRATION FOR DE HEREDIA'S
"LES TROPHÉES." BY L. V. SOLON



"BACCHANALE" ILLUSTRATION FOR
DE HEREDIA'S LES TROPHÉES. BY
LÉON V. SOLON



"ARIANE" ILLUSTRATION FOR
DE HEREDIA'S "LES TROPHÉES."
BY LÉON V. SOLON

has studied his craft with rare judgment, and has made himself a craftsman of consummate skill.

In the same galleries there is a collection of drawings in various mediums by several of the most admirable of our modern artists. There are typical examples of the work of Mr. G. H. Boughton, Professor von Herkomer, Mr. Talbot Hughes, Sir J. D. Linton, Sir W. B. Richmond, Albert Moore, D. G. Rossetti, and Lord Leighton; and there is a large series of drawings by that sound executant, Mr. F. Sandys. This last series is the more attractive because it gives an adequate idea of the powers of an artist whose work has been too little seen of late years. It will be to many people something of a revelation; and it is very well worth studying as a demonstration of scholarly and thoughtful accomplishment.

Mr. G. Leon Little's pastoral landscapes at the Goupil Gallery can be welcomed as the achievements of a painter who has the courage to follow his own inclinations in art matters, and to avoid the conventions which other men use in dealing with nature. Mr. Little's sympathy with the life of the fields is beyond question; he feels the charm of rural scenery, and he renders it with thorough sincerity. His sense of colour is refined and delicate, a little sombre, perhaps, at times, but always true and judicious, and he designs his pictures with admirable discretion. There is so much that is unusually good in his exhibition that his comparatively infrequent appearances in London may be regretted; he is an artist who ought to be more often before the public.

The same may be said of Mr. W. J. James, who has been showing some oil-paintings, pastels, and black-and-white drawings at the Ryder Gallery in Albemarle Street. His work has a decorative quality which claims recognition, and it has, besides, a degree of sympathy with the poetic aspects of nature that few of our present-day

painters manifest so effectively. He composes his pictures gracefully, and combines in them regard for the rules of art with remarkable sensitiveness to the suggestions which are obtainable from natural scenes and from aerial effects. The great merit of his practice is that it shows no straining after artistic qualities which are not strictly legitimate; it is sincere in its romanticism and expresses a conviction which has plainly been arrived at in the right manner.

The Pastel Society has in its latest exhibition given very satisfactory evidence that there is in this country quite a large group of artists who thoroughly understand the particular qualities of this medium, and know how to use it to good effect. In the collection brought together there was much work of high merit, sincere and well-intentioned, and free from that misunderstanding of the mission of pastel painting which was a little too evident in previous shows. The best things were the landscapes of Mr. Hughes Stanton, Mr. F. Mayor, Mr. Dudley Hardy, and Mr. Thaulow; M. Menard's admirable sunset study, *Le Temple d'Egine*, the portraits by Mr. Melton Fisher, Mr. Byam Shaw, Mr. S. P. Hall, and Mr. St. George Hare; and the figure compositions by Miss M. B. Barnard, Miss Fortescue Brickdale, and M. Degas. The *Danseuses*, by this last artist, must be particularly noted for its brilliant treatment of a subject which



SILVER CIGAR-BOX

BY F. LYNN JENKINS





"SCOTTISH PASTURE LAND"

BY A. BROWNLIE DOCHARTY

(See *Glasgow Studio-Talk*)

has a very considerable amount of fascination, despite its ugliness. The contributions of Mr. H. B. Brabazon, Mr. A. S. Hartrick, Mr. Carton Moore Park, Mr. H. S. Tuke, Miss Amy Sawyer, Mrs. Jopling, Mr. Bernard Partridge, and M. Le Sidaner also helped to increase the interest of the exhibition.

Mr. Tom Browne has so much genuine humour, and such a pleasant manner of expressing himself, that an exhibition of his work never fails in attractiveness. The series of his paintings and drawings lately collected in the Bruton Gallery summed up very well the many good qualities of his art. It included not only his slighter and more amusing sketches, but also many of his more serious productions, and several of those careful and well realised studies in which he shows what

a sound basis of correct observation there is in his quaint extravagances.

On page 156 we give an illustration of the silver cigar-box by Mr. Lynn Jenkins, recently exhibited at the New Gallery.

We give a reproduction in colours of a part of an illuminated address by Mr. Arthur A. Orr. The address was presented to the Rev. George Graham by his parishioners at Harrow on his appointment by the late Cardinal



"SUMMER EVENING"

(See *Glasgow Studio-Talk*)

BY T. CORSAN MORTON



"WINTER MORNING ON THE CLYDE"

BY PATRICK DOWNIE

Vaughan to the staff of Westminster Roman Catholic Cathedral.

Mr. Léon V. Solon has recently completed a series of drawings illustrating José-Maria de Heredia's *Les Trophées*. The admirable quality of Mr. Solon's work will be realised on examining the examples here reproduced.

The admirable drawing by Mr. Frank Brangwyn, A.R.A., which is here reproduced in colours, represents a part of a carved and painted organ-screen in Framlingham Church, Suffolk.

GLASGOW.—
The earlier part of the winter has scarcely been so remarkable as usual for the quality of the shows of the various galleries and societies. One-nian exhibitions have been arranged to display the work of Mr. D. V. Cameron, varied and

interesting, but unequal: Mrs. J. G. Laing, an accomplished painter of ladies and children; Miss McGeehan, whose work is always strong and notable; Mr. and Mrs. J. Young Hunter, whose charming paintings, with their clear colour and delightful sentiment, did not attract the attention they deserved; and Mr. Tom McEwan, the veteran who portrays so acceptably the quaint beauty of Highland rustic life. There have also been one or two studio shows, an exhibition of members' work at the Ladies' Art Club, and a very

charming collection of landscape drawings in black lead by Mr. J. G. Murray.

By far the most interesting show was that of the Royal Scottish Water-colour Society, which, though it contained but little novel, held much that was fine. A lovely drawing of *The Solway at Cumber-*



"THE FIRST PAIR"

BY MISS H. C. PRESTON MCGOUN





THE BERLIOZ MEDAL



(See Paris Studio-Talk)

BY VENCESSE

abroad than in England, and there are accomplished painters in our city whose work is practically unknown south of the Tweed. Mr. Stuart Park's dexterous flower pictures are rarely seen in London; Mr. James Torrance, a singularly sincere and accomplished painter of portraits, never sends his works to an English

trees, by Mr. A. K. Brown, was a superb piece of atmospheric realisation, pearly grey and serene; two spirited drawings by Mr. George Henry showed him at his best; Mr. Joseph Henderson sent a sparkling seapiece of fine quality; Sir Francis Powell a sombre Highland landscape; and good work was shown by many other of the regular contributors. But one of the notable drawings of the collection was shown by a comparatively young exhibitor, Miss Preston McGoun. This lady has obviously studied the work of recent Dutch masters, and she has studied it to great effect, for this particular drawing, *The First Pair*, has all the fine quality, rich colour, pure tone, dexterous handling, and good drawing that belong to the best of the Netherlandish aquarellists.

It is greatly to be regretted that in a former series of Glasgow Notes an error was made that might cause an accomplished painter to feel that injustice was done him. Mr. Patrick Downie was stated to have secured a bronze medal at the Salon for his picture, *Winter Morning on the Clyde*, but the honour really accorded him was a gold medal—the highest award that can be made in Paris to a foreigner. The illustration of the picture here given will supply an idea of its composition, but it scarcely suggests the skill with which the artist has rendered the all-pervading cold of winter on a northern river, and the gloomy, foggy, dun-coloured atmosphere, so characteristic of the estuary of the Clyde, through which the sun strives in vain to shine. The dark forms of the ships, snow-covered, and motionless on the grey, oily water, have been used by Mr. Downie in a very impressive fashion.

exhibition; the late William Mouncey only once showed at a London gallery; all Mr. David Gauld's accomplished paintings find a ready market in the immediate neighbourhood of Glasgow; and it would be easy, were it necessary, to prolong the list. Among those painters who hardly ever contribute to English exhibitions is Mr. T. Corsan Morton, who finds himself more in sympathy with the Munich Secession than any other group of painters, and whose *Summer Evening* (here illustrated) was one of the notable canvases of that exhibition this past season.

Another Glasgow picture that attracted much attention when exhibited abroad is Mr. A. Brownlie Docharty's *Scottish Pasture Land*, a spacious and sunny landscape that was recently painted in Ayrshire.



BONBONNIÈRE (See Paris Studio-Talk) BY A. LANDRY

Many Glasgow artists are much better known

BRISTOL.—Bristol is endeavouring to show this year at its Annual Exhibition a representative collection of modern paintings. It will go hard with the committee of cultivated gentlemen who are responsible for this emancipation from local ideals if they do not succeed in attracting attention to their efforts. In this significant awakening as regards art matters on the part of the city, one foresees a golden opportunity awaiting its merchant princes. Simulating as of old the merchants of Venice, they may make Bristol, by their patronage, that art-centre for the West of England which it should be.

T. M. W.

Abel Landry showed an *ensemble* of work at once varied and homogeneous: a sofa, chairs, a desk, a tea-service, and a *bonbonnière*—a whole set of what we may call “woman’s furniture,” which, by its simplicity and its fine and elegant appearance, is quite refreshing after the abracadabrant experiments wherewith we are, alas! only too familiar. Apart from these newcomers, we are glad to renew our acquaintance with Prouvé, whose new statuettes are delightful; with Robert and his wrought iron: with Belville, Brateau, Grandhomme, and Verneuil, and with Dammouse, who has added new combinations to his already wide variety of enamels.

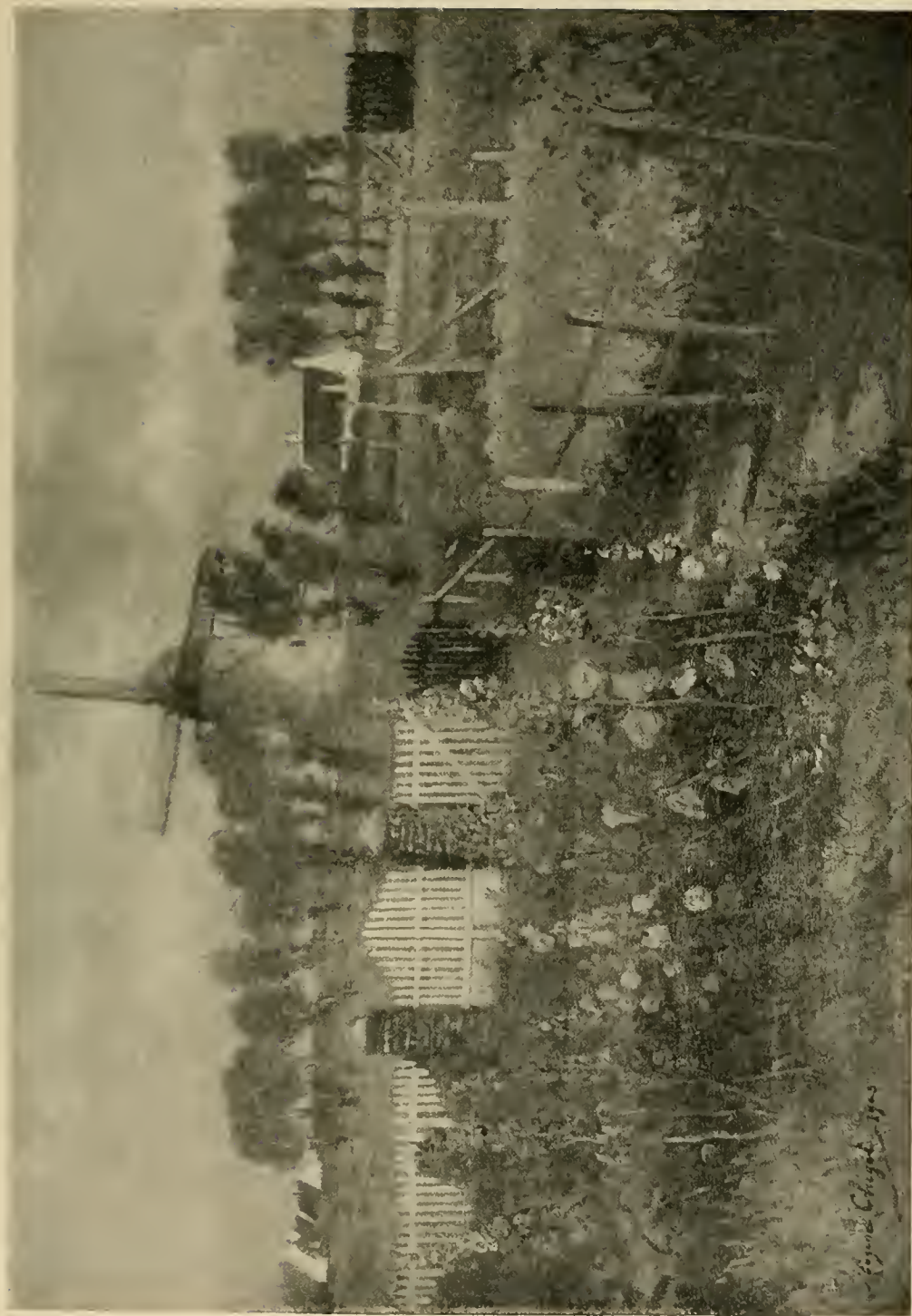
PARIS.—That interesting group of artists known as “La Poignée,” whose annual exhibition has just been held, has recruited its forces this year. Courteix displayed *motifs* for embroideries and lacework which ladies will welcome with enthusiasm, while

Albert Belleruche is day by day taking a more and more prominent place among contemporary lithographers, and one recalls the highly successful exhibition he gave last year in the London Goupil Gallery. The distinguishing point in the lithographs of this excellent English artist—a characteristic page



“DORDRECHT”

BY EUGÈNE CHIGOT



"MOULIN A FORT-PHILIPPE"
BY EUGÈNE CHIGOT

Eugène Chigot 1903



STUDY OF A GIRL. FROM A
LITHOGRAPH BY ALBERT BELLEROCHÉ

of whose work is now reproduced—is their freedom of execution, which is combined with sureness of drawing and ease in translating direct from nature; for Belleröche never makes any preparatory sketches for his lithographs, but throws his impressions on the stone itself. Moreover, the artist, without assistance, prints all his own plates. Hence their high preciousity and their strong and real artistic value in our eyes.

M. René Piot is exhibiting at Georges Petit's a considerable number of beautiful and original copies made by himself in the Chapelle des Espagnols, Florence, together with a series of water-colours done from nature in the neighbourhood of Lake Thun and in the Bernese Oberland. The charm of these latter consists chiefly in their faithful rendering of the most fleeting and transitory effects of light and atmosphere: the snow-clad mountain tops tinted, according to the hour, with white and pink and azure; the surface of the waters ranging from blue to opal; the deep defiles, now sombre, now glaucous—all

this and more M. Piot notes with extreme dexterity of touch. After following for some time in the footsteps of Gustave Moreau, his master, M. Piot is now giving proof of genuine originality by fixing those phenomena of light and those mountain scenes which, since Turner's day, have been so much neglected by artists.

The annual display of the Cercle Volney contains but little that is new this year. However, one may have the great satisfaction of seeing there fine portraits by M. Flameng, M. Triquet, and M. Lauth, and particularly a masterly male portrait by M. Emile Wauters. Then, as in former years, there are landscapes by M. Lami, M. Gosselin, and M. Imbert, who attracted attention last winter, and has since made decided progress; and the visitor will enjoy a clever little landscape, wherein M. Chabas reveals kinship with Besnard. But the real novelties this year are the landscapes of M. Eugène Chigot. Here truly is an artist carrying on the fine tradition of the Flemish colourists, his ancestors. He is, as a matter of fact, a native



INTERIOR AND FURNITURE

(See Vienna Studio-Talk)

DESIGNED BY FRAULEIN KRASNIK
EXECUTED BY PRAG. RUDNICKER, VIENNA

of Valenciennes. His Dutch landscapes are true notations of colour and of atmosphere; they have at once all the fidelity of a sketch from nature, together with the richness of tone, the material fastidiousness, of highly-finished work. In his *Vue de Dordrecht* he gives us a very true idea of this water landscape—if the term may be allowed—in which clouds and shipping alike are bathed in moving vapours. And in his *Moulin à Fort-Philippe* there are in the foreground “bits” which of themselves suffice to proclaim the real painter—one to whom I propose to revert ere long.

The Berlioz centenary was celebrated recently, and in order to perpetuate this memorable event in the annals of French music, M. Hessèle commissioned the sculptor Yencesse to design a medal—the number of impressions being limited. The result is a most faithful and characteristic portrait of the author of “*Les Troyens*.”

H. F.

VIENNA.—An Exhibition held at Pisko's Art Rooms in November was particularly interesting, the works exhibited being designed by some late students of the Imperial Arts and Crafts Schools—pupils of Professor Kolo Moser. An interior by Max Benerschke—now a Professor at the Gewerbe Schule, Düsseldorf—showed an interior. The secretaire of blue and black polished alder is not only very pleasing but also very comfortable and practical; the design is simple, and there is no attempt at anything like overburdening with decoration. The chair, with its tapestry of green and white, is just what a writing-chair should be. The table has a beautiful intarsia of a shimmering green colour, the tones being very beautiful. Under the glass case many designs for interiors are to be seen, which show the artist to possess a fine perceptive imagination. The decorative *panneau* shown to the left on the illustration is also by the same artist—the other sketches and pictures being by Viktor Schufinsky, who in another room exhibited some decorations for a private chapel.



INTERIOR AND FURNITURE

DESIGNED BY MAX BENERSCHKE
EXECUTED BY J. W. MÜLLER
AND LEOPOLD LOEVY



MARBLE BUST
CERAMICS

BY OTTO HOFNER
BY BRUNO EMMEL GÖDING

These show much originality and judgment. The work—which is executed by the artist himself—is carried out in stucco, cement, and beaten metal. Herr Schufinsky also showed much taste in the arrangement of some of the rooms. Herr Otto Hofner sent many pieces of sculpture which showed that he is a sound artist who has a future before him. *A Fisherman* is very realistic—the sculptor having been particularly happy in catching the right expression. In his marble bust, set with onyx, copper, and mother-of-pearl, Herr Hofner is again worthy of praise, not only in the execution of his work, but also in the mosaic setting, where the blending of the colours and the design are both very beautiful. Bruno Emmel has a fine and delicate feeling and touch for ceramics, both in designing and modelling them. Two of his vases have been bought by the Cultus Ministerium for the Modern Gallery. These are of rich colouring and form, one being all shades of browns with touches of bronze, while a delicate film of green winds its way in and out, thus intensifying the ground tones; and the other blue on blue, with lines of old silver. Fräulein Antoinette Krasnik, a young Croatian, conceived the idea of a harmony in black and white for her interior, which she arranged herself, the effect being par-

ticularly refreshing—especially so, I should say, on a hot summer's day; there is an air of much daintiness about it. The framework is of alder wood polished black; the backs and seats are of wicker-work painted white with enamel. Fräulein Krasnik is very versatile in her designs, and is, besides, many-sided; at present she has devoted herself to no one particular branch of her art. Alexander Hartmann shows great aptitude in his book illustrations and his designs for lithographs. He is rich in ideas and possesses a firm hand, and we may expect to hear more of him in the future. Altogether enough proof has been given to show that the pupils in the Imperial Schools are working in the right direction, and are seeking ways for themselves of expressing their thoughts. A. S. L.

BUCHAREST.—There has lately been formed in Bucharest an association calling itself "Artistic Youth," under the royal patronage of the Princess Marie of Roumania, herself an artist. The infant society at once was able to organise an exhibition, which gives me here the opportunity of very briefly introducing the youthful Roumanian School to a wider public. It consists of a small but very promising body of



"LE PAIN QUOTIDIEN"

BY A. G. VERONA



"ÉGLISE BRETONNE"

BY STEFAN POPESCO

painters and sculptors, who have already given proof of their energy and talent. Princess Marie contributed to the adornment of the gallery by the furniture and hangings she kindly lent to the managers, and by the works of art she has herself exhibited—brilliant specimens of pottery;



"JEUNE FLORENTINE"

BY R. LOGHI

while the Queen also sent some of her exquisite embroidery and illuminated pages.

Viewed as a whole, the exhibition showed two very distinct classes of painting. On one side we had the followers of the old naturalistic, realistic school; on the other, the men who are accepting new theories and formulas. Among the former may be named C. Artachino, N. Graut, E. Lukian, N. Vermont, and A. G. Vérona; among the latter, R. Loghi, G. Petrashco, Et. Ropesco, J. Stramboulesco, and the sculptors D. Mirea, O. Spaethe, and F. Storck.



"BOHÉMIENNE"

BY F. STORCK



MARBLE BUST

BY F. STORCK

In the second group, the "Secessionists" so called, are included M. Loghi, who expresses a special vein of sentiment in fascinating harmonies of colour; M. G. Petrashco, who works in a somewhat cold and gloomy key, and strives to accomplish simplification of his subject; M. Et. Popesco, who is a Munich student, finished in Paris. A man of education, loving the romantic traditions of his native land, he has tried, not unsuccessfully, to use the skill he has acquired by patient study in the cause of national art, and is one of our young artists who will certainly make a way for himself, because he is an idealist with a responsive temperament, seconded by a strong will and ardent enthusiasm for art. M. Stramboulesco is less remote from the Academic stream; but his *Elegy*, a figure sunk in sad meditation on a sofa against a melancholy background, has the hall mark of Munich.

A few words must also be said of the sculpture. Only three artists represent this branch of art; M. Mirea, M. O. Spaethe, and M. F. Storck, all distinguished by a versatile talent.

Regarded as a whole, the exhibition of the "Tinerimea Artistica" gives evidence of sound and serious study among our young artists; of a genuine desire for creative effort, with due regard for modern feeling and the tendencies of "New Art." Though they have not achieved a perfect union between the classic and plastic harmony of figures which charm the eye, and the expressiveness of life which appeals to the soul, it is because they are confronted by a problem so difficult that it is just now the crux of all modern art.

L. B.

FLORENCE.—It has been rather the fashion lately to run down contemporary Italian art, and the reason of the distrust felt for it is not far to seek. Indiscriminating tourists having created a market for alabaster statuettes and smoothly painted *genre* pictures, these were, naturally, freely supplied; and the impression was produced that they were the best work Italian artists could turn out. Moreover, the Government rage for peopling the public squares with statues and busts, opened the way to an immense amount of intrigue: many of the commissions were given to unscrupulous artists, with the result known and deplored by all who love Italy. Still further, the re-awakening of the decorative arts in the north of Europe had at first



"LA PORTE DU MONASTÈRE"

BY N. VERMONT



"MELODY"

(See Bucharest Studio-Talk)

BY IL. STAMBULESCO



"TIMIDITÉ"

(See Bucharest Studio-Talk)

BY STEIHAN POPESCO

Studio-Talk

a deleterious influence on the Italian artist, who became a mere imitator, empty and extravagant.

All this is apparent to a superficial observer. What is not apparent, unless to one living in the country, is the tendency to hark back to old traditions and from them to evolve conscientiously the more modern forms of art.

Examples in the realm of applied art have been already noticed in *THE STUDIO*: the *Emelia Ars*, the *Arte della Ceramica*, and others might be cited.

In pure art, also, strongly-felt, conscientious work is being done by the younger painters. But it must be looked for: these men are very modest, do not exhibit much, and make no noise.

Such were my reflections as I stood in the studio of Signor Touchi. Touchi is a comparatively young artist, a painter of landscape, who spends his time in close contact with Nature, and in constant effort to represent her moods. He has passed through the stage of *pointillisme*, and has acquired a broad style, a large manner, which give to even his smallest sketches the interest of a big canvas. His god among English painters is Constable: this gives the keynote of his own work.

He loves especially sweeping lines of hill and dale, massings of clouds, bold curves of rivers, a bit of sky full of sunlight, yet soft and even languorous. And he lets these things speak for themselves to those who understand them: he introduces no adventitious peasants or cottages to awaken the "human interest" in the breast of a possible buyer.

I saw, too, in his studio a picture of one of the Florentine *piazze* at twilight, in which the atmosphere, dark, yet luminous and transparent, was most admirably studied; and the head

of an old man seen through the blue, incense-laden air of a church, which was an excellent bit of observation and of execution. I. M. A.

TOKYO.—Among the most promising of the younger living artists of Japan, Mr. Yamada Keichiu deserves prominent mention. His paintings, while they exhibit the modern tendencies of Japanese art towards European treatment, are nevertheless true to the beautiful methods, the religion, and the poetry of his own country. The two examples here reproduced of the work of his brush, suffer



"BION" OR "THE BEAUTIFUL VOICE"

BY YAMADA KEICHIU



"SATTA"

BY YAMADA KEICHIU

somewhat in effect from their great reduction in size, and from the absence of colour, but they will enable readers of THE STUDIO to obtain an idea of the poetic charm of his conceptions. The one entitled *Bion*, or "The Beautiful Voice," derives its inspiration from the *Myō-on-bosatsu*, or "Goddess of Beautiful Voice," who, as Buddhists explain, is the teacher of the doctrines of the great founder of their religion, but who is popularly regarded as the Goddess of Music. The second illustration is also of a religious character, and represents Satta surrounded by a halo of light, throwing down the petals of the lotus flower to

cheer and guide the weak and weary who seek their way to the gates of Paradise. These illustrations were originally reproduced, upon a somewhat larger scale, in that excellent publication the *Japanese Magazine of Art*. P.

REVIEWS.

État Général des Tapisseries de la Manufacture des Gobelins. By MAURICE FENAILLE. (Paris : Imprimerie Nationale ; London : Hachette.) Price 400 francs.—In this the first volume to be issued of the costly publication now being brought out under the auspices of the French Government, the fullest possible details are given of the subjects, position, sizes, and present condition of the remarkable tapestries produced between 1662 and 1699 at the Gobelins manufactory, after the designs of Raphael, Giulio Romano, Bernard van Orley, Lucas van Leyden, Charles Le Brun, and Pierre Mignard. This mass of valuable information, the collection of which must have involved much arduous work, is supplemented by a very fine series of photogravure reproductions of one hundred typical examples of the masterpieces described in the text. As is well known many unsuccessful attempts were made in France before the sixteenth century to introduce the tapestry weaving, which had produced such good results in Flanders, but it was not until about 1650, when two Flemings, Comans and De La Planche, were induced to teach their art to the men employed in a house belonging to the Gobelin family (hence the name of the manufactory) that anything was achieved in the desired direction. From that time, however, progress was rapid : the French weavers soon became experts in the production of high warp tapestry : the rich fabrics appealed irresistibly to the luxury-loving Court of Louis XIV., and the enlightened Minister Colbert, who had ever a keen eye to the material interests of his country, converted a struggling private enterprise, into a national institution under royal patronage, naming the popular painter Charles Le Brun the first Director. Under his able management the industry flourished exceedingly. The rich nobles of France, in emulation of their royal master, vied with each other in the number of their orders for storied hangings to adorn their palaces, whilst commissions poured in from foreign courts. Le Brun himself, in spite of the many appointments he held, and the vast number of paintings he had undertaken to execute for Louis XIV., managed to make time to design

many series of tapestries, the finest of which are, perhaps, those from the History of Constantine, that, though they cannot, of course, bear comparison with the compositions of Raphael founded on the same theme, are full of true art feeling, and are, moreover, thoroughly adapted to the medium in which they were to be executed. The *History of the King* is also finely conceived; some few scenes, indeed, are quite equal to the best of their author's historical paintings. The *Elements* and the *Seasons*, though much of their detail is very beautiful, are not so satisfactory. Indeed, as a designer for tapestry Le Brun was certainly excelled by his predecessors, the Flemish Bernard van Orley and the German Lucas van Leyden, as well as by his contemporary and rival, Pierre Mignard. In fact, the most beautiful examples of tapestry given in the book under notice are those after *Les Chasses de L'Empereur Maximilien* of Van Orley, the *Twelve Months* of Lucas van Leyden, and the *Spring and Summer* of Mignard. The beautiful Hunting Scenes of Van Orley were originally woven at Brussels, and have been several times most successfully copied at the Gobelins. "They are," says M. Maurice Fenaille, "often spoken of as *Les Belles Chasses de Guise* or *Les Chasses de l'Hôtel de Guise*, because the particular tapestries that served as the models of the French reproductions came from the Hôtel de Guise"; and he quotes a very interesting correspondence between Colbert and Mazarin, in which these hangings and others are designated as "Les quatre Belles Tentures de Tapisserie," the founder of the Gobelins telling the famous Cardinal that if he could get them at a reasonable price he would secure them for his manufactory, but he considered 10,000 écus too much. That same year (1654) they were, however, all bought by the king, and of the Hunting Scenes three are now in the National Collection of Antique Furniture and the other three in the Louvre. The so-called *Mois Lucas* series was not executed until the end of the seventeenth century, and therefore afford a good opportunity for comparison between the earlier and the later work turned out at the Gobelins. M. Fenaille shares the doubts of certain other critics as to the authorship of the designs, but they resemble so closely in composition and in drawing the paintings and engravings of Lucas van Leyden that it is difficult not to believe that they are from his hand. Amongst the examples given, the larger of the two *Februarys*, the *April*, the *August*, and the *September* are, perhaps, the most beautiful; but one and all have caught with rare felicity the spirit of the time of year

depicted. The *Four Seasons* of Mignard, of which, perhaps, the *Summer* is the finest, were executed under his own superintendence soon after he became, on the death of Le Brun in 1690, Director of the Gobelins. They are all thoroughly decorative in treatment and full of poetic feeling—typical illustrations, in fact, alike of the possibilities and limitations of textile art. The later volumes of this delightful publication will be eagerly awaited by all who are interested in the fascinating history of the great French industry, which has survived the fall of monarchs and of emperors and still remains, thanks to the politic absorption, in 1826, of the Savonnerie factory founded by Henri IV., without a rival in its own peculiar line. In view of the great beauty of the illustrations in this valuable publication it is to be regretted that its general appearance should be to some extent spoilt by the clumsy arrangement of the text, which would have gained greatly by the relegation of the excellent tables of sizes, prices, etc., to the end of each section. This is, however, but a slight drawback to what will certainly, when complete, be the one standard work on the subject of which it treats.

The Art of Heraldry. By ARTHUR CHARLES FOX-DAVIES. (London: T. C. and E. C. Jack.) Ordinary Edition, £7 7s.; Edition de Luxe, £10 10s. net.—This costly publication, with its wealth of admirable coloured plates and excellent black-and-white illustrations, cannot fail to take at once the high position of a standard work, so encyclopædic are its contents and so thorough the grip of the subject of all who have been engaged in its compilation. Founded as it is on the "Heraldischer Atlas" of Herr H. Ströhl, the celebrated German heraldic artist, it is yet practically a new work, the section relating to the Laws of Armoury and to Examples of British Heraldry, having been entirely rewritten by Mr. Fox-Davies, the well-known editor of "Armorial Families," who has also, with the aid of a carefully selected body of experts, thoroughly revised the whole of the book. To the illustrations of the German edition, all of which have been used, have been added many excellent coloured plates and several hundred process blocks, including examples of the work of G. W. Eve, Graham Johnston, C. W. Sherborn, R.E., J. Forbes Nixon, G. Scruby, J. Vinycomb, M.R.I.A., and Miss Helard. With conscientious rectitude, Mr. Davies is careful to give full credit to his collaborateurs, and each chapter is signed with the initials of the writer. He is, however, himself responsible for the whole,

and it would be impossible to over-estimate the care with which the various contributions have been welded into one homogeneous whole, tracing the history of heraldry from its first crude beginnings to the proud position it occupies at the present day, not only as the shorthand of the history of the past, but as the reflection of the spirit of to day and the prophecy of that of the future. In his able Preface Mr. Davies clears the ground for the just comprehension of the body of the work, by dispelling certain widely spread illusions. To begin with, he deprecates the custom of considering the subject as if it were one that has passed beyond the limits of practical politics, whereas heraldry and armoury are not a dead science, but an actual living reality. "So long," he adds, "as the Sovereign has the power to create a new order of knighthood and attach thereto heraldic insignia, so long as the Crown has the power to create a new coronet, or to order a new ceremonial, so long as new coats-of-arms are being called into being—for so long is it idle to treat armoury and heraldry as a science incapable of further development." This fact being fully established, Mr. Davies, though including in his book an exhaustive account of all the rules and practices of the past, has not allowed them to prejudice the consideration of those of the present, which are for all practical purposes of even greater importance. He declines to give any guarantee as to the legal right of the families referred to in his text to bear the arms attributed to them, and in some instances he owns that he has admitted unauthorised arms to illustrate special points; but with these exceptions he gives no uncertain sound in treating the many vexed questions discussed, the care taken in sifting evidence having reduced the danger of mistakes to a minimum. Moreover, the explanations are so lucid that the merest neophyte in the study of heraldry can understand them. Take, for instance, the chapters headed "The Component Parts of an Achievement" and "A Shield"; the former from the pen of Mr. Davies, the latter founded on Herr Ströhl's German text. Every technical term is explained the first time it is used, and every detail of the examples given, however apparently insignificant or obscure, is traced to its source. Perhaps the most interesting section of the book to the lay reader is that dealing with the human figure and animals in heraldry, in which many long forgotten historical facts are brought to light; but that on trees, fruit, and flowers is also very fascinating. Two excellent Indices give completeness to a most successful enterprise; but it

seems a pity that they are not supplemented by a glossary of heraldic terms.

Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers. Vol. II. Edited by DR. WILLIAMSON. (London: George Bell & Sons). 21s. net. This, the second volume of the new edition of what has for nearly a century held an unique position as the one complete Dictionary of Painters in the English language, thoroughly maintains the high level of excellence of the first. Careful biographies of all the artists of note who have passed away since the work was begun—including Du Maurier, Kate Greenaway, Sir John Gilbert and Birket Foster—have been added; many of the articles already in type have been thoroughly sifted and revised by experts, Professor Langton Douglas having, for instance, corrected the lives of Fra Angelico and Benozzo Gozzoli, and Sir Charles Holroyd those of Duccio and Finiguerra. The lists and present location of the paintings and engravings noticed have, moreover, been thoroughly brought up to date—a herculean task in itself, as all will know who have endeavoured to trace those of any single master. An even more noteworthy feature of the new volume is the number of illustrations, which include very fine photogravures after Botticelli's *Magnificat* from the Uffizi, and the *Chigi Madonna* from the collection of Mrs. Gardner; the Portrait of *Philip Lord Wharton* from St. Petersburg, and the exquisite group of the *Earl of Strafford and his Secretary* from the Wentworth Woodhouse Collection—both after Van Dyck—with a great number of excellent process blocks, some of old favourites, others of works hitherto scarcely known to the general public. The examples given of modern French work such as *The Grape Gatherers* and *The Spring* of Daubigny; the *Watering Place* of Decamps, and *The Fair of St. Cloud* of Fragonard are especially beautiful. Full justice is also done to many neglected Englishmen, such as William Davis, Henry Dawson and Walter Howell Deverell. In a word, no pains have been spared by the indefatigable and conscientious editor, aided by a body of expert assistants, to secure accuracy, completeness, and distinction. The book—when complete—will indeed be a store-house of information, a richly illustrated library of Art.

The German and Flemish Masters in the National Gallery. By M. H. WITT. (London: George Bell & Sons.) 6s. net.—If this unpretending but charming little volume had nothing else to recommend it, its existence would be fully justified by its proving the possibility of thoroughly studying the

German and Flemish Masters without leaving England. Avoiding the controversial aspect of the subject, "the vexed question of attributions," as she naively but justly remarks, "being, after all, of secondary importance to the intrinsic beauty of the picture," Mrs. Witt carefully examines all the paintings of the schools she has elected to study, from the Primitives of the early period to the great masterpieces of the seventeenth century in the National Gallery and the Hertford House collection. Her text is enriched with many excellent reproductions of characteristic works, amongst which the *St. Jerome in his Study* of Antonella da Messina, the *Entombment* of Dirk Bouts, the *Usurers* of Marinus van Romerswael, and the *Portrait of a Senator* of Hans Baldun Grün are especially fine. It seems a pity, however, that such an unsatisfactory interpretation of the *Adoration of the Lamb*—which is at Ghent, not in England—should have been admitted, and that the time-honoured mistake of the *Chapeau de Paille*, which should be *de Poil*, should have been repeated in what is otherwise a very trustworthy book.

Buddhist India. By T. W. RHYS DAVID, LL.D., Ph.D. (London: Methuen & Co.) 6s. net.—In his preface to this deeply interesting monograph, one of the well-known "Story of the Nations" series, the author scarcely does himself full justice. His work, in spite of its having been written, as he says, "in scraps of time rescued with difficulty from the calls of a busy life," is a very complete epitome of the origin and progress of Buddhist ascendancy in India, and like the famous "Introduction à l'Histoire du Bouddhisme Indien" of Eugène Burnouf, published more than half a century ago, it will probably lead to a new departure in Orientalism, or, to be more strictly accurate, bring the general public into touch with a departure already made. Dr. David, who is Professor of Buddhist Literature at the London University, and the author of many able works on the subject, explains that his point of view is rather that of the Rajput than of the Brahmin, and he frankly admits that he is ready to declare open war with all who ignore its claims. The illustrations with which his book is enriched form an admirable commentary on his text, and are culled from a great variety of sources, including examples of architecture, sculpture, pottery, moulding, etc.

The Vicar of Wakefield by OLIVER GOLDSMITH, with coloured plates by T. ROWLANDSON (3s. 6d. net); *The Life of John Mytton*, by NIMROD, with coloured plates by H. ALKEN and J. J. RAWLINGS (3s. 6d. net); and *Handley Cross*, by

E. S. SURTEES, with coloured plates and woodcuts by JOHN LEECH (4s. 6d. net). (London: Methuen.)—No more striking illustration of the immense advance made during the last fifty years in the various arts connected with book-making could be found than these volumes, the first of the new Illustrated Pocket Library of Plain and Coloured Books. Classics of their own day, they have maintained their reputation in spite of the remarkable change in public taste since they were the delight of the grandparents of the present generation. Before the issue of these excellent reprints, however, they were inaccessible to all but the few who could afford to buy the occasional examples of the originals which came into the market. Of the three of which the titles are given above "The Vicar of Wakefield" is, perhaps, the best, and the illustrations by Rowlandson are especially interesting as early water-colour work; but the "Handley Cross," with Leech's clever drawings, is also very satisfactory.

Highways and Byways in South Wales. By A. G. BRADLEY. (London: Macmillan.) 6s. net.—Fully equal to the companion volume from the same competent hand, the "Highways and Byways in South Wales" will be as eagerly welcomed by all who are interested in the past and present of the Principality that still retains so marked an individuality of its own. Mr. Bradley has a thorough grip of his subject, and has woven history, tradition, folk-lore, and the passing impressions of the moment into an interesting consecutive narrative, bringing vividly before his readers the environment of the remarkable episode of the "Mabinogion," from which, as is well known, so many of the incidents of Tennyson's famous "Idylls" were borrowed. The illustrations by Frederick Griggs, though evidently faithful transcripts of the scenes they depict, are, unfortunately, somewhat wanting in character. The drawings are, many of them, clever, and some few, notably the *Morning Scene at Llandilo*, even poetic; but the landscape views scarcely do justice to the grandeur of Welsh scenery.

The History of American Sculpture. By LORADO TAFT. (London: Macmillan.) 25s. net.—The appearance of this, the first of a series of volumes dealing with American art, is a noteworthy proof of the great advance that has been made during the last century in the appreciation of plastic work in the United States. The author, who is himself a skilful wielder of the chisel, has a thorough acquaintance with his subject, and in his Introduction he gives a very interesting summary of the reasons why his native

land has been so far behind other modern nations in her cultivation of sculpture. "Our ancestors," he says, "were without sculpture traditions. . . . The Pilgrim Fathers were the elder brothers of the men who decapitated the cathedral statuary. . . . This world was to them a vale of tears, and art was a temptation to be strenuously resisted." Dividing his subject into three parts, Mr. Taft deals first with the early beginnings of American sculpture, passing on from them to deal with the time of the Civil War, when, he says, "the ground was prepared for the period which has brought to America a new revelation of the beauty of nature and the possibilities of sculpture, when it reached for the first time the dignity of a national expression, the product of the country and the age which had given it birth." Unfortunately, the examples given by Mr. Taft of the sculpture for which so high a claim is put forth, leave a sense of inadequacy. True, the *Death of the Young Sculptor*, by French, is finely conceived, and the *Shaw Memorial*, by Saint Gaudens, is a noble composition; but the much-lauded Hiram Powers failed lamentably in his rendering of the human figure, and the equally overrated Crawford never recognised the true limitations of his medium. Unbiased critics cannot yet admit that America has a school of sculpture of her own, for the great advance recently made in painting and in etching has not yet been reflected in plastic art. There would, indeed, appear to be a certain want of sympathy in the Anglo-Saxon temperament with that form of expression, for no modern Anglo-Saxon sculptor has yet arisen who can be compared with Auguste Rodin and Meunier. Mr. Taft's book is, however, significant of the fact that his fellow countrymen are feeling after the truth, and it may possibly even be prophetic of a new era to be inaugurated on the other side of the Atlantic.

Les Habitations à Bon Marché, et un Art nouveau pour le Peuple. By JEAN LAHOR. (Paris: Laroux.)—M. Jean Lahor is not only a great imaginative poet, but he is also a very earnest and sincere apostle of modern art and its natural, humanitarian and social tendencies. We already owe to him several valuable studies on the character and work of William Morris, and upon the history of modern art in general. He has now devoted himself to the study of a subject still more worthy of the attention of his countrymen. He inaugurates his new work with a careful *résumé* of all that has already been accomplished for the people of England, Belgium, Germany and France, and he then goes on to state what still remains to be

achieved to provide the people with inexpensive, healthy and well-furnished houses. It is with this aim in view that M. Lahor has lately founded an International Society of popular art, which by its exhibitions, its publications and its competitions, will doubtless do much to promote the realisation of his great scheme.

The Colour-prints of Japan. By EDWARD F. STRANGE. (London: A. Siegle.) Price 2s. 6d.—An excellent little hand-book, full of useful information to the collector. May we suggest, if another edition be called for, that a list of facsimile signatures be added to the volume? Such a list would add materially to its practical value.

AWARDS IN "THE STUDIO" PRIZE COMPETITIONS

A L.

DESIGN FOR A DOVE-COT.

IN awarding the prizes for this competition the suitability of designs for their purpose has been especially taken into consideration. In many otherwise good designs, no protection is afforded the birds from rats and other vermin.

The FIRST PRIZE is awarded to *Blues* (A. Horsnell, South Primrose Hill, Chelmsford).

The SECOND PRIZE to *Ogee* (Walter J. Edwards, 25 Freemantle Road, Cotham, Bristol).

Hon. mention: *Kenelm* (F. W. B. Yorke); *Stan* (Stanley F. J. Mobbs); *Leap Year* (R. Barber); *Hamish* (J. Bisset Crockett); *Cigarette* (Gilbert Fraser); *Dragon* (J. H. Vinnear); *Eddisbury* (G. H. Day); *Spes* (L. G. Andrews); *Aperçu* (F. C. Wren).

B XL.

STUDY OF LEAFLESS TREES.

The FIRST PRIZE is awarded to *Pan* (Fred H. Ball, 85 Scotland Road, Carlisle); SECOND PRIZE to *Lino* (C. J. Beese, Hythe View, Thorpe Road, Staines).

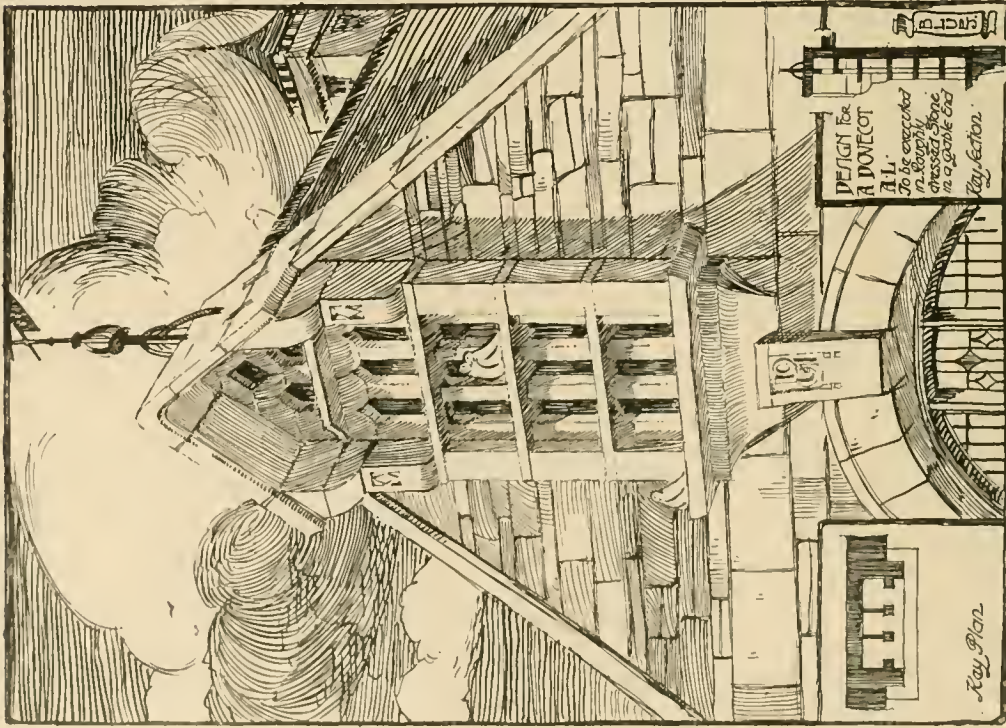
Hon. mention is given to: *Bark* (Scott Calder); *Peter* (Peter Brown); *Rajar* (Joseph A. Roll); *Stan* (Stanley F. J. Mobbs); *Alpha* (James Allen Shuffrey); *Olivand* (A. Wildsmith); *Dingle* (Walter Beenasconi).

C XXXVIII.

PHOTOGRAPH ILLUSTRATING PASSAGE FROM A POEM.

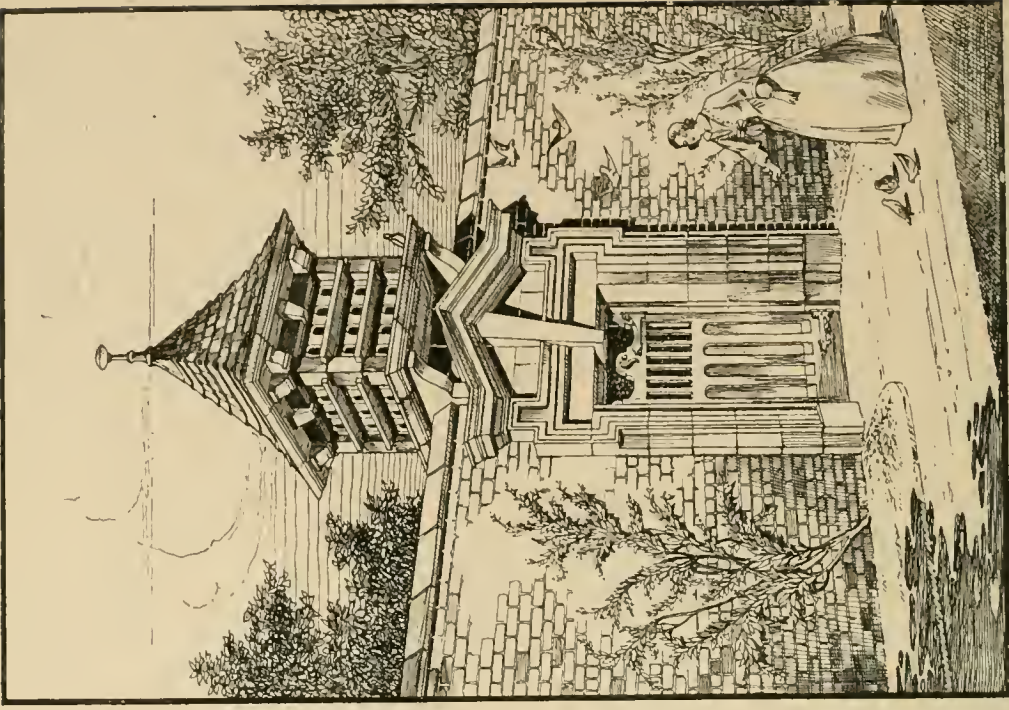
The FIRST PRIZE is awarded to *Dolydd* (Miss Agnes B. Warburg, 8 Porchester Terrace, W.) and the SECOND PRIZE to *Lentitia* (Walter G. Batchelor, Radwell House, nr. Baldock, Herts.).

Hon. mention: *Efsie* (Frank Casson); *Holland* (Maj. Jas. M. Eau Maauen, The Hague); *Biyak-Bat* (M. Resines, San Sebastian, Spain); *Bruyère* (Edouard Edelot, Bruxelles).



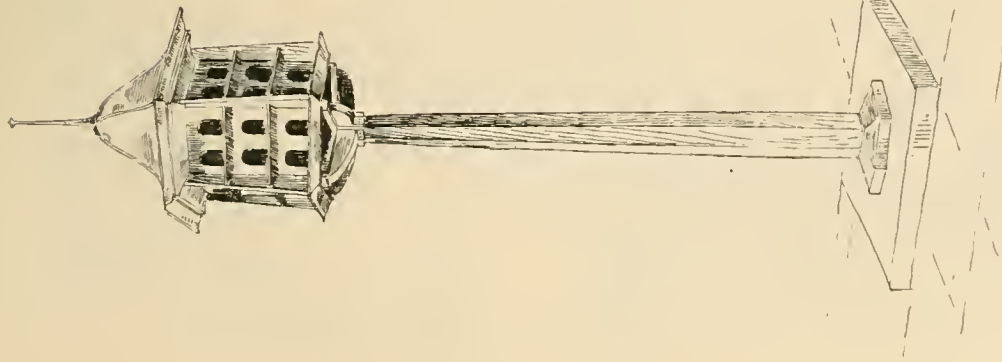
FIRST PRIZE (COMP. A L.)

"4 BLUES" *



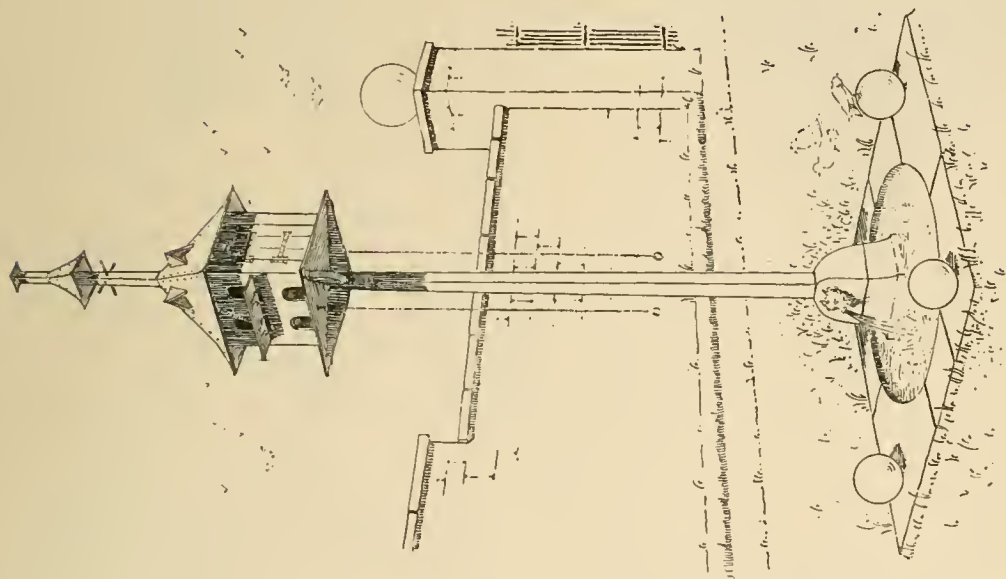
HON. MENTION (COMP. A L.)

"6 CIGARETTE"



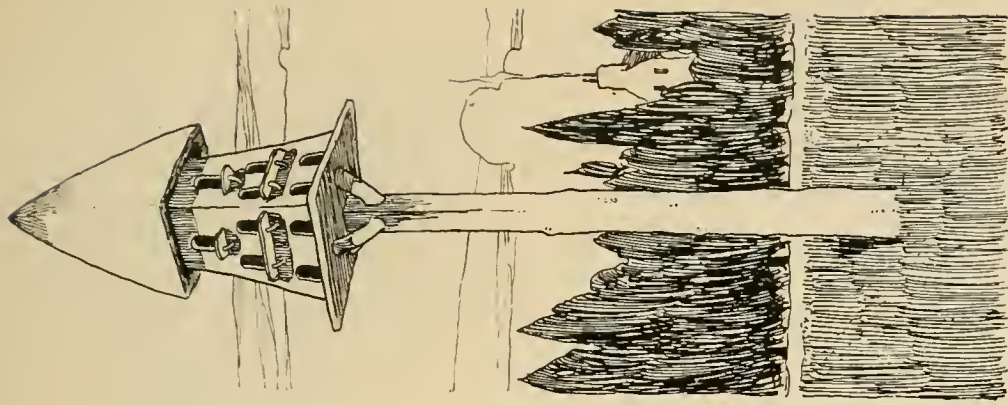
SECOND PRIZE (COMP. A. L.)

“OGEE”



HON. MENTION (COMP. A. L.)

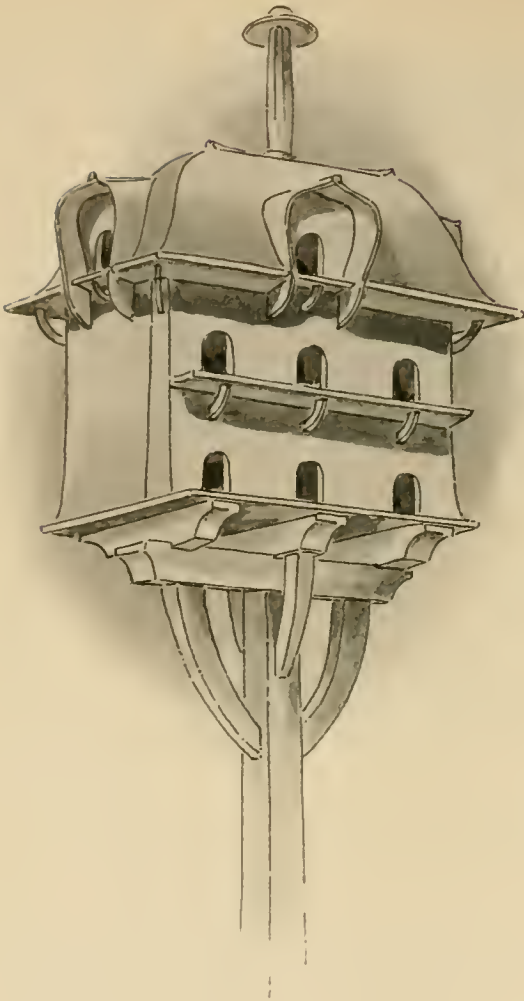
“KENELM”



HON. MENTION (COMP. A. L.)

“STAN”

Awards in "The Studio" Prize Competitions



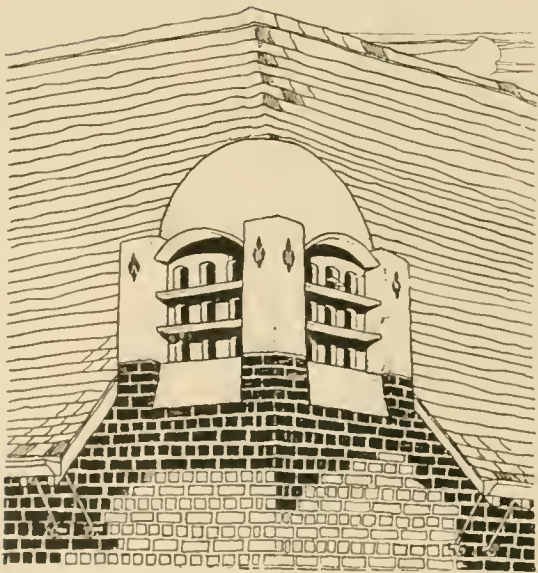
HON. MENTION (COMP. A 1)

"DRAGON"



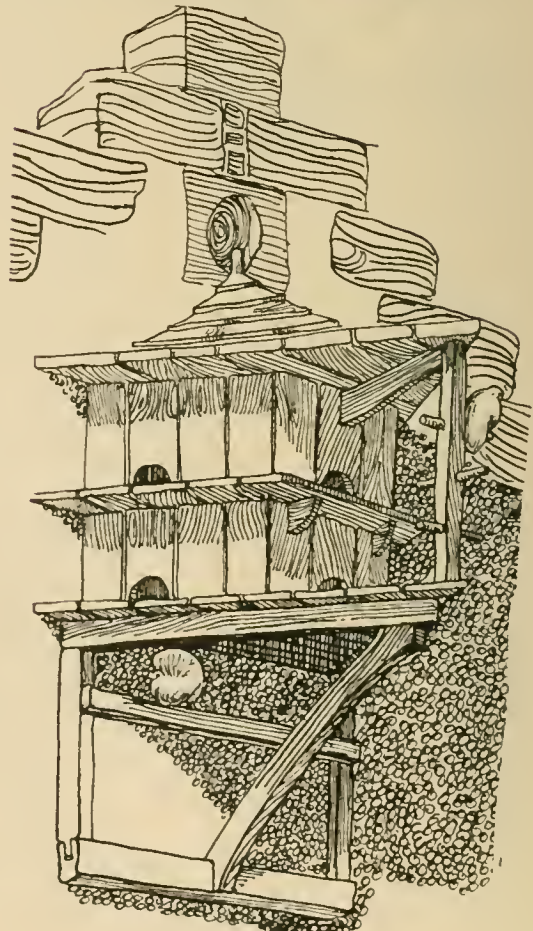
HON. MENTION (COMP. A 1)

"EDDISBURY"



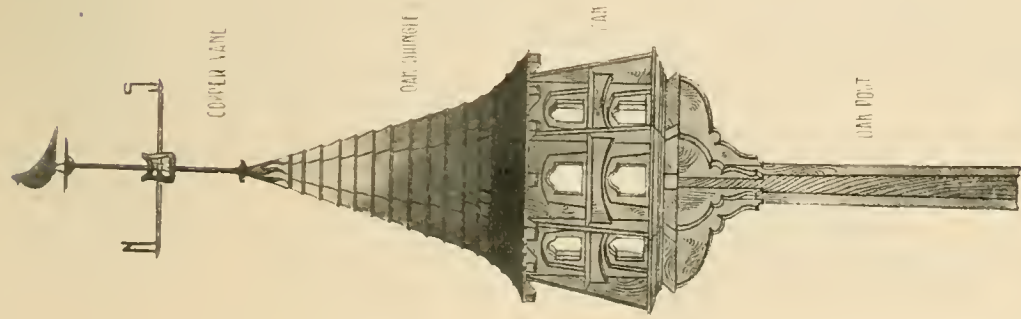
HON. MENTION (COMP. A 1)

"STAN"



HON. MENTION (COMP. A 1)

"HAMISH"



HON. MENTION (COMP. A L.)

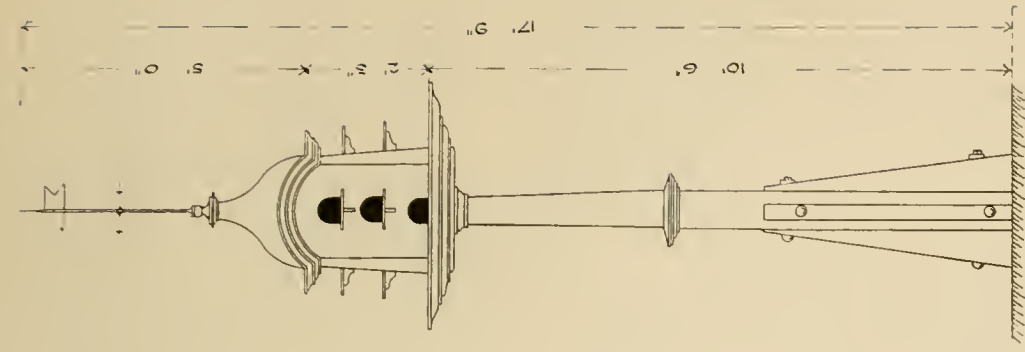
"LEAP YEAR"

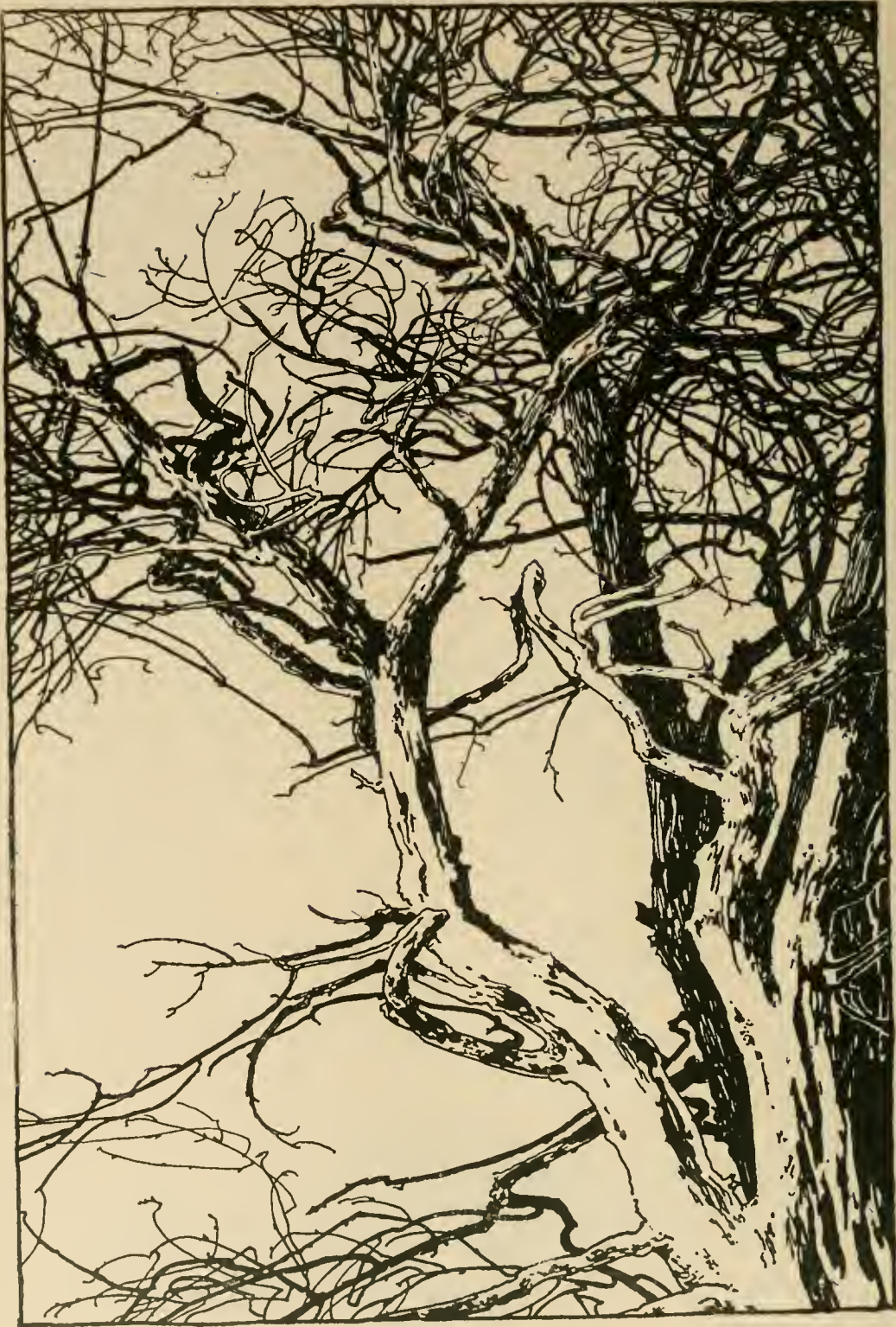
HON. MENTION (COMP. A L.)

"SPES"

HON. MENTION (COMP. A L.)

"APERÇU"





FIRST PRIZE
(COMP. B XI) "PAN"



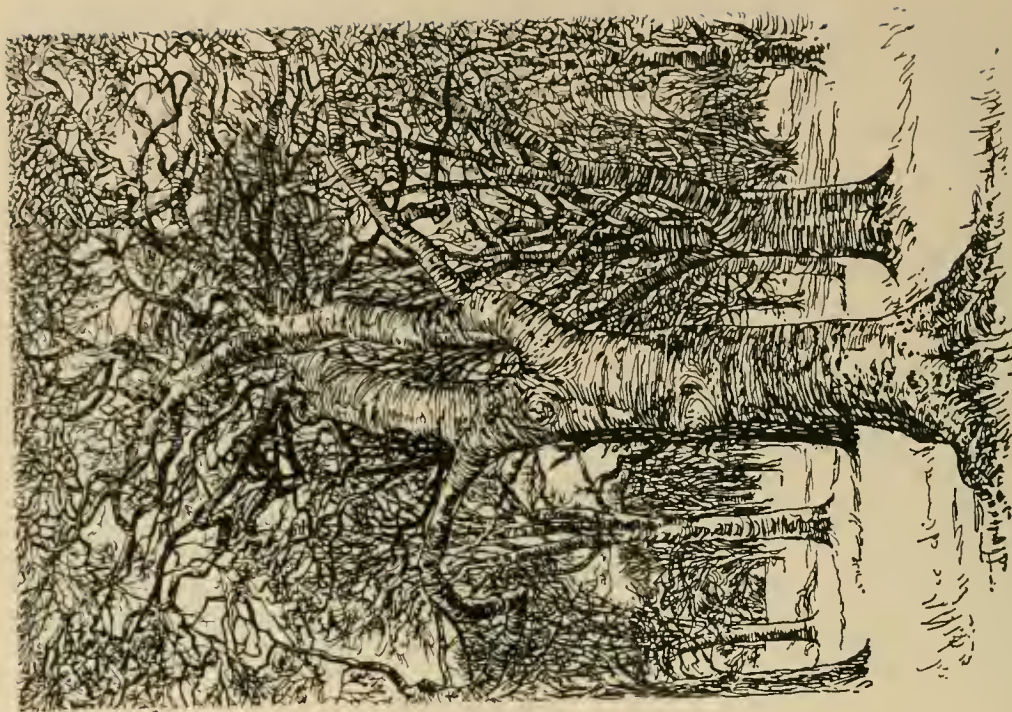
SECOND PRIZE (COMP. B XL)

"LINO"



HON. MENTION (COMP. B XL)

"RAJAR"



"BARK"

HON. MENTION (COMP. B XL)



"PETER"

HON. MENTION (COMP. B XL)



FIRST PRIZE (COMP. C XXXVIII)
"DOLYDD"

THE LAY FIGURE: ON THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF DECORATIVE ART.

"I HAVE been hearing a good deal lately about the suggestion that the Academy should substitute an annual exhibition of decorative art for its winter shows of Old Masters," remarked the Art Critic, as he settled himself in his chair.

"I hope most sincerely that we shall see that suggestion carried out as soon as possible," replied the Rising Sculptor. "If such an exhibition were arranged it would be of the greatest possible benefit to many present-day artists, and it would give a growing school just the chance it needs to establish its influence in the modern art world. The Arts and Crafts Society has done something already in this direction, but the Academy, with its large popular following, could help on enormously a movement that is full of possibilities and sorely needs encouragement."

"Of course, such an exhibition at the Academy would popularise decorative art," broke in the Art Historian; "but why should the Old Master shows be given up to make room for it? I think it would be a poor exchange to substitute modern work for the fascinating collections of ancient masterpieces which are gathered year by year at Burlington House. I know hardly any place where one can find so much food for speculation as at the Academy in the winter months. You artists never can understand the charm there is in arguments about the authorship of old pictures, or how much the expert enjoys a fight over doubtful ascriptions. Have your decorative exhibition by all means, if you can induce the Academy to run three shows a year instead of two, but please leave us our speculative Old Masters."

"Cannot you find enough speculative Old Masters at the National Gallery?" retorted the Sculptor. "That seems to me to be the right place for them; but, decidedly, I do not see that they ought to be exhibited by the Academy, which, you must remember, neither manages a museum nor carries on an inquiry office for the investigation of forgotten facts in art history. However, I do not grudge you your missing reputation puzzles if the Academy will give us also the decorative exhibitions we want."

"You must, I think, abandon the idea that three shows a year will ever be organised at Burlington House," said the Critic. "A public exhibition in the autumn, in addition to those in the winter and spring, is practically an impossibility.

The galleries are at present closed for about four months a year, but during this period they are used for showing the works of the students in the schools, and some days or weeks have to be set aside for cleaning and redecoration. If you consider how long a decorative exhibition on a large scale would take to arrange and disperse, you will see that there remains hardly any time during which it could be open to the public."

"Then the Old Master exhibition must go," replied the Sculptor, "and in its place there must be a winter display of decorative work. There is material enough for it, I am sure. It ought to include all those things which at present we never have a chance of exhibiting—designs and cartoons for mural decoration, ornamental sculpture, metal work, architectural models, and furniture. The wider and more comprehensive it is made the better will it fulfil its purpose as a demonstration of the activity of our modern designers, and the more convincing will be the lessons to be learned from it. There might be, to please people, like our friend here, who find old things so much more interesting than new ones, a loan section in which would be gathered examples of ancient crafts. But let us get rid of the archaic pictures on which the Academy galleries are wasted year after year. Let us have something which will prove that art is a living power, an active influence on the life of our own times, and not merely a subject for discussion among antiquarians. Who, except a few pedants, really cares whether the minor things which have survived from the dark ages of art were or were not produced by the men to whom they are ascribed; and what possible good can it do to the public to be shown the failures of artists who deserve to be forgotten? There is an interest in the work of to-day, and it gives plenty of opportunities for speculation as to the manner in which it will develop. It is the speculative modern art that fascinates me!"

"Yes," said the Critic, "I think you are right. There is much more interest in trying to prophesy what is going to be than in summing up what has passed. And as decorative art seems at the moment to be the only form of practical aesthetics with a future, it is the one which specially deserves encouragement. The Academy could do a great deal for it by holding such an exhibition as you are asking for; and I am certain that any sensible departure it might make in this direction would be well received and sincerely supported both by artists and the public."

THE LAY FIGURE.



"THE VALE OF MEIFOD." BY CECIL LAWSON.

Japanese Flower Painting

JAPANESE FLOWER PAINTING. BY THE EDITOR.

ONE of the features of Japan that strikes all visitors with admiration is the variety and profusion of flowers. From January to December there is a succession of blossom that exceeds in beauty and quantity anything to be found in any other country of the world. In the spring-time, some portions of the land are pink with flowering cherry and the hills are flushed with the bloom of the wild azalea. The wistaria twines among the bushes, or is carefully trained upon overhead trellises, and its long sprays of violet-coloured flowers contrast harmoniously with the soft green foliage. Iris in every imaginable tint is seen on the banks of streams, or cultivated in fields in profusion; the water lily, the beautiful *Neiumbo speciosum*, appears in great masses upon the ponds and moats. The peony and lily are nowhere so fine and so beautiful as in Japan, and the chrysanthemum flourishes there in its greatest

perfection. Even when the snow covers the ground, the pink and red camellias enliven the dreary landscape with spots of brilliant colour.

The reason of this great wealth of floral display is not, however, entirely due to the profusion of Nature, untended and uncared for. On the contrary, it is in great measure the result of cultivation. The avenues of flowering cherry trees at Mukojima, in Tokyo, in the Noge Street, Yokohama, the scattered groups in Uyeno Park and Yoshino are the outcome of careful planting and continual attention.

The famous iris garden at Horakiri, the lotus flowers in the castle moat in Tokyo, the wistaria at the Kameido temple are the products of human industry; while the beautiful gardens which exist in various parts of the country, such as the Fukiagi or Hotta, are emblems of the Japanese love and knowledge of flowers and plants.

I am inclined to believe that the Japanese are the finest garden-craftsmen in the world; and this is not so remarkable a statement as it may at first



"PAWLO니아 AND CHRYSANTHEMUM"
XXXI. No. 133.—APRIL, 1904.

Japanese Flower Painting



"PLUM BLOSSOM"

BY KORIN

Japan is undoubtedly stronger than it is in the West. The Japanese gardener appreciates the graceful and natural pose of a shrub or flower, and preserves its beauty and even accentuates it wherever possible by training and tender care. This same artistic sense is displayed in a remarkable manner in the arrangement of flowers.

appear, for, leaving Japan and Great Britain out of the question for a moment, there are no countries which can reasonably boast to-day of their gardens. Italy, it is true, possesses some fine examples in Florence, Rome, Genoa, and elsewhere, but they are all relics of the past. Russia, Germany, Austria, Holland, France, Belgium, and Spain have no gardens worthy of the name, with the exception of a few of the Versailles type. Private gardens of artistic merit simply do not exist. In the United States of America praiseworthy efforts in garden-making are being inaugurated, but the results are, at present, too immature to warrant unrestricted admiration.

Of course, there are everywhere men who grow plants for sale or for the sake of seed. But nurserymen are not gardeners as a class, although there may be some exceptions to the rule. But in Japan, while there are plenty of nurserymen there are also plenty of gardeners — men who know how to lay out a garden to the best advantage, who have a full knowledge of plants and their ways, who are really alive to the value of architectural adjuncts, and who can so prune a tree as to make it a more beautiful object by the operation. The artistic feeling in

numerous illustrated Japanese books which have appeared upon this subject, it is possible to realise to some extent the great amount of consideration given to it. A bouquet of flowers in which numerous different kinds are closely crowded together would be, in the eyes of a Japanese, a woeful and distressing sight; for, in his own groupings, each stem, leaf, and flower is carefully considered in its relation one to the other, and although much trimming and cutting is often necessary to obtain the required effect, the result is always natural and free from artificiality.



"PLUM BLOSSOM"

BY KORIN



Japanese Flower Painting

Although the perfect understanding of flower arrangement requires so much study that only a few can give the time and attention it demands, yet the general principles governing the art seem to be so widely understood in Japan that it is seldom a group of cut flowers is arranged in a vase in other than exquisite taste.

Now it is particularly necessary, in approaching the subject of Japanese flower-painting, to bear in mind the tender appreciation which the people of the Far East bear towards plants and flowers. Just as the gardener prunes away offending and unnecessary branches, just as the flower arranger makes use only of such flowers and leaves as are requisite to the beauty and perfection of his composition, so the painter retains in his work only the salient features which are most characteristic of the plant he depicts. The Japanese painter, as a rule, draws from memory. He has, by careful observation, stored up in his brain pictures of the chief characteristics of the objects he wishes to reproduce. He is trained to pay attention to minute details, like the native Indian boy so graphically described by Rudyard Kipling in "Kim." The branching of the stems, the nature of the bark, the budding of the leaf, the arrangement of the petals, the pose of the flower, the ravages caused by insects and natural decay, all are noted for future use. In painting, therefore, he works from

the pictures in his brain, and on the accuracy of his impressions and the training of his hand depend the final result. In the West, the painter of flowers usually copies directly from



FLORAL FANS

BY KORIN

Japanese Flower Painting



"SPRING FLOWERS"

BY SOTATSU

the objects before him, and his system has both advantages and drawbacks. Verisimilitude is obtainable thereby with greater ease and less study, but idealisation is to a certain extent thwarted. The highest aims of the painter should not be to give photographically accurate representations of natural objects. Were it so his days would be numbered, for the camera is bound to win upon those lines. The painter's mission is to make use of nature as a means to an end—to what end depends upon the objects of his work. As a flower-painter it may be that he will discover the greatest scope for his talents in decoration.

In that case, if his training does not extend beyond copying from Nature, he will find it of little avail. Western people are beginning to realise that the true mission of the decorator is not the painting of flowers in a naturalistic manner upon vases, or panels of doors, or mirrors. But while such efforts are in every way to be deprecated, the

study of plant growth and of flowers is still as valuable to the decorator working upon legitimate lines as to the one who follows the false old ones.

That the Japanese system of memory-sketching is of the greatest advantage to the decorator there can be no manner of doubt. His mind and fancy are free, and he is able to select the subjects best adapted to the work he has in hand, and arrange them in a fitting manner.

I am not acquainted with any Japanese artist who can be described as exclusively a flower



FLOWERS IN SILHOUETTE

BY KORIN

Japanese Flower Painting



"SPRING FLOWERS"

BY SOTATSU

painter. In pictures of all styles and schools flowers are introduced, although, it may be, only as subordinate features. In Buddhist and Tosa drawings they are less prominent than in those of the Kano and Shijo schools, where, frequently, they play an important rôle.

Sotatsu was an artist of great ability and much originality, who lived in the middle of the seventeenth century. Originally a pupil of Kano-Yasunobu, he afterwards worked in the classic Tosa school, but later in life developed an individual style of great decorative beauty.

Two examples of his work are here illustrated. One, in two sections (pages 196 and 197), is a mixed group of spring flowers; the other, reproduced in colours, represents the pæony and convolvulus. The method of drawing employed by this great painter is well shown in the examples.

The style adopted by Korin, who lived in the latter part of the seventeenth century, although

influenced by Sotatsu, is still more remarkable in its individualism. Korin was probably the greatest of Japanese decorative artists. He was never a popular one, and probably never will become so, but his design is distinguished by remarkable power in massing and composition. His works in lacquer, well known to all collectors, place him upon a pinnacle higher than that of his fellows.

Genuine examples of his paintings are of great rarity, but the reproductions from his drawings here illustrated, give some idea of his treatment of



FLOWERS IN SILHOUETTE

BY KORIN

Japanese Flower Painting



"WISTARIA"

BY KORIN

flowers in what may be considered his least conventional style. A characteristic feature of his work, as of that of his disciples, is the introduction of gold in the veinings of leaves. His admirer Ho-itsu was a worthy follower of the great master and executed many charming designs of flowers, some of which have been reproduced in Japan in black-and-white in book form. An example of his work is here given. Mention must also be made of Kenzan, the brother of Korin. Kenzan is chiefly remembered by his pottery. His original designs are rare and greatly valued by collectors. The painting upon a six-fold screen we are

privileged to reproduce is especially characteristic of his genius.

The Chinese have always been noted for their love of flowers. Their porcelain, their embroideries, even their tea chests are remarkable for their floral ornamentations. Occasionally their work is very slight and washy, and what is sometimes called "impressionistic," in character, while other examples are full of detail, and such as painters would describe as a little "tight." Both styles have been imitated in Japan. The Kano school was to a large extent based upon Chinese models, and the later modern naturalistic school, commonly called



FLOWER COMPOSITION

BY KORIN



Japanese Flower Painting



"FLOWERS OF THE SEASONS"

FROM A PAIR OF SCREENS PAINTED BY KORIN

the Shijo, owes not a little to the Celestial Empire for its inspiration. The flower paintings of Keibun and Keisai belong to this school, and are particularly notable for their fine poetical conception. An excellent example of the minutely-finished naturalistic style is shown in the *Kakemono* by Shunkei, here reproduced in colours. Original drawings by this artist are extremely rare, and he is best known to collectors by a sketch-book of flowers, birds and insects derived from Chinese sources, printed in colours, and published in 1820. Probably one of the most delightful books of flowers and insects ever published in Japan is that by Utamaro, a member of the Ukiyoyé, or popular, school. It is in two volumes, and first appeared about the end of the eighteenth century. As examples of chromoxylography they are unsurpassed.

The studies of wild flowers by Tachibana Yasu-

kuni, first published in 1755, is another work of great excellence. It was originally printed in black-and-white, but a most inferior edition has recently been produced in colours. Of the books which have appeared in Japan upon flowers during the last twenty years those by Kwatei and Bairé are by far the finest. Bairé's sketches of flowers and birds and flowers and insects are well known in Europe, and have met with deserved popularity everywhere.

Among other recent painters, Gyokuden, Shonen and Chiokubun, examples of whose drawings are here illustrated, are men of talent who are loyal to the traditions of their art without loss of their individuality.

Space will not permit me to enlarge upon the qualifications and works of those artists who are especially associated with the subject of flower-painting. Students of Japanese art will be aware of the

Japanese Flower Painting

extraordinary wealth and beauty of material which exists. Even those who only know Japanese-flower-drawing from the cheap screens and fans made for export to this country will probably have learnt to admire the power of delineation possessed by those humble craftsmen, who would shrink from claiming any distinction as artists.

We may at times be inclined to criticise unfavourably paintings of landscape by Japanese; we may occasionally find fault with their drawings of the human figure and of four-footed animals; but we most of us admit that in their presentment of flowers, as well as of birds, insects, and fishes, they possess unrivalled powers.

One of the most fascinating phases of the subject of flower painting in Japan is the poetic or symbolic. It is one, moreover, that is not so generally understood in the West as it deserves to be. In our lack of knowledge respecting it, we fail in our full understanding of the beauty of Japanese decorative art. The rose and the lily are dear to us because of their historical and sentimental associations. We think of the part they have

played in history, we recall the many allusions to them by great poets, and we cherish them because they remind us of the old gardens we love so well. Is there a poet who has failed to sing of roses and love, of lilies and purity? If there be, then he is not one who can have touched the hearts of the English people. But if it be true that the practical Briton has a poetic and sentimental side to his nature, it is even more true in the case of the Japanese. Japan is a land of poets, and the tender influence of their art is felt throughout the country in the sayings and doings of the people.



"FLOWERS AND INSECTS"

BY UTAMARO



"HYDRANGEA"

FROM A CHROMO-XYLOGRAPH AFTER KORIN



"HYDRANGEA" FROM A CHROMO-XYLOGRAPH BY KEISAI

Japanese Flower Painting



"FLOWERS IN RAIN"

BY KEICHI

It will be observed by all admirers of Japanese painting that certain subjects are frequently associated. The mythical creatures the *hoho* and the *shishi* are represented, accompanied by the flowers of the *pawlonia* or *kiri* and the pæony. We continually observe such combinations as the bamboo, the pine, and the plum blossom, the flowering plum-tree and the nightingale, the wistaria and the cuckoo, the maple leaf and the deer, or the bamboo and the sparrow. Now, these combinations are by no means adventitious. They are hallowed by long usage and tender memories. The *kiri* and the *hoho* are

associated with the imperial house of Japan, the *kiri* flower being the crest of the imperial family. The *kara-shishi*, or Chinese lion, and the tree pæony are the typical chiefs of the fauna and flora. The pine, the bamboo, and the plum-tree, or *chochiku-bai*, the friends of winter, are symbolic of long life, of honesty and beauty, and are appropriate decorations at marriage festivals and upon complimentary occasions. The plum blossom and nightingale, *oumai-ni-uguisu*, is a favourite poetical association of some antiquity. It is an augury of happiness—the harbinger of spring. The wistaria and cuckoo are emblematic of the early summer



"PLUM-TREE AND BIRDS"

BY MURASE GYOKUDEN

Japanese Flower Painting



"CHERRY-TREE IN FULL BLOOM"

BY YOSAI

and of ripening youth. The wistaria is dear to young lovers, who hang upon its budding branches their verses and hopes for the future. In the autumn the maple-trees turn red, and the richness and beauty of the colouring is a favourite theme with poets. It is at this time, too, that the stag calls the doe. Hence the association of the *momiji-ni-shika*. The bamboo and sparrows are typical of winter. The green of the bamboo leaves still keeps bright during the winter snows, and the hardy little sparrow, as with us in England, is happy when the ground is white, and when so many other birds have fled to warmer climes. Numerous other associations of bird and plant might be given, but I have perhaps cited enough to show what meanings and references are often intended to be conveyed by the simple floral compositions of Dai Nippon.

Some other poetic conceptions are self-evident. The action of wind upon the blossom, or the pouring rain upon the drooping leaves, effects of mist or of moonlight, are told with rare observation and tender feeling.

The Japanese are always admirers of life. It is not enough to draw a man: he must be doing something. His spirit of vitality when shown in flower pictures lends a charm to them that we too often miss in Western renderings of the same subjects. The one great feature of Japanese artistic work is that

it is a living art. It portrays the thoughts, the sentiments, the life of the people. It is not crystallised like Indian and Persian art. It is not only a glory of the past, it is a great possession also of the present. It still quivers with vitality, and we may all hope in these days of change, when old customs are giving place to new, when the advantages of scientific research are being felt throughout the land, that the glorious art of the country will survive in the years to come as it has flourished in those that are gone; that it may retain the high position it has so deservedly won for itself.

CHARLES HOLME.



"PINE, BAMBOO, AND PLUM"

BY KENZAN



*This screen was in the famous Fujiyuki Collection, and it was recently sold in Paris for the sum of 55,000 francs.
(By permission of Messrs. Yamanaka & Co.)*

SIXFOLD SCREEN. PAINTED
BY KENZAN



"LOTUS." BY
CHIOKUBUN

GEORGE S. ELGOOD'S WATER-COLOUR DRAW- INGS OF GARDENS.

FROM the days when Sir Philip Sydney wandered in the grounds of Penshurst and nurtured his flower-like soul within its flower gardens, to the day when Swinburne, writing his sweetest verses in the gardens of an old manor-house, dedicates them to Sir Philip Sydney, English art and English poetry have ever found inspiration in the gardens which we have always made our own.



"CROW AND PLUM-TREE, WITH SNOW"
BY SUZUKI SHONEN
(See Article on Japanese Flower Painting)

Nothing now can spell England to the traveller returning like the sight of English private grounds. Men have slaved to possess them, and died to retain them; so much do they mean in the history of families, so much do they mean even to the family gardener tending the growing plants. It is no wonder, then, that pictures of them are popular—and here for once the public reserves to itself the right of giving its own art-criticism, and this they do with some measure of justification, for who should know better how a flower has been painted than they that love them? What opinion can be more worth having than the opinion of love? To secure favour here the artist must be possessed of the knowledge of something more than values. He must at once be in sympathy with the delicate form of lilies and the riotous colour of red roses. In the dark cool green shadows of the clipped box hedges he must feel the romance we know to be there.

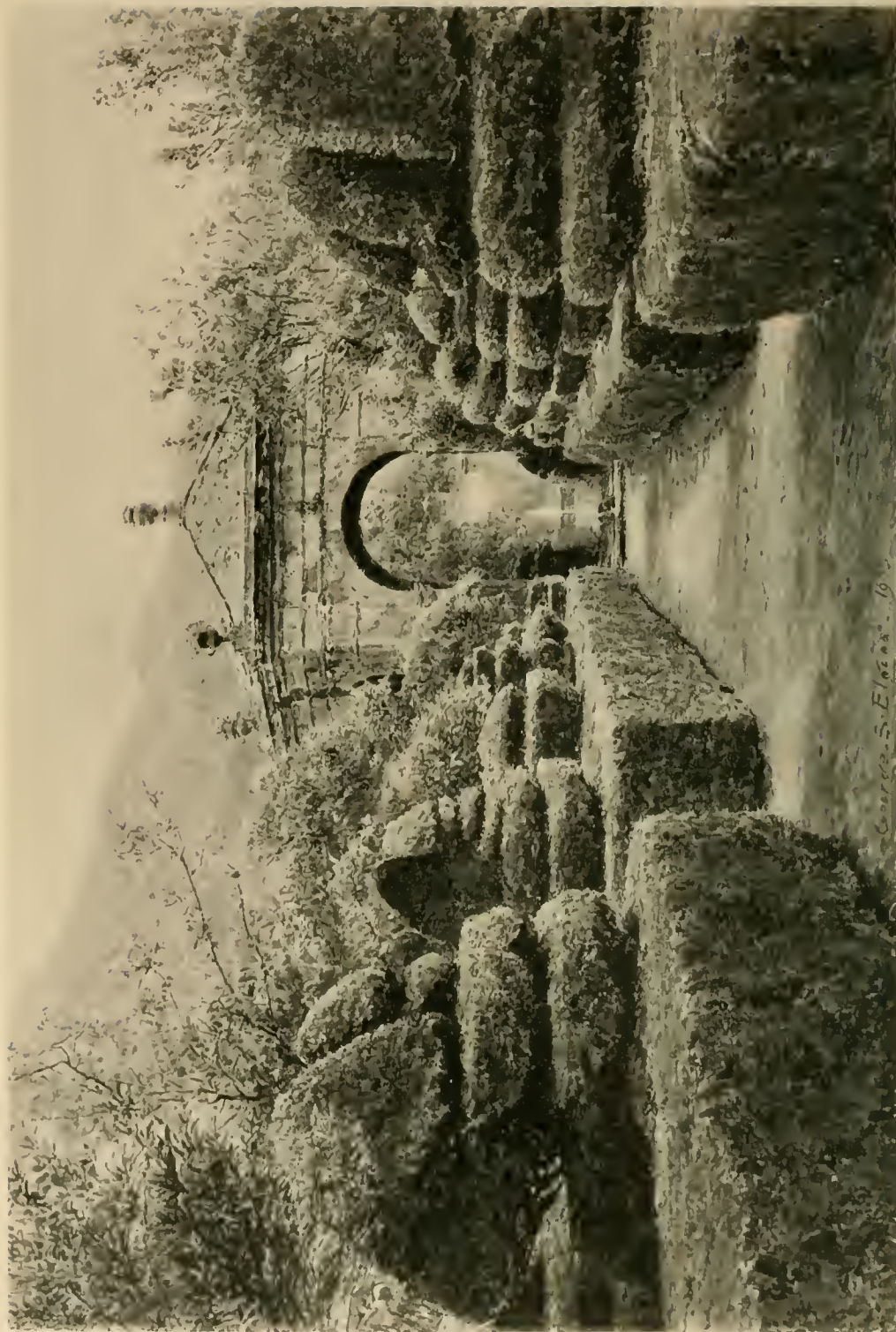
To paint flowers—singly or in gardens—demands of the artist something other than a technique which subordinates everything to the vulgarity of its own self-assertion; it demands tenderness, lightness, and patience, as from petal to petal the artist advances with what in a lifetime he has gathered of skill. Mr. Elgood's gardens satisfy all these requirements; perhaps at times he lingers too lovingly over some corner of delicious colour, losing the breadth of the whole; but he were an ingrate indeed who would pause to find fault where there is so much of good to show.

In the painting of the *Yew Arbour at Campsey Ashe*, how the high red wall, seen for a space behind the flowers, stimulates our fancy. To children playing inside such a garden, outside that wall lies fairyland. To the grown-up, tired worker it is heaven that lies within.

Old sundials at the end of long gravel walks, where the shadows of the yews lengthen as the sun goes down, crusted flower-pots, urns, and fountains, with here and there a peacock slowly moving from sun to shade. Looking at Mr. Elgood's pictures one imagines that never once within these iron gates has there been any rain. The dragon-fly is by the wall, and bees pass, full of their own importance, from flower to flower. At the back of nearly every Englishman's mind is some such vision.

How to address himself to this deep-seated love in his fellow-countrymen has been Mr. Elgood's problem, and it cannot have been a difficult one; he simply shares with us the skill we envy, that can take away and keep in a treasure-house for memory the things it once has seen.

THOMAS OLDFORDE.



"THE PAVILION, VILLA PALOMBO,
CAVA." BY G. S. ELGOOD



"PENSURST."
BY G. S. ELGOOD



"THE YEW ARBOUR, CAMPSEY
ASHE." BY G. S. ELGOOD



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"HOTEL FARAGLIONI, CAPRI"
BY GEORGE S. ELGOOD



"COMPTON WYNYATES"
BY GEORGE S. ELGOOD



"SUNDIAL, RAMSCLIFFE"
BY GEORGE S. ELGOOD



"MAISON DE DIEU"

BY RERICH

MODERN RUSSIAN ART: SOME LEADING PAINTERS OF MOSCOW.

Moscow, three only of which can be said to have aroused any special interest amongst artists or the

As is well known, the art world of Russia differs in many important respects from that of Western Europe. This difference extends even to matters connected with its official recognition, the time of year at which exhibitions are held for instance; for, whereas elsewhere exhibitions begin in the spring and go on throughout the summer, they are all concentrated in Russia into a couple of winter months, which is certainly somewhat surprising when climatic conditions are taken into consideration. During last Christmas holidays there were no less than four exhibitions held in



"SEPTEMBER SNOW"

BY F. GRABAR



A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY MUSCOVITE MILITARY
EXPEDITION BY S. IVANOFF

Modern Russian Art

general public. The annual show of the students of the Moscow École des Beaux Arts, it is true, showed an average of fairly good results, but there was no one picture of exceptional merit, no exhibitor of whom great things might be prophesied for the future. The annual show of the Société des Amateurs des Beaux Arts was of a somewhat mediocre character, with few paintings of real art merit with the exception of a fine *Portrait of a Lady*, by Miss E. Goldinger, and some picturesque *Studies*, by Mechtcherine, Sredine, and Froloffin, which were all but lost amongst the crowd of uninteresting and commonplace productions altogether wanting in art feeling.

The third exhibition, held by a small group of artists who devote themselves almost exclusively to landscape, was of a very monotonous character, in spite of the fact that men of such recognised position and undoubted talent as Joukovsky, Petrovitcheff, Bialynicki, Kalmykoff, and Haliavine, were amongst the exhibitors, for none of them had made any new departure, but, as a general rule, repeated subjects already treated by them.

Careful consideration should also be given to the first exhibition of the recently founded society of Russian artists known as that of the "Soyouz," consisting, with few exceptions, of the most noteworthy members of the Russian art world. The "Soyouz" is the outcome of the fusion of an earlier society called the "XXXVI." and the numerous groups of artists gathered together under the auspices of Mr. S. Diaghilev, editor of the art magazine "Mir Tskousstva." Unfortunately there cannot be said to have been any great *éclat* about the inauguration exhibition of the new art body. The most admired and discussed paintings shown at it were three by F. Maliavine, representing life-sized Russian peasant women, of which the most successful from a decorative point of view was that of a woman, in a red gown trimmed with blue and a black jacket, standing against a red background.

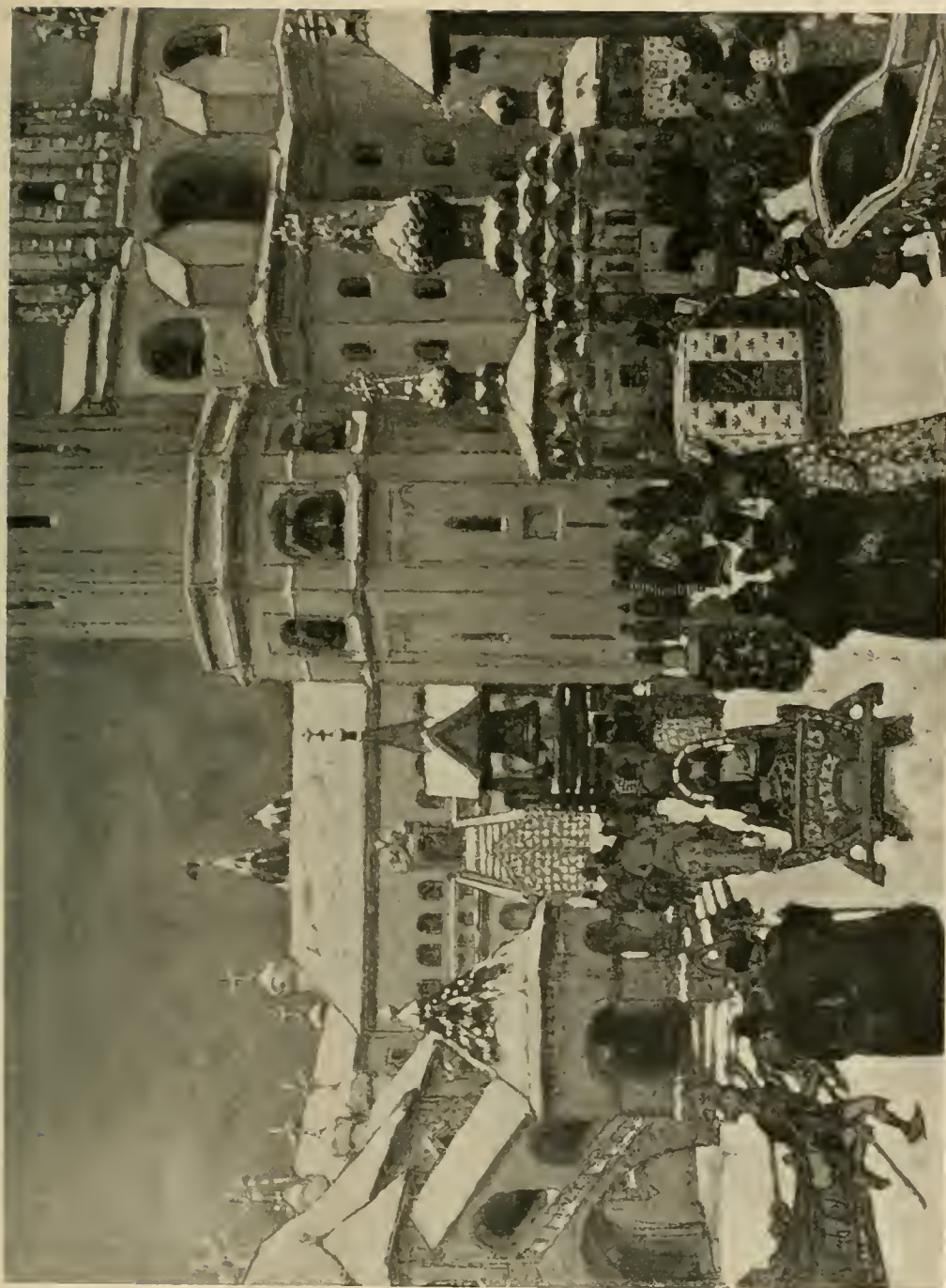
It is very evident that general effect is all that has been aimed at in these figures, and it cannot be denied that an aesthetic if somewhat barbarous

result has been achieved. At the same time the faces are wanting in expression, and there is much that is problematical about the gestures and the background. For all that, however, no one can fail to be attracted by the remarkable originality of style and the strong individuality of what are certainly very remarkable studies, presenting with their brilliant colouring, a very marked contrast to the delicate pencil drawings of Maliavine shown at the same time. There were but few portraits in this initial show, and one of the finest of them was that of a child by Vroubel, as noticeable as is all his work for its dignified scheme of colouring.



"A PEASANT GIRL."

BY F. MALIAVINE



"PLACE D'IVAN VELIKI AU KREMLIN"
BY A. VASNETZOFF

Modern Russian Art

K. Korovine sent two of his characteristic and life-like portraits of men, treated in his usual pleasing but somewhat commonplace manner, and a portrait of a lady, which it must be confessed was but little removed from the trivial in style and execution. K. Somoff showed a rather uninteresting portrait study of a young lady, and two small, delicately executed water-colour drawings, on a very small scale, of ladies in fancy dress. L. Pasternak's only exhibits were a small but very faithful study of Count L. Tolstoy, and a few charming, tasteful and life-like drawings in colour. There was nothing very remarkable in the portraits of O. Braz, treated in the broad manner affected by him. The predilection of many artists for the decorative style was very noticeable in this show, especially in the work of Apollinaris Vasnetzoff, who sent a large, gorgeously coloured panel and a continuation of the fine series of water-colour and black-and-white drawings, in which, with masterly skill, he gives various characteristic reconstructions of scenes from Moscow as it was several centuries ago. Another artist whose work is decorative rather than pictorial is Rerich, whose *Maison de Dieu* gives the impression of being a design for mosaics, and yet another painter who may be dubbed a true stylist is S. Malioutine. The few studies from Nature he exhibited proved him to be endowed with much true art feeling, but his numerous designs for buildings and furniture in the Russian style, seem more satisfactory from the picturesque than from the constructive point of view. In A. Golovine's designs for the decoration of a theatre, on the other hand, considerable decorative ability is combined with a strong dash of imagination and a very keen sense of harmony of colour. More realistic, and only to a certain

extent decorative in feeling, are the thoroughly artistic and yet historically true scenes from St. Petersburg as it was in the eighteenth century, by A. Benois, which would serve admirably as illustrations for a book dealing with that epoch. In spite of its vast size, the painting exhibited by S. Ivanoff of *A Sixteenth-Century Muscovite Military Expedition* also impresses the spectator rather as a clever illustration than as an independent composition. As a rule, landscapes of a noble and dignified character are the most noteworthy features of Russian exhibitions, but in this case there were only a few, and those few of a very ordinary character. One, however, did justly attract a special amount of attention, and that was a very impressive autumn scene, remarkably fine alike in composition and in colouring, by J. Grabar. Last, not least, a special word of recognition must also be given to K. Tuon, whose paintings of episodes of life in



"PORTRAIT"

BY K. KOROVINE

An Important Judgment



"VERS TROITZY"

BY K. TUON

the small towns of Central Russia reproduce with rare felicity and truth the poetic glamour and oriental richness of colouring characteristic of the original scenes at certain times.

The art of Russia is unfortunately too little known outside the borders of its own country, and in future numbers of *THE STUDIO* an attempt will be made to do justice from time to time to the talents of the leading modern painters and sculptors of the Empire. E. P.

A JUDGMENT of considerable interest and importance to artists working in England was delivered on February 29th by Judge Stonor at Marylebone. The facts of the case are clearly stated in the judgment, which ran as follows:—

The plaintiff, Mr. Fry of St. John's Wood, an artist of standing, who had several times exhibited at the Royal Academy, sued the defendant, Mrs. Nina Sinclair—wife of the M.P.



"PORTRAIT OF A CHILD"

BY L. PASTERNAK

An Important Judgment

for Romford, Essex—for £50, the "amount of work done and material provided by the plaintiff for the defendant, at her request, in painting a picture." The defendant pleaded the 4th section of the Sale of Goods Act, 1893, which enacted that a "contract for the sale of any goods of the value of £10 or upwards shall not be enforceable by action unless the buyer shall accept part of the goods so sold and actually receive the same; or unless some note or memorandum in writing of the contract be made and signed by the party to be charged or his agent in that behalf." The question to be decided on this plea—continued His Honour—was whether

the contract in question was a contract "for the sale of goods," within the meaning of the Act; or a contract "for work and labour, and materials" accessory to the same. It was admitted by the plaintiff that the alleged contract was entered into verbally, and was never subsequently reduced into writing.

His Honour went on to refer at considerable length to cases cited by counsel on both sides at the trial; and then said he must hold that the contract in question was for "work and labour and materials" found, being necessary accessories, and not for "goods sold," within the meaning of the Sale of Goods Act. The contract might possibly be considered as two-fold and divisible, viz.:—First, to give the necessary work and labour; and, secondly, to supply the necessary materials—which latter could not exceed £10 in value—either for a reasonable price or, perhaps, gratis; neither of which contracts would be within the Sale of Goods Act; and certainly it would appear a great hardship if, when an artist had devoted weeks or months and the highest skill to work and labour which was not within the Sale of Goods Act, he was to be excluded from the fruits of the same because it involved the use of materials which also were not within the Act.

There remained another question, said His Honour, with reference to the 4th Section, namely, whether there had been an acceptance of the picture by the defendant which would take it altogether out of the section. This, of course, depended wholly on the evidence, as did also the preliminary and vital question whether there had been in fact any verbal contract between the



"PORTRAIT"

(See article on *Modern Russian Art*)

BY K. SOMOFF

An Important Judgment



BADGE IN GOLD AND ENAMEL BY ALEXANDER FISHER
(See article on Alexander Fisher)

parties to the action. According to the plaintiff's evidence, Mrs. Sinclair had said, "I shall ask you to paint me with my little girl when I return to Town," at the same time handing him a photograph. The defendant, on the other hand, said that Mr. Fry asked her "to let him paint them" as shown in the photograph; and it was suggested that Mr. Fry intended the picture for exhibition in the Academy. The plaintiff and defendant were agreed that the latter requested an "enlarged" picture to be made, agreeing to give sittings after Christmas. It was also agreed that some sittings were given. The picture was sent to the Academy last year, but was not accepted. When the plaintiff applied to defendant for payment, she denied having given an order for the picture; but she admitted that her memory was "not very good."

Upon the whole—said His Honour—he had come, although necessarily with some doubt, to the following conclusions on this part of the case: That the defendant used such words, and acted in such a manner by herself and her agent—her husband—that the plaintiff was justified in considering her to have given him an order for the work and labour, and, of course, for the materials accessorial to the picture; also that there was subsequent confirmation of such order, and acceptance. At the same time, His Honour thought that the defendant was under the impression that she had an absolute right to refuse to accept the picture if it did not answer her expectations—or, as she expressed it, "if she did not like it"—whether it was a reasonably artistic and satisfactory picture and portrait or not. His Honour found that the defendant was mistaken as to any such restriction or qualification having been made by her. He had only to add—said His Honour—that upon the evidence before him, and



STATUETTE: "ADORATION" BY ALEX. FISHER
(See article on Alexander Fisher)

Alexander Fisher



DESIGN FOR A CUP

BY A. FISHER

in his humble judgment he found that the picture which was produced in Court was an artistic and satisfactory picture and portrait, and of the value alleged. There would accordingly be judgment for the plaintiff, with costs.

A MAKER OF
BEAUTIFUL
THINGS: MR.
ALEXANDER
FISHER AND HIS
SILVERWORK. BY
T. MARTIN WOOD.

ALTHOUGH working in material demanding exhaustless patience and calling for the highest order of mechanical skill before lending itself to any sort of aesthetic expression, Mr. Fisher does not separate in his mind the early and prosaic stages from what of ultimate beauty he seeks to attain.

His work is dominated from the beginning by his desire to shape something which shall be the expression of his mood at the time. This element of emotionalism is the parent of beauty, whether in painting or in the simplest object which a man shall shape to his fancy. It can inform with the significance of art every detail of mechanical construction. Art was divorced from craft and the production of beautiful things suspended, when from one craftsman or artist to another work was passed on independent of their sympathy with the design at its completion. And so it is to-day, workers contribute piece-work to designs they never see: each man works blindly towards an end that means nothing to him.

Just now Mr. Fisher is engaged upon a silver jewel-casket, the corners of which are cased in iron. This he forges in his studio, bending the metal to his will and to his caprice. In the unsympathetic bar of iron before it is forged the artist sees already in his mind the delicate shape it shall take in the place it finally will assume.

A lover of colour, Mr. Fisher's enamels have brought him fame: his love of form, the pleasure he takes in things of beautiful shape, has led him to give us silverwork that would have delighted Cellini. But it is in the symbolism with which he has crowded his creations that, as a thinker, he finds expression.

In the jewel-casket here reproduced he has



CASKET

BY ALEXANDER FISHER



BIBLE COVER IN SILVER-GILT AND ENAMEL

BY ALEXANDER FISHER

a little cup. Reminiscent of the legend of the devil appearing to St. Dunstan whilst he was refining metal in the fire, the master of fire in the form of a serpent twines underneath, and supports the fabric upon which the image of the saint stands. The cup is supported by the oak-tree, for the Goldsmiths' Company is for all England, and not for London alone. At the base the four figures represent the four qualities that together go to make a thing of beauty. The little silver trowel given for the laying of the foundation stone of a hospital, and reproduced here by kind permission of H.R.H. Princess Christian, is replete with thought. On the enamel on one side is a picture of St. Luke the Physician: on the other side is Hygeia, holding a smoking cup, symbolical of the healing power of drugs. Upon the handle a snake in *champlevé* enamel is imprisoned within the silver bars. More matter-of-fact is the design for a chain for the Lady Mayoress of Cape Town. The enamel in the centre of each large link is provided to receive the monogram. The little trees (with leaves and fruit enamelled) which enclose the links are emblematic of abundance. The alternate link has an

sought to convey again the old theme of love as the crown of life. The jewels which shall be placed in the casket will themselves complete its symbolism. They are the jewels of virtue and affection for the adornment of love. There are three panels of enamel carrying out the idea.

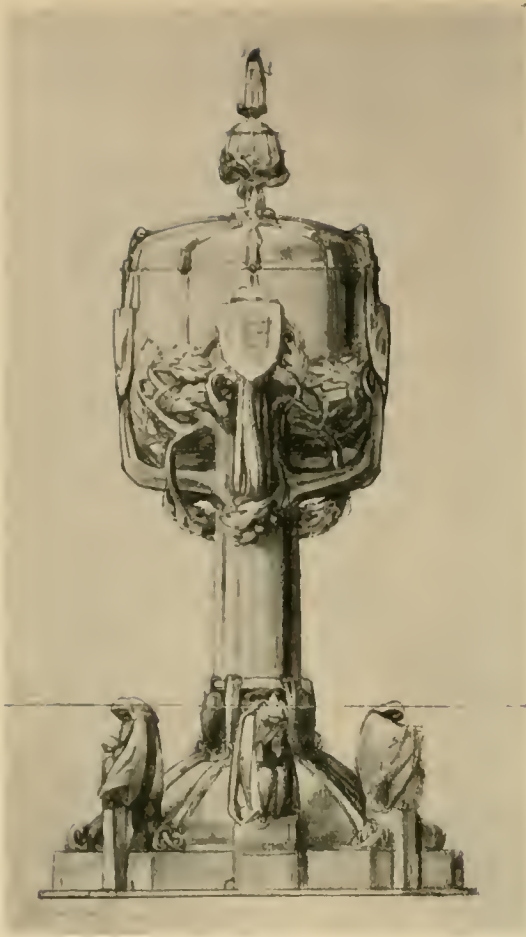
In the design for a cup with arms in *champlevé* enamel, which was originally designed as a gift to the Goldsmiths' Company, we have the figure of St. Dunstan on the top; he is the patron saint of goldsmiths, and is holding

enamel to receive the date and the monogram of Cape Town suspended. Not less interesting



DESIGN FOR PRESENTATION CASKET

BY ALEXANDER FISHER



DESIGN FOR A CUP, WITH ARMS BY ALEXANDER FISHER
IN CHAMPLEVÉ ENAMEL

is the badge in gold enamel made for the Sheffield Society of Artists (page 223). Upon the background are the white roses for York and a peacock for beauty; the recent birth of the society is represented by the edge of the Sun appearing to rise above the design. Very beautiful is the clasp in cast silver done for the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Byam Shaw: here Love is represented singing in the tree of life. In the silver overmantel the idea of Love is again predominant: it is the Love that recurs throughout Mr. Fisher's designs, not little Cupid with pink fingers, but Love as a compelling power, Love as strong as Death, to whom come kings and queens and conquerors, and Mr. Fisher has tried to convey in the panels of this beautiful piece of silverwork the idea of the love that is everywhere.

In Mr. Fisher's studio are many little master-

pieces lying rejected by him, for he is the most fastidious of workers and one to whom the refinements of his work in themselves present an end, and a never-ending incitement to more and more distinguished effort.

We have received the following communication from our correspondent in Antwerp. "Midwinter saw the opening of three exhibitions, two of which —the 'Eenigen' and the 'Als ik Kan' —seeming to me to have special interest. Indeed, the groups which have chosen the two devices I have just quoted include among them all, or almost all, the young men of real talent in the town. On them, and in the direction in which their talents lead them, depends henceforth the artistic future of the Flemish metropolis of art. With entire conviction I declare these two little Salons have afforded me the utmost pleasure. The works I saw there were, to be sure, not all of equal merit; there were, of course, failures as well as successes; but viewed as a whole, the display in each instance filled one with the consoling conviction that the young artists of Antwerp, without following any "school" tendency, are striving to raise their art beyond the regions of the commonplace, the vulgar, and the cheap and easy. Among the



CLASP IN CAST
SILVER AND ENAMEL

BY ALEXANDER FISHER



SILVER AND ENAMEL OVERMANTEL

BY ALEXANDER FISHER

work of the "Eenigen" I particularly noticed Baseleer's sea-pieces, G. Morren's chalk drawings, the notes and impressions by G. Vaes, not forgetting the portraits and the highly meritorious drawings of two of our best painters, both of whom, needless to say, have "arrived" (I refer to Smits and K. Mertens); also to be noted are a very fine drawing by van Offel and some Antwerp types by van Mieghem.

Among the members of the "Als ik Kan" I would first name Opsomer, who contributed some entirely interesting studies of houses. Then we had Jacobs with marines and landscapes—diverse in style, but generally successful: Posenaer and Gogo, with strongly coloured landscapes of Spain and France; and of the quite young men I would

specially name A. van Beurden and Wiethase, who sent some very promising work. Rul, as long as he has been his wont, contributed some good studies of heather.

"The last of the three exhibitions—that of the "Terug Bijeen" Club—contained the work of none but artists already well-known, such as the vigorous colourist, Luyten, Léon Brunin, Rul, Albracht, Prosper de Wit, Steppe, and Boland. I must not omit to mention two beautiful canvases by the first-named artist, nor Rul's *Printemps*, nor the landscapes by Brunin and de Wit. Brunin has but to broaden his manner and refine his colour somewhat in order to make a great success as a landscapist; while as for de Wit, whose colour has become far richer than it was, he needs but to show a trifle more depth of feeling to become altogether interesting and convincing." P. DE M.

The Society for the Promotion of the Arts of

Reproduction in Vienna (Gesellschaft für Vervielfältigende Kunst), under the patronage of the Grand Duke Otto of Austria, which has for its object the advancement of the graphic arts, has lately issued to its members some important examples. The portrait of a lady known as *La Tornabuoni*, from the painting by Ghirlandajo, in the Kann collection, Paris, reproduced in heliogravure, is really noteworthy. The last part of the twenty-fifth annual volume and Part I. of the twenty-sixth contain some capital papers, among them one on the earliest of Vienna "Secessionists," Rudolf von Alt, now a man of ninety, with illustrations in water-colour-heliogravure, and some etchings in colour, among them one by Prof. William Unger.

THE MODERN FRENCH PASTELLISTS.—ALFRED PHILIPPE ROLL. BY MADAME FRANCES KEYZER

IT is no easy matter to do justice to the work of M. Alfred Philippe Roll in a short *causerie*, but the attempt must be made, and if the subject outgrows the frame it will show that the frame must be extended at some future time.

As I think of the colossal work of the French painter, the picture of *Alice in Wonderland* comes before me with her neck outstretched beyond all proportion to her body. It is this sense of neck-stretching that obtrudes itself, dealing with M. Roll as a pastellist. His pastels are but an infinitesimal part of the whole. They can give but a small idea of him as a composer, as a harmonist. They do not touch the management of masses, the

grouping of men and women of all conditions, the gift of making the State order for a commemoration, a slice of life—as the French have it—the power of throwing himself into the situation, melancholy or gay, whichever he may be called upon to illustrate, extracting the very essence of it. They do not show his *Centenary of 1789* (Versailles Museum), his *14th of July*, his *Joies de la Vie* (Paris Hôtel de Ville), his *Grève des Mineurs*; nor his *Scenes from Peasant Life*, his *Manda Lamettrie, fermière*, at the Luxembourg; nor his horses, his sea-pieces or portraits.

There are few celebrities of the day who have not been painted by M. Roll. I have still a vivid recollection of his portrait of President Carnot, of Jules Simon, Alexandre Dumas fils, Yves Guyot, Thaulow and his wife, Admiral Krantz, Jane Hading, Coquelin cadet, to mention but a few.

Of his sea-pieces I recall a *Mer Funèbre*, a fearful iron-grey sea that told of the dead beneath it, and gave the impression of a monster waiting to consume; an angry, searching, scowling sea that killed. This work impressed me strongly as an unusual mood of the painter of *Les Joies de la Vie*, and seemed like the tearing away of a veil that hid the troubled fight, the moments of discouragement, the despair that every artist experiences, no matter how successful the world considers him.

Translating the sensation of painting into music M. Roll appeals to me as Mendelssohn in his happy, laughter-loving work, with the undercurrent of solid philosophy of Schumann.

In the pastels reproduced here we have a new phase in the versatility of the painter, the nude in all the glory of colour, the brilliance, almost tempestual brilliance of the flesh, the worker *en plein air*. M. Roll was the pioneer of this movement among the present painters. After the school of the studio painting of outdoor impressions, the light, true effects of sun and air came as something very refreshing and had a great influence on the art of to-day. It was in a measure owing to this



TROWEL IN SILVER AND ENAMEL
BY ALEXANDER FISHER
(Reproduced by kind permission of H.R.H. Princess Christian)
(See article on Alex. Fisher)



DESIGN FOR A CHAIN FOR THE
LADY MAYORESS OF CAPE TOWN

BY ALEXANDER FISHER

(See article on Alexander Fisher)



(In the Luxembourg)

"JEUNE FILLE." FROM THE PASTEL
BY ALFRED PHILIPPE ROLL

A. P. Roll's Pastels

influence that the Salon known as the Champ de Mars came into existence.

M. Roll has a fancy for posing his models where the sun plays upon them, arriving at some of the most delightful effects from the shadows that the trees and grasses cast upon the figure. His pastels especially enable us to appreciate him as a painter of healthy, sound ideas. He gives the sensation of truth; a sensation the more acute as the art of the present day is tainted by the sickly degenerate sensitiveness that surrounds us in each branch, in literature, music,



NUDE STUDY

(In the Zurich Museum)

BY A. P. ROLL



STUDY OF A GIRL

FROM THE PASTEL BY A. P. ROLL

painting and sculpture. The scent of dead flowers cannot attract a nature as robust as M. Roll's.

The studies of the nude show him in all the strength and grace of his art. The laughing girl (at the Zurich Museum), that charming figure with the sunlight caressing it, sparkling in the eyes and hair, is painted in one of M. Roll's happiest moods; *Damnée*, the property of M. Marnier, of Brussels, a big-framed woman bowed with grief; *Bourgeoisie*, belonging to M. Lippmann, the son-in-law of Alexandre Dumas fils, the modern expression of a biblical subject. These works require no explanation. They are as clear as crystal, treated without vulgarity, the flesh painted with solidity; the life, the colour admirable, thrillingly brilliant.



A. P. Roll's Pastels

Can anything be more expressive of the *Jeune Fille* than the pastel portrait that hangs in the Luxembourg Galleries, also reproduced here? The delicate blush on the cheek, the drooping eyelids seem to tell of her awakening to the knowledge of her beauty under the artist's masterly brush. There is an exquisite sensation in the warm tints of the hair, in the mauves and blues of the hydrangeas, in the colouring in the background, in the shadows on the dress. It is unnecessary to describe the Irish girl in the vivid study before us, the colouring is so strongly felt in the photograph of the pastel that it needs no words to explain it.

M. Antonin Proust's portrait stands out as a masterpiece. This work, in fact, is so admirable that it recalls a criticism of Puvis de Chavannes' before one of M. Roll's impressions of Normandy: *C'est si bien peint qu'on ne pense plus à la peinture ; on ne pense qu'à la réalité.*

It is necessary to know something of the origin of M. Roll's talent in order to follow the development of his early education, that foundation that nothing can destroy, that lasts for good or ill through life. He was born in Paris in 1846. His family came originally from Normandy, settled on the banks of the Seine, where his father founded the manufactory that is still carried on by his successors. His early life was spent among the working-men; he served his country as officer in the Garde Mobile in the 1870 War, and afterwards started his career as a painter in the studio of M. Bonnat.

To-day M. Roll is not only a great painter, but a musician, a sculptor, and a writer. A generous nature, physically and morally gifted, a keen sportsman, a good fencer, sculler and horseman, his is a personality of remarkable and rare charm.

F K.

The report of the examiner, Mr. H. Wilson, upon the past year's work of the students at the Vittoria Street School for Jewellers and Silver-smiths, Birmingham, is gratifying reading. The position of this school, as probably the only one instituted in connection with a special trade, and intended to produce artists and craftsmen primarily for the advantage of that trade, lends importance to the testimony to its progress in Mr. Wilson's report; and the interest of the experiment should extend further than the confines of the jewellery trade only. The new movement in favour of more artistic jewellery has made its influence felt very decidedly throughout the trade; and though at present many employers are only half-hearted in their conversion to the new ideal the spirit of change is at work, leading towards a higher standard of artistic production. Already the small band of pioneers responsible for the re-organisation of the schools, under the leadership of Mr. Catterson-Smith, must feel gratified at the results of their efforts.



PORTION OF PASTEL DRAWING
(In the Collection of M. Liepmann)

BY A. P. ROLL



PORTRAIT. FROM THE PASTEL
BY ALFRED PHILIPPE ROLL

ETHICAL ART AND MR. F. CAYLEY ROBINSON. BY C. LEWIS HIND.

A DISTINGUISHED critic of literature, winnowing the true meaning of the word "adventurers" from the false, remarked, "It is an adventure—an immense adventure—for me to write this little article." To enter an artist's studio, to see on walls and easels the work he has been preparing, through many months, for an exhibition, and to realise in those first few, fresh moments of quick comprehension the quality and trend of his personality is also, to the critic of art an adventure, possibly an immense adventure. Circumstances were propitious for the adventure of my first visit to Mr. Cayley Robinson at St. Ives, where he had been working all the winter. I had associated day by day with the men in that Cornish colony, who were painting pictures for the summer exhibitions, a score and more of artists, modern, adept, trained observers of skies, seas, and the painting lands of the world, catching their spring beauty, or their autumn's opulence: men who knew that there

is an impressionism of movement as well as of colour; men who had been drawing the figure for years in French and English studios; men of their own time, sensitive and alert to the life passing around them. And one morning I knocked at the door of the gaunt studio, built on the verge of the Atlantic Ocean, where Mr. Cayley Robinson was working eight hours a day.

Let me describe a few of the pictures that I saw in that first impressionistic glance round the walls, a glance telling me that the author of them was one of those inward-looking brooders, seeing things sympathetically in soft neutral shades, who live their own interior life, not minding much whether they live in the twentieth century or the twelfth. The pictures were small, wrought carefully and minutely, recalling the pre-Raphaelite days of Rossetti and Millais, not in the least reflecting the vivid, ever-shifting present of Mancini and Zuloaga. They were grouped temporarily in sections, under such general titles as *Night, Mariners, A Winter Evening, The Little Child Found*.

Under the first section I saw a small drawing of a star-sown sky. Beneath, seated on the ground, silent, motionless, gazing up in rapt and reverent wonder, were three figures clad in Eastern robes, possibly Chaldaeans, expressing that emotion of dumb wonder before the mysterious laws of the universe that unites all the centuries, the last with the first.

In the tempera painting, *Mariners* (p. 240), I saw an old seaman, the personification of those who, from age to age, go down to the sea and conquer her, salt-encrusted, his beard blown by the wind, his keen eyes peering ahead, while he steers the boat with firm hands. He knows the seaman's craft, he typifies ripeness, a life that the world has fashioned into a hardy fearlessness; while the young sailor by his side, a bandage round his head,



"DAMNÉE"

FROM THE PASTEL BY A. P. ROLL
(In the Collection of M. Marnier)

anxiety if not fear in his eyes, personifies youth that has still to learn that dangers are born but to be overcome, and that the nettle of life can best be conquered by grasping it firmly. Close by was a picture representing the idea of labour, three men in heroic attitudes taking in ballast, while a fourth stoops to lift a bale from the ground (p. 241).

Under the section, *A Winter Evening*, my attention, pleased, soothed, wandered from one small subject to another; but the general idea was the light of fading day mingling with firelight in rooms delicately felt, with grave, sweet women pausing in that hour that is made for reflection, or preparing the evening meal for children who are tired and ready for bed. The forms are all peaceful, the lines of the figures unemotional, the furniture and the objects in the rooms all beautiful and austere, without a fleck of modernity. The idea of *The Little Child Found* is implied in the title. In one drawing it is a small Roman child, in another a child found in a London street by a London police-

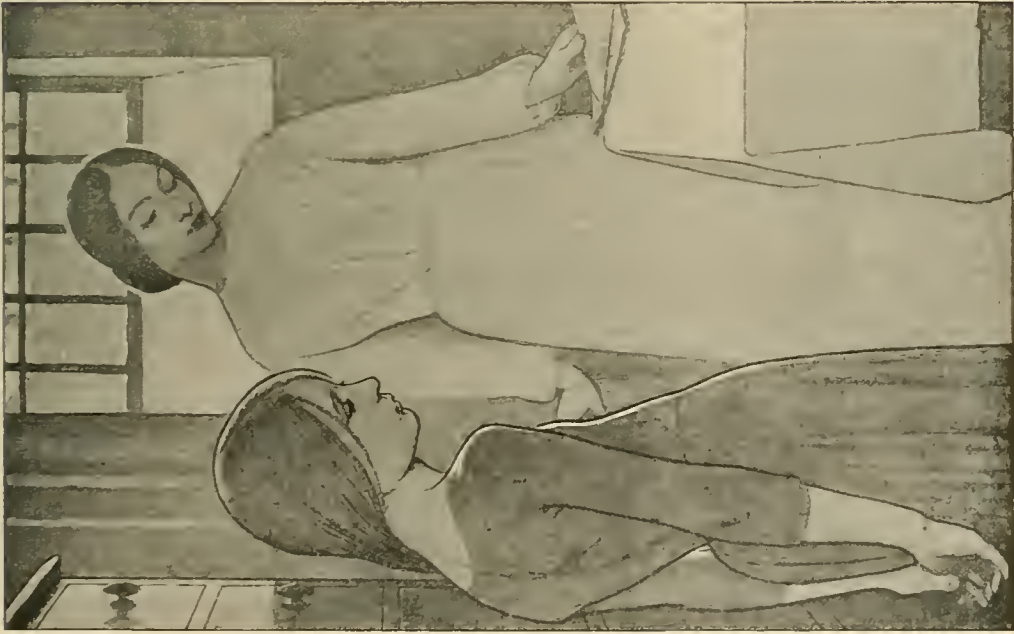
man, but the idea is always the same, a helpless creature lost, found, restored. The past and the present are one to Mr. Cayley Robinson. He sees the simple, elemental motives that move the human heart and mind, motives that are the same in all climes and ages. Wonder, endurance, labour, joy are his themes, and in the picture called *Dawn* (p. 239), formally and archaically beautiful, he suggests the restlessness of man who must ever be moving on to new pastures. They push off in the grey morning from the old dwelling, and as they leave the shores of this Cayley-Robinson land that lies east of the sun, and west of the moon, the lantern lights them over the water.

So it becomes plain that Mr. Cayley Robinson allies painting with literary and ethical ideas. He is not in the least affected by the anathemas that have been hurled at the conjunction. Cloistral, mannered at times, lapsing occasionally into forms that lean to the bizarre, he has the distinction of being entirely himself. His work touches the



"NIGHT"

FROM THE TEMPERA PAINTING BY F. CAYLEY ROBINSON



STUDY FOR "A WINTER EVENING" BY F. CAYLEY ROBINSON



"FATA MORGANA" BY F. CAYLEY ROBINSON

FROM THE OIL-PAINTING:
BY F. CAYLEY ROBINSON

imagination ; it arouses interest ; it expresses a talent that is always striving to relate with the brush man's ethical and emotional contribution to the world that he sees with the inner eye. It is not the business of the critic to say to the artist, "Be this, or that ; do this, or that." The artist, looking, according to his light, on life, gives us news of what he sees through his personality. We do not say to Velasquez, "Be like Frith," or to Frith, "Be like Velasquez." We take the manuscripts they write for us, study the caligraphy, the style, the method, the colour—above all, the news they give—judge, and then receive them, in part or in whole. Life is so large and complex that there is room for all—the optimism of Browning, the loveliness of Keats, the organ notes of Milton, the dreams of the dreamer—sometimes inspired, sometimes half realised—and the fugitive misery of the minor poets.

We are none of us original. The fingers of the

great ones of the past are always stretching dimly out and pressing our brains. All we can expect is that a time may come in our lives when, having passed from the more active influences of the Masters who have formed us, we "find ourselves," and add our spark of originality to the glowing fire. It would be an entertaining exercise to trace the influences that helped to form certain modern artists—say, Whistler, Puvis de Chavannes, Burne-Jones, Watts, and Rodin. In Whistler we trace Velasquez, Manet, and the Japanese ; in Puvis de Chavannes the Luini of Milan, the freshness of Giotto, and the power of Mantegna ; in Burne-Jones we trace Mantegna also, with Botticelli, Carpaccio, and the men who painted, centuries ago, humbly and most earnestly in Northern Europe ; in Watts there is much of Michael Angelo and the Venetian frescoes of Tintoretto ; Rodin has looked so broadly and deeply at the complex life of the day in which he lives that the influences that went



"THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA"

FROM THE TEMPERA PAINTING BY F. CAYLEY ROBINSON



"DAWN"

FROM THE TEMPERA PAINTING BY F. CAYLEY ROBINSON

to his making are hardly apparent. The list might be extended to the present moment, to those symbolistic, inward-brooding artists, young and old, behind whose line, form, design and colour is an ethical or literary intention, sometimes so subtle that it can hardly be called didactic. In this category would be placed Matthew Maris, Max Klinger, possibly Von Uhde, Miss Brickdale, Mr. Byam Shaw, Mrs. Hunter, and Mr. Cayley Robinson.

From some notes written by Mr. Cayley Robinson that are before me it is made plain that Michael Angelo is the god of his idolatry. That, indeed, might have been inferred from his achievement. Michael Angelo to him "seems almost to have surpassed the limitations of the human mind. His works may be compared to the opening lines of the book of Genesis in their immensity." Mr. Robinson also expresses his great indebtedness to Giotto, "the Chaucer of painting, broad-minded, generous, human"; to Mantegna, "saturnine, austere, and grave, fretting under many limitations, passionately

loving and steeping himself in classic art, yet never escaping from the fetters of mediævalism"; to Claude, "whose ruins of an ancient civilisation are seen melting insensibly away from human use and purpose"; to Rodin, "who may be said to have bridged the gulf between Michael Angelo and Donatello"; and to Watts, "whose achievement in the present age fills me with astonishment and gratitude."

The arts of painting and literature, broadly speaking, run their courses through different channels. Velasquez, most of the French romanticists, the French impressionists, many modern men of rare talent, owe nothing to literature. But the exceptions are numerous, and several great painters have been poets and writers of prose and verse as well as artists—Michael Angelo, Mantegna, Leonardo, and in modern times Blake, Turner and Rossetti, to name but three. Artists who have derived inspiration from poetry and fine literature abound. Of course, the inspiration has been abused, and to follow the tributaries of that



"THE NIGHT WATCH" FROM THE TEMPERA PAINTING BY F. CAYLEY ROBINSON

with the majority of artists, who, on the few occasions when they read about the theory or practice of art, prefer the wise, trenchant, epigrammatic and business-like sayings of William Hunt. Mr. Robinson considers that Goethe gives the most valuable advice to artists, and that "The Indenture," Book VII., Chapter IX., of "Wilhelm Meister," contains the essence of Goethe's art teaching.

Mr. Cayley Robinson is a slow worker—exact, sparing himself nothing, and most painstaking. His custom is to draw a design carefully in charcoal and chalk on brown

channel is to be landed in the slough choked up by the third-rate literary pictures that for so many years made certain productions of British painters a synonym for all that is trivial and inartistic. Mr. Cayley Robinson, like Mr. Alfred East and Mr. Albert Goodwin, is among those who use poetry and fine literature as food for the brain, as a stimulant to the æsthetic and emotional faculties. He testifies to the great influence the poetry of Milton and Wordsworth has had upon his art life; but above all he is grateful to Goethe.

In that fealty we have the key to his art work. His motive in painting, as I have said, is half ethical, and may be described as a deep desire to "connect the fore-shadowings, or rather the fore-splendours of the past with the hope of the future." To the ethical art-camp he belongs—not a very popular camp

paper. Most of his pictures are executed in tempera or water-colour, with occasionally an added



"MARINERS"

FROM THE TEMPERA PAINTING BY F. CAYLEY ROBINSON

touch of pastel. Sometimes he will work on a background of plaster, as in the picture called *The Night Watch*, in which the significance and colour of the bare wall is subtly rendered. The pictures that illustrate this article give an adequate representation of his present manner—the manner, I believe, that expresses his true self. Those who wish to make further acquaintance with his achievement should visit Mr. Baillie's gallery in Princes Terrace, Bayswater, where a large number of examples of his pictures and drawings are being exhibited.

His art training was arduous and varied. He does not look back with any great pleasure to the time he spent in the antique rooms of the St. John's Wood schools, or that part of his student days when he drew from casts at the Royal Academy Schools. But there was joy in the three years which dawned when he bought a small sailing-boat, to spend most of the time afloat, observing much and painting little. To this period belong *The Outward Bound* and *Drifting*. Between that time and his departure for Paris, where he worked under Bouguereau and Ferrier, he painted *The*

Ferry, a curious and beautiful picture showing a shepherd and goats gliding down a river in a boat, with tall water-lilies at regular intervals in the foreground, the tops of the flowers reaching the high horizon-line of the picture. Examples of another of his manners are the minutely and lovingly wrought *Beautiful Castle* and *Fata Morgana*.

Here, then, is a painter who subscribes, persistently, persuasively, and patiently to the creed that art is, and must always be, closely allied to ethics. It is a thorny subject, and not till the last man has painted the last picture will the last word be said upon it. Each side has its champions, with favours of a thousand different shades in their bonnets. There is no doubt about Michael Angelo's opinion on this question. One day, at the Church of San Silvester in Rome, he said, "It is not sufficient merely to be a great master in painting and very wise, but I think it is necessary for the painter to be very good in his mode of life, or even, if such were possible, a saint, so that the Holy Spirit may inspire his intellect." C. LEWIS HIND.



"TAKING IN BALLAST"

FROM THE TEMPERA PAINTING
BY F. CAYLEY ROBINSON

It is proposed to inaugurate a summer exhibition in Llandudno, to consist of modern furniture, objects of art, water-colours, oil-paintings, and engravings, and also examples of similar old work. By this means it is hoped that two objects will be achieved. The first, and most important, is that the comparisons to be made in such an exhibition will be of high educational value; and, secondly, that it will successfully pave the way to an annual exhibition which will be looked upon as an additional attraction by visitors to the town. To accomplish this the committee invite offers of exhibits of both modern and old work. The exhibition will take place in June, July, and August, at the Mostyn Art Galleries, and communications may be addressed to the curator, Mr. J. Hanmer Hutchings.

Joaquin Sorolla

JOAQUIN SOROLLA AND SPANISH PAINTING OF TO-DAY. BY LEONARD WILLIAMS.

THE history of modern Spanish painting has yet to be written. The task, one cannot doubt, will prove both onerous and fascinating, for hardly any nation has undergone, within about a hundred years, so radical an artistic change in all directions.

To assert that the art of a country is created because that country calls for its creation, is merely to repeat a truism. The painter, even when he most believes himself to be obeying the single impulse of his personal ambition, is really dominated, if his work has any lasting value, by another and more subtle impulse proceeding from his inmost soul. He is just as much the servant of his country as is the soldier or the justice, the parson or the schoolmaster; for even if on the surface his work is executed for himself—his pocket, or his fame, or both together—yet underneath the surface is it not executed for the great community of which he is a member?

Another yet an always useful truism asseverates that the kind of art demanded of her sons by any

civilised country will be in absolute concord with the needs and characteristics of the national life.

Nevertheless, the demand a country makes for art is not continuous but recurring, and national needs and energies possess, volcano-like, their periods and crises of composure or upheaval. In this respect the situation of both art and letters is identical. Both form the atmosphere enveloping the mountain-top. Now Matthew Arnold has said that in order to produce a great writer two powers must concur, the power of the man and the power of the moment; the power of the first not being enough without the power of the second. "Moment," then, being interchangeable with "upheaval," and "writer" with "artist," it would be better, perhaps, though less euphonious, to state that every moment that has the power produces of necessity the artist that has the power also. Such moments, as a rule, are operative in one land alone, but now and then are almost universal. One instance is more salient than any other. The same upheaval which transfigured France inspired the poets and the painters of the greater part of Europe. In that immense example, the spark of wondrous fellow-feeling enkindled by the



"AT SEA"

FROM THE OIL-PAINTING BY JOAQUIN SOROLLA



"SEWING THE SAIL"

FROM THE OIL-PAINTING BY JOAQUIN SOROLLA

sufferings of a single people flashed over frontier after frontier, and found, in many lands at once, the moment and the man.

The painter, then, being not the cause but the effect, his noblest privilege is to portray the people or the things that are. He cannot speculate or look ahead. He may, indeed, look back into the past; but always in the spirit of the antiquary, which teaches next to nothing. Beyond all doubt, his proper mission is to look about him. The dramatist's privilege is just the same. In fact, a singular resemblance may readily be established between painting and the drama. Both appeal preeminently to the sense of sight. Both, in their most precious manifestations, portray humanity as it is, not as it was, or as it ought to be, or will be. The drama of history, because of its treatment of a dead society, is not the most instructive kind of drama; nor, for precisely the same reason, is the painting of history the most instructive kind of painting. Of course it will be objected that Shakespeare's greatest dramas are historical. Only in name, only in outward show. Indeed, the more historical they are the less acceptance they have won. We only

incidentally recall that the most popular of his characters is a son of Denmark; and while there is no gainsaying that "Hamlet," "King Lear," and "Macbeth" are built on something of an historical soil, as soon as we begin to climb those gorgeous flights of truth and passion common to us all does it ever occur to us to retrace our steps and peer into the basement? No. We contemplate the portrait of ourselves, sublimely drawn. The torments of an indecisive nature, such as nineteen-twentieths of us possess, do more to rivet our sympathy than all the frailties of a definite or indefinite Danish prince. In Cordelia we simply recognise the tender charm of every filial love, and in Macbeth the stormy and by far too usual dangers of ambition.

The "moments" of Spanish painting are six in number. The first, coeval with the gloomy struggles of a race almost perpetually at war, is the fanatical, developing, when once the Arab is driven overseas, into the vigorous and fecund realism whose champion of champions is Velásquez. Yet even this must perish. The ceremonious Hapsburg dynasty, peculiarly Castilian in its customs

Joaquin Sorolla



"THE BATH"

FROM THE OIL-PAINTING
BY JOAQUIN SOROLLA

without resistance the pert eclecticism of Versailles. For close upon a century she is content to ape the manners of her neighbours, and then the realism which is the dominant attribute of her painting as a whole asserts itself afresh in Goya. He, however, is at the time its only representative, albeit a great one. Later on his influence reappears: but at his death his countrymen, embroiled in civil wars and other trouble, are too distracted to attend to art. As soon as matters settle down, the noble though extravagant impulse generated partly by the French Revolution and partly by the War of Spanish Independence, produces the painter of history—Casado del Alisal, Rosales, Pradilla. He, in his turn, surrenders to a very powerful and vital "moment," the realism of this present day, whose most gifted and triumphant leader is Joaquin Sorolla.

The son of humble parents, and born at Valencia in 1862, Sorolla was left an orphan in early childhood and adopted by his uncle, Don José Piqueres. Señor Piqueres, a locksmith, would doubtless have brought him up to his own trade, but finding that his nephew's one delight was scribbling pictures in his lesson books, he wisely packed him off to the drawing classes at the school for artisans, and subsequently to the Valencia

and traditions, is superseded by a foreigner, and Spain, exhausted by prolonged misrule, accepts



"THE BEACH OF VALENCIA"

FROM THE OIL-PAINTING BY JOAQUIN SOROLLA



"MOTHER"

FROM THE OIL-PAINTING BY JOAQUIN SOROLLA

Fine Arts Academy. At a local exhibition held in 1883, the young artist was represented by a *Study of a Head* and two *Studies from the Nude*, precocious efforts which attracted general remark.

A year later he sent to the National Exhibition at Madrid his first important painting, *The Second of May, 1808*, the subject being the resistance offered by the Spaniards under Lieutenants Daoiz and Velarde to the French forces. Obeying the exigencies of the historical "moment" of Spanish art, this picture merely seeks to reproduce a dead and vanished incident, and in this respect is neither better nor worse than most historical paintings of a bellicose description. No painting of this scope convinces anybody; for as Dickens has insisted in an eloquent passage, the effects of fighting are, like its causes, transient: and Ballantyne re-echoes the same truth in sweet and simple verses:—

"We travelled in the print of olden wars,
Vet all the land was green;
And love and peace we found
Where fire and war had been.
They pass and smile, the children of the sword;
No more the sword they wield,
And, oh, how deep the corn
Along the battlefield!"

So that this early effort of Sorolla's is morally unreal. It, furthermore, contains a number of those technical faults which well-spent time and well-directed practice seldom fail to conquer. The postures, worthy of the fictitious sentiments they make believe to embody, are violent and forced, while the close facial resemblance between the principal characters shows at a glance that all of them were painted from a single model. The colouring is less imperfect.

Still, it was equally as obvious that Sorolla possessed unusual capability, and the Provincial Deputation of his native city lost no time in pensioning him at Rome. Here he studied for a short while only, then proceeding to Paris; but returning after a few months to Italy, he fixed his residence, on the latter occasion, at Assisi. Throughout his sojourn in foreign parts, his work, such as *The Boulevard* and *The Burial of Christ*, painted in Paris and Rome respectively, is generally trite and timid, and it is not until 1892, when he had long been back in Spain, that we begin to find Sorolla's true artistic personality emerging from the moribund mass of Roman prejudices. In this year he sent to Chicago



"SEGOVIANS"

BY JOAQUIN SOROLLA

Another Marguerite, and the applause it merited in every quarter encouraged him to trust in future to his innermost convictions. He helped, in fact, to seize the spirit of the newly-dawning realistic "moment," which is still supreme in almost every part of Europe.

Henceforth his work is always based upon the life he sees and feels around him, though preferably upon the life of the labouring classes, as being more recent, more spontaneous, more in harmony with the exigencies of this busy age, which lives by toil alone. And since Sorolla has few rivals in his rendering of sunshine and abundant warmth of colour, nowhere has he discovered a more prolific or congenial source of inspiration than in the teeming southern sea-marge that he knows and loves so well—among the fishers and their wives and babies, their cattle and their boats. And while he excels in portraiture and landscape, the origin of his grandest work of all is ever in the myriad-hued and myriad-passioned *playas* of Valencia.

We must, however, recall the influence exercised upon Sorolla by other painters, bearing in mind

that in regard to so pronounced a personality as his, the least idea of imitation must at once be set aside; for imitation, as applied to painting, has only a single sense, and that a base one. The imitator of another's art repudiates his own identity; he is, in fact, a "man" without the corresponding "moment," and therefore of no value. His country does not need him; neither does his age. They have not chosen him; they have not even called him. But the "imitator" who copies from enthusiasm, and whose privilege and command it is to deliver a precious message full of weighty and immediate meaning, requires another and a nobler term; and none, it seems to me, is more exact or opportune than "sympathiser."

In this sense Sorolla has "copied" much. So prominent a chieftain of the realistic "moment" as Bastien Lepage was bound to impress him very deeply, while other painters whose spirit is observable in most of his work are Velázquez, Goya, and Jiménez Aranda.

Apart from this, he always turns to nature for his model. Even for the imperfect and in some respects conventional *Second of May*, he improvised

Joaquin Sorolla

his studio in the open bull-ring of his native city. *Another Marguerite* was painted in the Grao, and the studio was just the third-class railway carriage represented. "A studio proper," he declares, "is after all, except perhaps in certain kinds of portraiture, an artifice, a lie; I hate to have to work in it." Throughout the winter, which he always passes in Madrid, he hankers to be back upon the beach at Javea or Valencia. He has described to me, with almost childish satisfaction, how natural and un-studiolike was the genesis of *A Sad Inheritance*, which won for him the Grand Prix and the Legion of Honour. "One day," he says, "I was in the midst of one of my Valencian fisher-studies when I descried, a long way off, a number of naked children in and near the sea, and, tending them, the stalwart figure of a solitary priest. It seems they were the inmates of the Hospital of San Juan de Dios, the sorriest refuse of society; the blind, the mad, the crippled, and the leprous. I cannot tell you how it all impressed me, so much

so that I lost no time in securing from the hospital authorities permission to get to work upon the spot, and there and then, beside the water's edge, produced my picture.

Consider for a moment the intense and yet spontaneous and unstudied melancholy of this terrible masterpiece. The steel-blue sea, cruelly hard in colour and consistence, appears, about this unfrequented portion of the Malvarosa Beach, to wear an isolated and accursed aspect. The just domain of those misshapen outcasts, it seems to echo back society's scorn, and scowl into their faces. Consider, too, the sombre and majestically mournful habit of the priest, and that imperious gesture of protection, only to be compared, I think, with the arm of Millet's *Sower* for god-like grace and grandeur. And, more than anything, consider those piteous little forms, so delicate, so suffering, and so wicked! It is a blind boy who is sheltered by the father. Two cripples guide another to that tower-like refuge also, and a crazy urchin



"AN EXPERIMENT"

FROM THE PAINTING BY JOAQUIN SOROLLA

Joaquin Sorolla

contemplates the pitiless sand. Let us leave them. *The rest is silence.*

As to his technique, the vigour of Sorolla's workmanship might lead the uninitiated to imagine him as painting with a bold and sweeping brush. His strokes, however, though inconceivably firm, are rather fine and frequent. His palette is a simple one, consisting only of some half-a-dozen colours. His sense of light and shade is marvellously keen, and yet, curiously enough, he rarely uses black or white in any great degree of pureness. The latent luminosity of shadow demands, according to Sorolla, the use of colour which is warm as well as dark; the latent opacity of light, of colour which is warm as well as luminous. This doctrine is undoubtedly a source of strength. One day I told him that in *Cosiendo la Vela* I could discover no trace of absolute white; and that the sail which seems to dazzle the observer's eye is quite a strongish yellow. He turned upon me with a rapid question. "But have you ever, in Nature, seen an absolute white?" I ventured to suggest a cottage-wall newly whitewashed. "Not in the least," he cried; "that wall contains a thousand colours."

Of course, in power of conviction his work immeasurably outstrips his argument. He is, however, a sensible critic, and defends his tenets

with much spirit and persistence. Another of his unshakable beliefs is in the power of inanimate objects. In this he is a realist among all realists. I never heard of so acute a passion for what may be described as the vitality of things. Not long ago the Spanish critic, Francisco Giner, regarding one of Sorolla's landscapes, was prompted to remark that things and people possess an equal value. This maxim Sorolla himself had practically anticipated by many years.

With all his enthusiasm for the best of French art, he often deprecates the lamentable ideas respecting Spain so prevalent with the countrymen of Merimée and Gautier. A capital story is told occasionally in his studio, although on hearing it Sorolla's visitors are wont to laugh a better laugh than he. I think it rather shocks him. Eight years ago a friend of his and mine, a young Spanish painter resident in Paris, was invited by a French family of good position to pass the evening with them. His hostess greeted him effusively. "How good of you," she cried; "but, oh, I wish you had come in your costume!"

There are, indeed, a few painters, born in Spain though better known beside the Seine than beside the Manzanares, who are not ashamed to pander to these singular French hallucinations and paint a Spanish scene to suit the French demand, even



"SCALDING THE GRAPE"

FROM THE PAINTING BY JOAQUIN SOROLLA



"A VALENCIAN FISHER LASS"

BY JOAQUÍN SOROLLA

to the most preposterous. Their practice reminds me of the fans (made in France and sold in every Spanish city to the unsuspecting tourist) portraying, in the wildest terms, the multifold incidents of a *corrida*. Of course these pictures and these fans are duly bought and gloried in, so who is to complain? Still, it seems a pity that any faithful study of modern Spanish life is prone, on traversing the Pyrenees, to be derided as untrue. The subject of this article has told me that even the best of the Parisian critiques upon his work wound up as follows: "Señor Sorolla is a good painter, a very good painter; but why does he not paint Spanish scenes?"

"What do they want?" he queries plaintively. "Am I to perpetrate for them a modern Spanish gentleman in a cheese-shaped hat and fringed leggings; or a Spanish duchess hanging from a bull-fighter's neck? I can assure you that I do but paint my country as she is; my countrymen as they are."

Time will bring him juster treatment. He can afford to wait. Sorolla is only just upon the verge of forty, and looks the very pink of health and strength. Apart from his huge artistic powers, he has a high ideal, unflagging industry, unflinching resolution. He reads aright the needs of Spain. "Hang up the musket or the Mauser, and take in hand your sickle or your spade." Such is the message with which she thrills her children's ears,

and in Sorolla's work it echoes also. See how he worships light and colour: not as dead, convenient masses, but as symbolizing life—life the Supreme, the Actual, the Unavoidable; the life that pulses within the myriad-coloured earth, furrowed by innumerable bread-winners; the life that pervades alike the sapphire waters of the south, and the emerald or gray-green billows of the sad Cantabrian shore; the valleys of Asturias, or the Valencian orchard-wall, a natural, a *living* vermilion that throbs with terrible intensity against the glossy foliage: the life that pervades everything and every-

body;—the fishermen's hats, yellow as nodding buttercups, the proudly swelling sail, the fluttering skirts and kerchiefs of the women, the oxen, dun or red, who beach the boats with simple majesty, the gleaming skins of the naked urchins splashing in the living foam.

Such is the message that this Spanish painter hears and truthfully echoes.

LEONARD WILLIAMS.

STUDIO-TALK.

(From our Own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—The exhibition of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers was an excellent display of sound and well-treated work, without any sensational features, but thoroughly interesting to all students of the etcher's art. The most memorable contributions were the *Assisi, October Evening*, by Mr. Axel Herman Haig; Mr. E. W. Charlton's shipping subjects, *Sisters* and *From River to Sea*; the *Coup de Vent* and *Repos au Bord de la Rivière*, by M. Legros; Sir Charles Holroyd's series of plates of landscape, architectural, and figure subjects; M. Helleu's dainty studies; M. Chahine's *Portrait de Mme. Louise France*; Mr. C. W. Sherborn's book-plates; and the vigorous etchings, notable for their fine decorative qualities, by Mr. Alfred East and Mr. Frank Brangwyn. There were good things also from Miss Nichols, Miss Sloane, Miss Bolingbroke

Mr. W. L. Wyllie, and Mr. R. W. Macbeth. A small series of engravings by Mantegna was included in the show.

To a great many collectors the gathering of English and foreign pewter plate, which has recently been on view in the Hall of Clifford's Inn, must have been particularly interesting. It included a great many important pieces, and illustrated with reasonable completeness the multiplicity of uses to which pewter was put in bygone days. It proved, moreover, what an excellent appreciation of the genius of the material was possessed by the English pewterers, and how well they understood the purposes to which it could be most suitably applied. The dignity and repose of the English work, its quiet strength and honesty of design, compared effectively with the over-elaboration and over ornamentation of the German and Austrian specimens. To modern workers, the lessons afforded by the exhibition should be of much value; it certainly showed, in an indisputable manner, what an obligation there is upon the designer to consider the character of the material with which he has to deal, and how much his reputation for correct taste depends upon the way in which he fulfils this obligation.

At the Holland Fine Art Gallery Mr. Charles Gruppe recently held an exhibition of oil paintings done in Holland. Mr. Gruppe is an American, but his work receives its impulse from modern Dutch art. We reproduce four of his works here. They display breadth of treatment and of colour, and there is a sense of the open air to be felt in all of them. His pictures are well filled, and he possesses the knowledge which enables him to bring the winding canals and flat country into range upon



"THE OLD CANAL."

BY CHARLES GRUPPE

his canvas. The human interest in his landscapes is not absent, and here and there we find animals rendered with great fidelity. Mr. Gruppe does not confine himself to one type of landscape; but he is at his best where the brown sails upon the canals and the wings of windmills against the sky call forth the skill with which he saves the long distances of Holland from any appearance of monotony. This feeling for distance is in evidence in his best works; but where intricate detail meets him in the foreground it is handled with considerable skill, as in our illustration, where the boats are drawn up beside the water, and the masts, alternating with the trunks of the trees, screen the canal side houses. To paint this so that everything explains itself, and to avoid in the picture any unpleasant sensation of confusion, is in itself an achievement making the greatest demand upon the resources of an artist.

We give illustrations on page 252 of some ecclesiastical metal-work by Mr. Dendy Wray and Mr. S. J. B. Stanton.

Messrs. Agnew's annual water-colour exhibition is chiefly memorable this year on account of the excellent representations it provides of the work of Turner, De Wint, and David Cox. The various phases of the practice of each master can be adequately studied in a long series of drawings, and their intimate understanding of the essentials of their craft can be perfectly appreciated. Besides the examples of their achievement, the exhibition contains many things that show at their best such men as W. Hunt, Fred Walker, W. Muller, Thomas Collier, Copley

Fielding, Henry Moore, Mr. J. W. North, Sir E. J. Poynter, Mr. R. W. Macbeth, Mr. W. L. Wyllie, and Mr. Briton Riviere. It serves, in fact, as a



"THE MILL"

BY CHARLES GRUPPE



"GOSSIP"

BY CHARLES GRUPPE

kind of brief history of the English water-colour school, and as such it must be commended.

M. Fantin-Latour, famous as one of the greatest painters of flowers and still life whom any school has



MEMORIAL TABLET IN BRONZE WITH ENAMELS
DESIGNED BY S. J. B. STANTON
EXECUTED BY MESSRS. BLUNT AND WRAY

produced, is little less worthy of consideration as an imaginative draughtsman. The collection of his lithographs, which has recently been on view at the



BEATEN COPPER
ALMS DISH

DESIGNED BY DENDY WRAY
EXECUTED BY MESSRS.
BLUNT AND WRAY

Dutch Gallery, was quite fascinating as an illustration of his power to use a comparatively unfamiliar medium for the expression of poetic ideas. Among the artists who have worked in lithography there are few who rival him in understanding of its resources or in knowledge of its possibilities as a means of realising fine pictorial motives. His success, however, is due at least as much to the completeness of his general artistic equipment as to his mechanical skill.

Mr. Albert Goodwin's water-colours, at Mr. Dunthorne's Gallery, give a particularly good idea

of his wideness of range and his command over technical refinements. The bulk of the collection consists of those delightfully poetic transcriptions of Nature which he has accustomed us to expect from him; and in these his rare imaginative powers and his exquisite control over subtleties of tone and colour are displayed to the very best advantage. But, besides, he is showing some sketches which are fascinating in their strength and in their vivid rendering of picturesque facts. Among others, the *Dartmoor* and the charming blue-and-purple note



BRONZE ALTAR ORNAMENTS

DESIGNED BY DENDY WRAY
EXECUTED BY MESSRS. BLUNT AND WRAY

Lugano claim special attention: they have qualities of an exceptional kind.

Mr. E. T. Reed's black-and-white drawings of *Punch in Parliament* make a most attractive show at the Leicester Galleries. He is, at the same time, so kindly and genial an humorist, and such an excellent technician, that his work may be taken as a model of what political caricature should be. He is never spiteful, never unkind, even to the people whom he travesties most persistently; and he never forgets, even in his wildest flights, that there is on him as an artist an obligation to carry out his work with consistent completeness. In his representations of political personages, in his amusing illustrations of "Unrecorded History," his comic "Animal Land" drawings, his "Prehistoric Peeps," and in the



"DON QUIXOTE: THE FINAL FROLIC"
(See *Liverpool Studio-Talk*)

BY C. W. SHARPE

other equally acceptable performances which are to be found in the gallery, the high level of his skill is wonderfully maintained, and there is no trace to be perceived of carelessness, either in design or execution.



MODELLED PANEL

(See *Liverpool Studio-Talk*)

BY B. VIOLET BRUNTON

Two recent exhibitions of drawings in pastel deserve mention. One, of landscapes, portraits, and figure-subjects, by Mr. Alfred Hitchens, which was held at the Walker Gallery in New Bond Street, was a pleasant show of unaffected work, sound in technical qualities, sincere in intention, and distinguished by more than ordinary merits of draughtsmanship and colour management. The other, of sketches in the Engadine, by Mr. Adolph Birkenruth, was notable for its unconventionality and freshness of atmosphere. The artist uses pastel well, with freedom and decision; and, though at times he has a tendency to pitch his drawings somewhat too low in tone, he can be praised as an agreeable colourist.

Mr. Walter Tyndale's exhibition of *Flower and Fruit Stalls* drawings at Messrs. Dowdeswell's gallery is very instructive, as a proof of the results which an able artist can attain with comparatively unimportant material. Such subjects as he has chosen are not at first sight pictorially promising; but he possesses such a thorough sense of the picturesque, so much quickness of insight, and so true an eye for refinements of



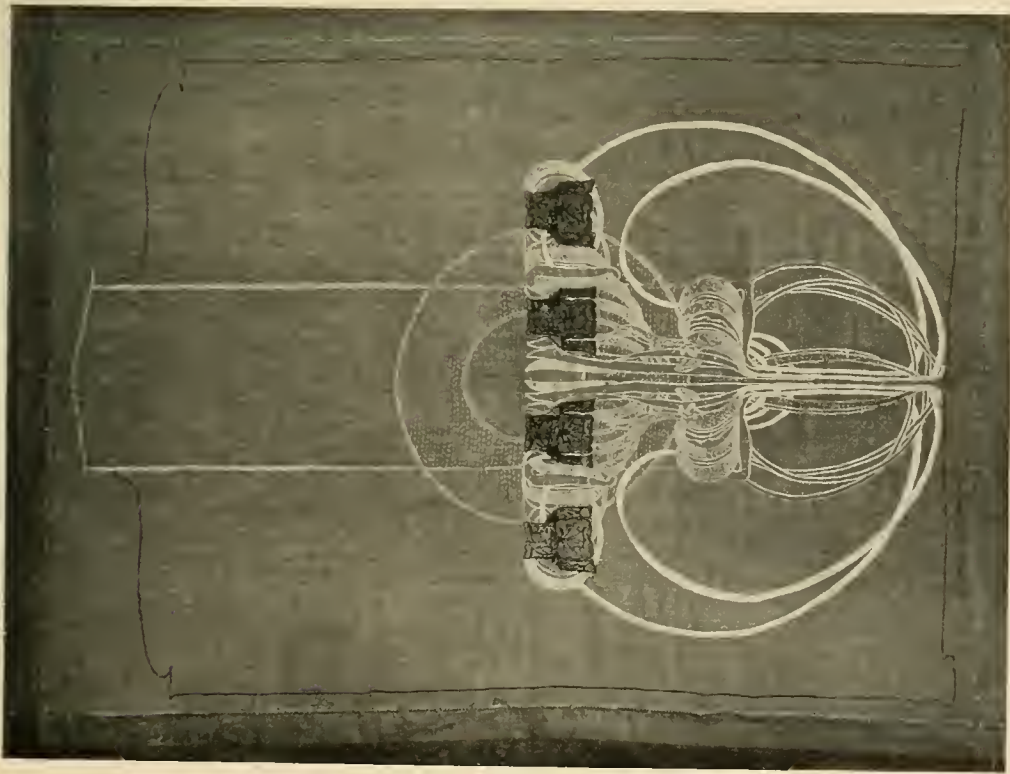
DECORATIVE TREATMENT OF
BUST FROM THE LIFE BY VIOLET BRUNTON
(See *Liverpool Studio-Talk*)



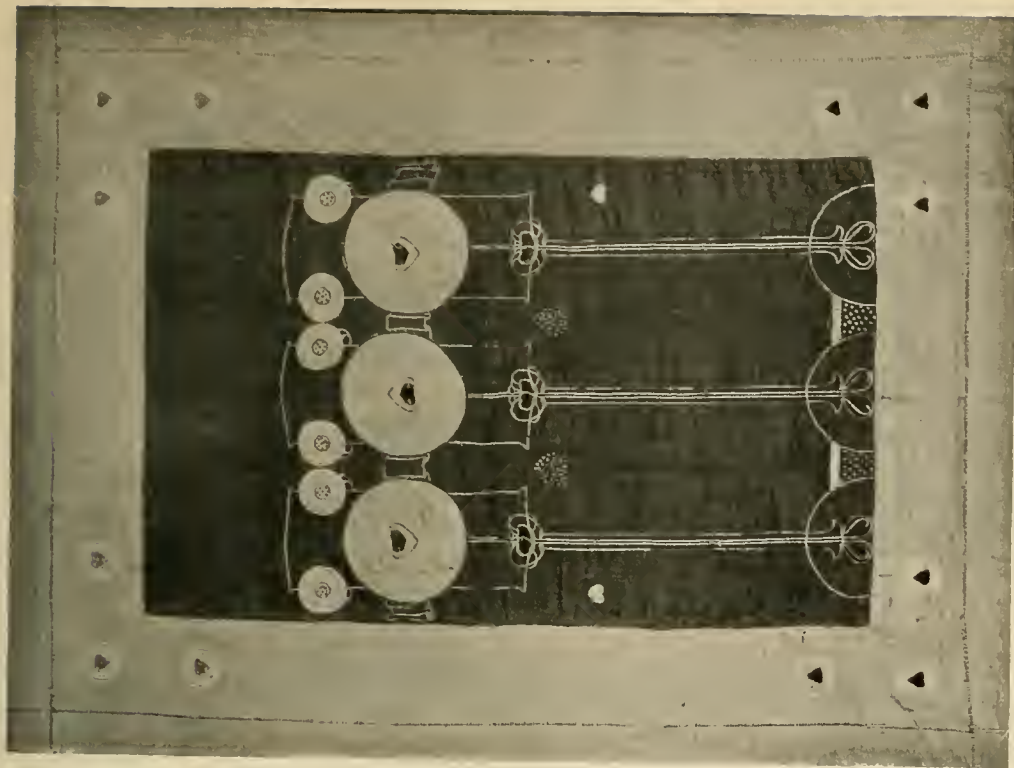
MODELLED DESIGN BY C. W. SHARP
(See *Liverpool Studio-Talk*)

colour, that he is able to turn what are apparently trivialities into artistic things of considerable value. His drawings, indeed, have qualities which can be sincerely praised. They are brilliant in handling, very cleverly arranged, and elaborately finished without excess of labour, and they have an air of spontaneity which makes them extremely persuasive.

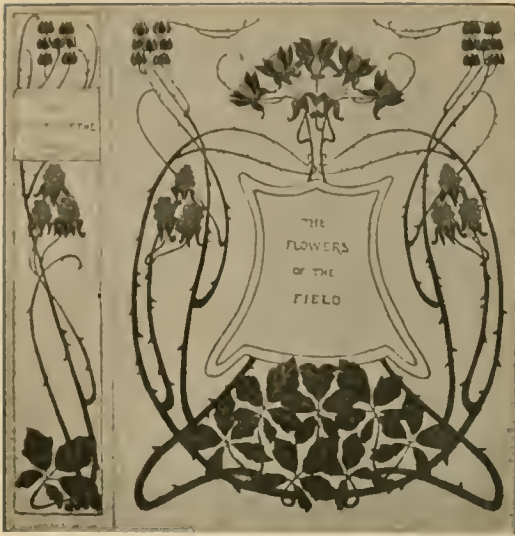
Some works by lady artists have been on view at the Woodbury Gallery, and at Mr. McQueen's Gallery in the Haymarket. For the first exhibition, Miss Biddy Macdonald and Miss A. Colthurst were responsible—the former showed some effective landscapes, and the latter some capable sketches and two or three clever notes of atmospheric effects. The second show included a series of very well treated etchings and some bright and freshly painted water-colours by Miss Margaret Kemp-Welch, and a number of



255- EMBROIDERED COT COVER
BY FRANCES JONES
(See *Liverpool Studio-Talk*)



EMBROIDERED COT COVER
BY FRANCES JONES
(See *Liverpool Studio-Talk*)

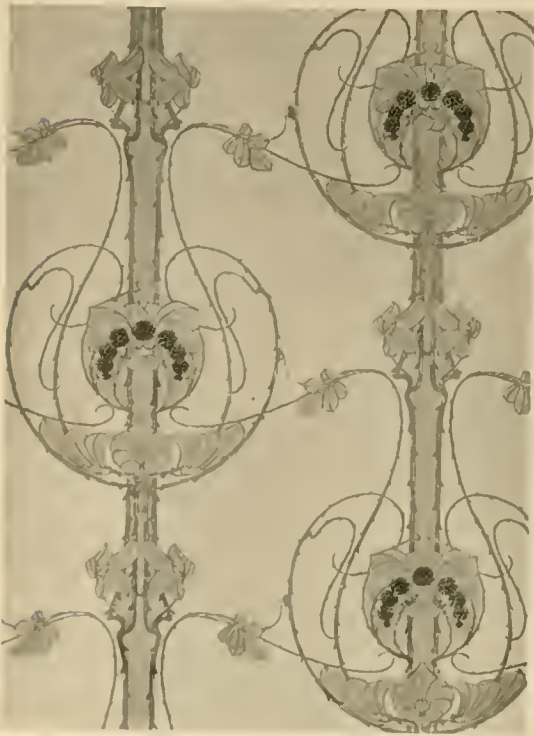


DESIGN FOR BOOKCOVER

BY FANNY PICKERING

water-colours by Miss Blanche Baker, which can be praised as tender and suggestive records of judiciously selected landscape subjects.

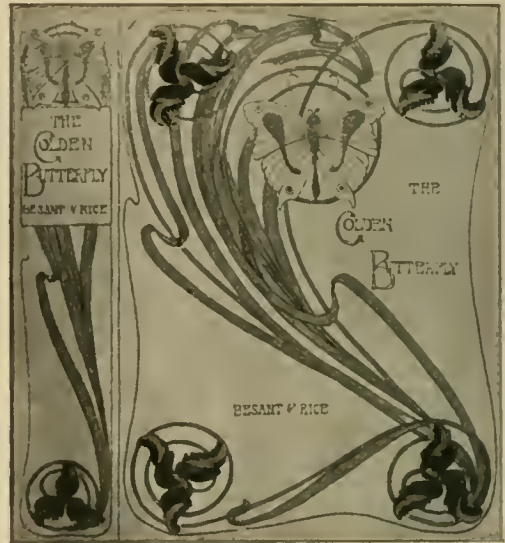
The Dudley Gallery Art Society's Exhibition,



DESIGN FOR PRINTED HANGING

BY ARTHUR B. WALLER

though as usual a little over-weighted with amateur work, contained some drawings of unquestionable merit. The best things were Miss M. Bernard's landscape *On the Moor, near Wimborne*, and *Hayle, from Lelant Station, Cornwall*; Mrs. R. Hake's *Roslyn Chapel, North Porch*; Mr. D. Green's *Blowing Fresh*; Miss A. J. Rudd's *Blakeney, Norfolk*; *Dartmoor*, by Mr. E. F. Wells, and the vigorous and well characterised *Portrait of Mr. Walter Severn*, by Mr. Ivan Lindhé. This portrait was in many ways the most accomplished drawing in the show.



DESIGN FOR BOOKCOVER

BY FANNY PICKERING

LIVERPOOL.—In the exhibition of the Liverpool School of Art students' work for last year there is evidence that the usual high standard in figure-drawing is well maintained, and the influence of this is perceivable in each branch of design. The studies from life by Constance Read, Gilbert Rogers, Charles Sharpe, Albert Dodd, John Berrie, and Charles Howarth, are particularly good in quality. The design and execution of embroidery has become a leading feature in this school, and amongst some fine examples is Helena Shaw's *portière* in a beautiful colour-scheme of yellows and browns. Several excellent cot covers, some in silk upon linen, and some in embroidered appliqué, are worked by Frances Jones; and her embroidered linen teacloth is also a very satisfactory performance.



DESIGN FOR BOOKCOVER BY FANNY PICKERING

work of this school will also be represented there, including modelled and stencilled figure decoration by Annie McLeish and Margaret Lloyd, and drawings and paintings from life by Gilbert Rogers and Charles Sharpe. The latter is showing here a well-rendered decorative panel based upon an incident in "Don Quixote."

A very interesting section is that of colour printing and etching; it includes M. E. Kershaw's very individual etchings of animals. The technique, especially in a dry-point study of a flock of sheep, is direct, and shows great appreciation of line. Ethel Stewart's stencilled colour prints are quaint decorative compositions of street scenes of a very interesting character. In modelling, creditable and distinctive work is shown by Charles Sharpe, Violet Brunton, Constance Read, Charles Haworth, and Olivia Rawlins. A group of studies of drapery

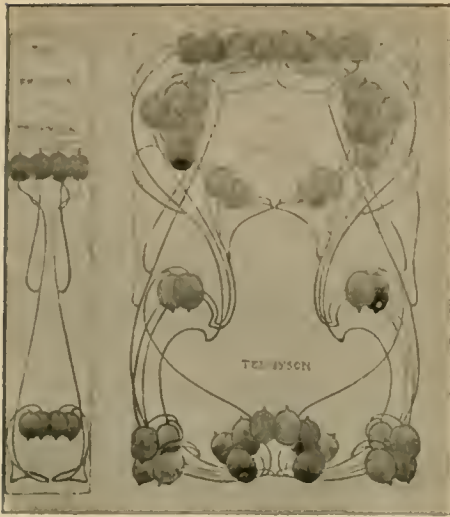
Three panels for a screen by Florence Laverock, representing *March Winds*, *April Showers*, and *May Flowers*, are effectively worked in appliqué embroidery with somewhat unconventional though entirely tasteful and ingenious use of the materials. There is also a well-designed and carefully executed embroidered panel in a fire-screen by Mabel Buchanan. One cannot fail to appreciate Miss Laverock's designs for decorating a "Lewis Carrol" school-room by dado panels, with spiritedly drawn sea-shore life suggested by "Alice in Wonderland." Other "Lewis Carrol" panels are well rendered by Constance Read and Dulce Dickinson. Margaret Lloyd's stencilled fan-covers are admirable in drawing, but seem just a little overloaded with detail, which might well be simplified. Her designs of historic costume for stencilled decoration have been selected by the Board of Education for representation at the British Educational Section at the St. Louis International Exhibition. A variety of other



APPLIQUÉ EMBROIDERY PANELS



BY FLORENCE LAVEROCK



DESIGN FOR BOOKCOVER BY FANNY PICKERING

forms an important part of the modelling section. Good examples of this class are displayed by Violet Brunton and Margery Doggett. Violet Brunton is especially strong in modelling, and as her scholarship requires her to study in London her absence from Liverpool will be felt as a loss to

the school. Katie Fisher has modelled panels of figure subjects in relief of the type found in the school of Donatello: and one of the most characteristic designs, with figures in high relief, is the subject of *Harvest*, for a drum of the base of a column, done by Charles Sharpe.

A very successful piece of craftsmanship, recently exhibited at Messrs. Waring's, is an overmantel of beaten copper-work by Mr. R. P. Roberts, with painted low-relief "Della Robbia" panels, designed and executed by Miss C. A. Walker. A dignified effect is gained by the projection on the front of the mantel of two boldly-hammered copper buttresses, which have a graceful curve of line from whatever point of view they are seen; while they serve also to cover the riveting together of the three separate sheets of copper. The painted panels are modelled on a surface sunk about one inch below the margins, and are set at the back of the cut-out copper frame. The bluish-green prevailing in the panels and the deep rich brown of the copper, produce a very happy combination of colour. Miss Walker's design for a wall fountain, executed in "Della Robbia" ware, was illustrated in a previous number of *THE STUDIO*. H. B. B.



KEREDOS IN PARK CHURCH, GLASGOW

BY R. ANNING BELL



COLOURED RELIEFS



BY R. ANNING BELL

GLASGOW.—We give illustrations of some coloured reliefs recently designed by Mr. R. Anning Bell for the Park Church, in this city. The figures have been carried out in fired pottery clay, and are gilded and coloured.

E. J.

EDINBURGH.—It was the good fortune—and the good taste—of the Royal Scottish Academy to recognise Whistler's pre-eminence as an artist in his life-time by electing him an honorary member, and now that he is dead that body pays a further tribute to his genius by making a collection of his works the feature of its present exhibition. Between fifty and sixty pieces, not all equally fine, but all interesting and including some of his most perfect

achievements, represent his methods and ideals in oil-paint, water-colour, pastel, etching and lithography, and, ranging in date from *The Golden Screen* (1864) and the *Old Battersea Bridge* to some of his latest works, present an admirable opportunity for arriving at an understanding of his unique gifts. This, however, is not the place in which to attempt an estimate of that exquisite artist, and, having indicated the extent and representative character of the Whistlers brought together "In Memoriam," we may turn to the work of Scottish artists, for it is upon their efforts that the vitality of the Academy as a living organism must ultimately depend.

As is usual, the chief strength of the exhibition lies in portraiture and landscape, and on this



COLOURED RELIEF
BY R. ANNING BELL

occasion, perhaps, more in the latter, for Mr. Wingate is at his best in the three pictures he sends, a large sunset landscape with a wonderful glowing sky, a most charming spring scene, and an exquisite little evening elegy ; and Mr. McTaggart's one, *Carrington Mill*, if not quite on his very highest plane, is a rendering of light and colour such as he alone can achieve. Mr. A. K. Brown also in a *Winter Sunset* touches a chord of true and tender emotion, and Mr. Campbell Noble, Mr. Robert Noble, and other members are happily represented. Moreover, several outsiders show admirable work. Mr. D. V. Cameron sends two

scenes in French cities which, if over-mannered in colour, possess a distinction of mood and style which would make them conspicuous anywhere and in any company ; Mr. Campbell Mitchell has several beautiful landscapes marked by fine feeling, colour and craftsmanship ; and, in two reeded riversides, Mr. W. M. Fraser shows a decision which seems to indicate that he has at last escaped from a certain vagueness which militated against success previously. Amongst the portraits, Sir James Guthrie's are notable for intellectual quality and artistic seriousness, and, although their flesh-tones incline to be too low, for the fine way in which character is translated into pictorial terms. Somewhat similar qualities give distinction to a man's portrait by Mr. E. A. Walton ; but Mr. Lavery's *Madame la Baronne de H.*, although marked by fine passages, is too *chic* and too empty to be very satisfying. With Sir George Reid, on the other hand, while his technique is trenchant and, in its own way, masterly, character takes the first place. His *Principal Hutton* is a fine performance, and ranks amongst his ablest works. Excellent characterisation and admirable drawing and handling are combined in Mr. Robert Gibb's two portraits ; and Mr. Lorimer, Mr. Kerr, Mr. Brough, and Mr. John Bowie are all well represented. If the last could add some degree of subtlety to his too evident strength his portraiture would gain greatly. Mr. Hugh Cameron has a characteristic shore-piece with children, but a portrait of two curly-headed children, painted a number of years ago, is more interesting pictorially and it is handled in a sounder and more virile manner. A study of a girl wearing a garden hat, the head thrown against an out-of-doors background, is fragrant with that delightful appreciation of budding beauty and that refined feeling for his medium which always mark Mr. Roche's finer things ; and Mr. George Henry's picture of a girl seated on an old-fashioned sofa, beside which a bowl of gold fish stands on a table, unites beauty of tone and colour with a fineness of sentiment and a delicacy of modelling too rare in this accomplished artist's work. Of the subject pictures mention can only be made of several country idylls by Mr. MacGeorge ; of Mr. C. H. Mackie's *Noel*, a winter landscape of fine quality with figures of some importance excellently introduced ; of a decorative and interesting, although not quite satisfactory, essay, *Music*, a Giorgione-like rural concert, by Mr. Robert Burns ; of Miss Cameron's boldly and ably painted, but rather loosely designed and related, *Before the Bull Fight* ; and of a



COLOURED RELIEF

BY R. ANNING BELL

highly commendable, if not completely successful, combat of stags, an oil-picture on a large scale by Mr. Edwin Alexander, whose water-colour *A Wasps' Nest* is quite delightful in the delicacy, precision and style of its drawing and the subtle charm of its subdued colour. In the water-colour room, however, Mr. Arthur Melville's *Garnet-sails*, a brilliant yet lovely drawing of boats lying beside the Rialto Bridge, is perhaps the most remarkable performance. Mr. Cadenhead, Mr. Whitelaw Hamilton, Mr. W. V. MacGregor, Mr. R. B. Nisbet, Mr. Skeoch Cumming, Miss Ross, and Miss Paterson, who recently held a charming show of her own, are also seen to advantage. Apart from an exquisite little bronze, *Frère et Sœur*, by M. Rodin, and two animal studies by Mr. Swan, there is, perhaps, nothing of outstanding quality amongst the sculpture; but Miss Morag Burn-Murdoch shows a charming bust, admirable in pose and in the way in which the marble is hewn, and Mr. James L. Nicoll sends the group of *Hagar and Ishmael*, which won the Stuart prize and is really a most creditable and promising piece of work for so young a man.

J. L. C.

PARIS. — The Society known as "Les Arts Réunis" has just celebrated its fourth anniversary at Georges Petit's gallery by a very attractive exhibition, including sculpture, paintings, and objects of art. Among the paintings one remarks at once the scenes in the neighbourhood of Dordrecht, by Bellanger Adhémar, the riverside views by M. Dambeza, and the *spirituel* little notations by M. Devambez, which reveal the charming qualities of the real colourist. But I am particularly attracted by the *Young Sailor* of M. Guinier, which depicts a tiny boy playing with his boat on the banks of a Dutch canal. M. Hani-

cotte likewise gives us scenes of Holland, souvenirs full of humour, treated broadly in water-colours somewhat after the manner of La Touche. Of high merit too are the drawings, water-colours, and engravings by M. Arthur Mayeur; and the portraits *aux trois crayons* by Lucien Monod were much remarked. On the other hand, M. Lauth was singularly disappointing in his three portraits, which struck me as being extremely hard and in no way realising the excellent promise he has shown.

Among the sculpture one recalls with special pleasure the works of M. Engrand, an artist at once conscientious and sure of himself; the contributions of Froment-Meurice, notably *Innocence* and *Les deux Mères*, and those of a clever Spanish sculptor, M. Yrurtia.

As I have said, this little Salon had its Applied Art section: furniture by Boverie, medals and pottery by Michel Cazin, embroideries by Courtleix,



"L'AIEULE"

BY LOUIS LEGRAND



"BACCHUS"

BY C. SPICER-SIMSON

and a case of beautiful glass and crystal by Dufrêne. All these things add to the charm of a delightful exhibition, and one will hope that "Les Arts Réunis" may have many such displays.

Artists too often organise *ensemble* exhibitions, which reveal nothing of a painter's progress, and simply serve to convince one of the uselessness of experiments of this sort. Such, however, is not the case with M. Louis Legrand, an artist whose gift is altogether personal. He displayed recently in Georges Petit's gallery a large number of works, which show him to be an artist of varied methods. We saw him here as painter, as draughtsman, and as engraver. Frankly,

I do not admire his paintings without reserve. Sometimes I find them extravagant in their force, and there are occasions on which the artist indulges in an unpleasant accumulation of material. On the other hand, his observation is so accurate that he may be expected to make considerable progress in this direction.

As draughtsman, as pastellist, and as engraver he is almost final. Even after Degas he has found something new in the *danseuse*, whom he has "caught" with incomparable boldness of line in his pastels. Indeed, he has turned his eye on the most diverse sights. Rustic life, particularly, inspires some of his healthiest and most beautiful ideas: *Le chemin creux*, *Aux champs*, and *La Vache et la Mouche*, for example. Then he will turn to the brave Bretons, dealing most feelingly with the maternal side. Then, again, we have the life of Paris, whose multiple spectacles he knows and shows: balls, theatres, restaurants, and streets. In each and all his true and beautiful view of things finds free play.

A new group of artists, styling themselves "Certains," has been displaying a charming collection of works, first and foremost among them being the water-colours of M. Gaston Prunier, who, as may be remembered, was the faithful notator of certain aspects of Paris, especially those of the Exhibition of 1900. In this instance he shows us lovely and warmly-felt visions—most richly treated—of the *Côtes de Bretagne*, alternately grey and sunlit. His near neighbour, the sculptor Dejean,



"DANSEUSES S'HABILLANT"

(In the Collection of M. O. Sainsère)

BY LOUIS LEGRAND



"RIVA DEI SCHIAVONI"

BY H. W. FAULKNER

Three foreign artists—and no mean ones—gave a display lately in one of the rooms of the Elysée Palace : I refer to Herbert Faulkner, Spicer-Simson, and Mielziner. The first-named exhibited some broad and powerfully-treated views of Venice, wherein he revealed himself more clearly as a colourist than he had done in his preceding work. Simson emphasised his sureness of technique and his gracefulness of composition in several busts, statuettes, and decorative art subjects, while Mielziner showed us that he excels in that charming but somewhat neglected art, the miniature.

demands our full attention, as does the architect Herscher, who has a great decorative gift.

La Touche has two delightful things at the annual exhibition of the Water-colourists, one of them being his portrait of L'Hermitte. The painter of fountains and gardens is just as much a colourist in his interiors, which he handles boldly in the thick water-colour method which is his own. M. Zuber, on the other hand, like Mr. Scott (whose works of imagination I prefer to the *fantaisies* in which he has indulged this year), and like M. Goffroy, keeps faithful to the classic process of water-colour painting, without attempting aught else. M. Paul Rossert is, as ever, the individuality we know so well. The surprise of the exhibition is the collection of water-colours by M. Le Mains, of whom I hope to say more at a later date.

There have been on view in the Soullié Gallery several interesting things by M. Cirou, the attentive and faithful depicter of Norman life ; and at the gallery of the Artistes Modernes I have had the opportunity of seeing a number of attractive landscapes by Edgard Maxence.

H. F.



"THE GOLLING WATERFALL"

BY FERDINAND LUDWIG GRAF



"A VILLAGE AT NIGHT"

BY ADOLF LUNTZ

VIENNA.—The Winter Exhibition of the Hagenbund contained many works of note. Among the sculptures the *Girl Doing Up her Hair*, in marble, by Fräulein Elsa von Kalmar, showed great thought

of tumbling water presents a strong contrast to the luxurious foliage in ever-varying tones, the deep greens seeming to change into browns and again into emerald hues as one gazes at the picture. There is in it that something which is peculiar to

in conception and energy in execution; and Frä. Rosa Silberer, in her figure *Noli me tangere*, showed much talent, the expression of the girl's face being finely portrayed. Anton Hanak exhibited some very fine busts, worthy of all praise, especially that of a youth in coloured Salzburg marble, a particularly hard material and very rarely used except for monumental and building purposes, but Herr Hanak has been particularly successful in modelling it to his requirements. Among the landscapes the most important was the *Golling Waterfall, near Salzburg*, by Ferdinand Ludwig Graf. The mass



ONE OF THE GALLERIES OF THE HAGENBUND EXHIBITION

ARRANGED BY JOSEF URBAN

Studio-Talk

this artist, a quality that makes his paintings easily recognisable, for he is always seeking and studying, and his whole strength is given to his work. Two other works by Herr Graf, a lady in black and white seated at a piano and a blond maiden in vivid scarlet, also show new and pleasing methods of treating marked contrasts of colour. Another beautiful landscape is by Adolf Luntz (Karlsruhe), entitled *A Village at Night*, a pleasing harmony in thought, expression, and delicacy of colouring, through which the silent village seems to stand out from the darkness of the night. There were also other fine examples of this artist's work. Hans Ranzoni sent another of his delightful idylls in tempera—this time a scene near Marienbad—for which he is well known. His *Krautfeld*, in which the red poppies seem to wave on their slender stems as the air sways them, is rich in colour and very effective too. Edward Ameseder in his *Frühling* (tempera) shows a delicacy and freshness of treatment, while another picture in tempera is full of a harmony that involuntarily finds an echo in the hearts of the onlookers. There are many other landscapes, among them *Am Strand at Grado*, by Edward Kasparides; and a picture by Max Suppantisch, and several by Walter Hampel, are also worthy of notice. The

last-mentioned artist also exhibited a portrait of himself, a remarkable picture, reminding one of the work of the middle of last century, with a certain admixture of modern methods. Another striking portrait is that of a girl in profile by Leona Abel. This young artist shows great power and beauty of expression, while her colouring is fine and delicate. Alexander Goltz's portrait of the American pianist, Miss Ethel Newcomb, is very well executed, the figure in white muslin standing full in the foreground, the background being formed by the grand piano. The effect, though at first sight a little cold, is good. Raimund Germela's portrait of some children is very pleasing, as is also his oil-painting *Abend*, which is restful and charming. Leo Kober's series of fourteen coloured drawings, the property of Dr. M. Landau, depict scenes in Monte Carlo. They are full of life and colour, and the young artist shows originality of treatment even of such every-day scenes as he draws. His method is peculiarly his own. Nor must one forget to mention some wonderful photographs by that excellent quartette, Messrs. Hans Watzek, Heinrich Kühn, Hugo Henneberg, and Friedrich Victor Spitzer. Each has succeeded in bringing his particular branch of photography to perfection, or as near it as



ONE OF THE GALLERIES OF THE HAGENBUND EXHIBITION

ARRANGED BY JOSEF URBAN



ONE OF THE GALLERIES OF THE
HAGENBUND EXHIBITION

ARRANGED BY JOSEF URBAN

possible, and one can hardly imagine that anything more beautiful can be obtained by photography. There is so much atmosphere, so much light and shade, so much to praise in every picture, that it would be idle to single one or the other out for particular mention.

The Exhibition (the ninth) was tastefully arranged by Josef Urban, who again was able to produce something new. The furniture was executed by Messrs. O. Föhr.

A. S. L.

MUNICH.—Some prizes were recently offered in competition by the German Company for Christian Art for the best designs for altars suitable for a Roman Catholic church, and the first prize was gained by Mr. Otto Lohr for the three designs of which we give illustrations. Mr. Lohr has also

designed some admirable metal work from time to time, including the *Wedding Goblet*, illustrated on page 268, and the silver centre-piece on page 271. The *Wedding Goblet* is somewhat novel in character, the flat surfaces being intended for spaces for engraved records of important family events, whilst commemorative medals can be hung upon hooks provided for the purpose, the goblet thus becoming eventually a family chronicle. Both the goblet and the silver centre-piece have been admirably carried out by Mr. Edward Steinicken.

E. B. S.



BUST IN SALZBURG MARBLE

BY ANTON HANAK



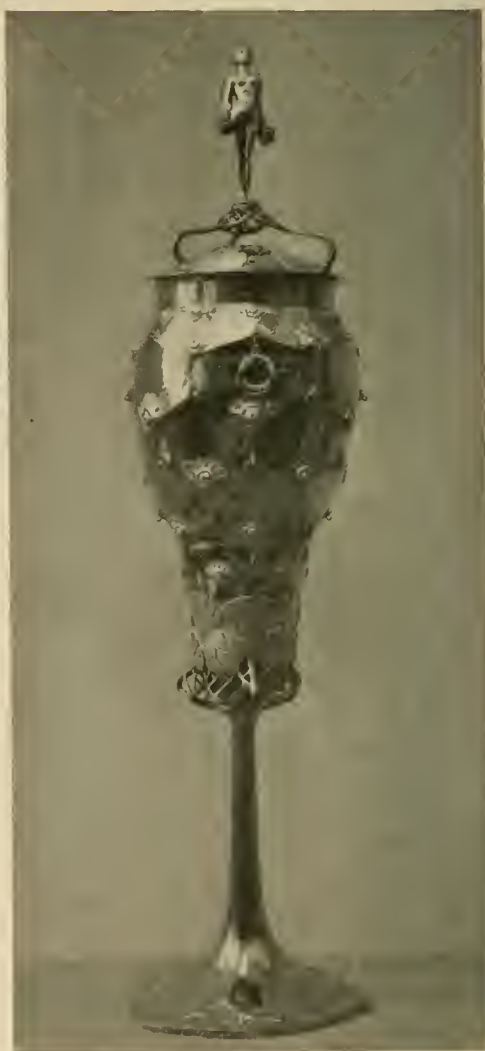
PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF

BY WALTER HAMPE.

ANTWERP. — Breaking away from the precedent of former years, the artists of Antwerp seem this year to be anxious to abstain from organising individual exhibitions. The market for modern pictures is so bad that painters shrink from the rather heavy expenses incidental to shows of this sort. This being so, the courage shown by a woman-artist is the more worthy of admiration. I refer to Madame Kernkamp, who recently displayed a large series of pictures in the Salle Verlat, and scored a genuine success. This lady, who has been painting no more than four or five years, is, indeed, admirably gifted in many directions—landscape, seascape, still-life, and interiors. Her personality has not yet had time to reveal itself prominently, but it asserts itself in the pictures done during the past two years; in her many studies of heather-covered downs, in her underwoods of the Campine of

Antwerp, in a most interesting interpretation of the light falling on a peasant's dwelling, and in several sunsets. In these pictures she strives to render the breathing sense of things, without ignoring their material reality. Let me especially note her *Été*, quite a recent work, truly original in its *mise-en-page*. It is extremely fine and delicate in its graduated colouring. Henceforth Madame Kernkamp takes rank among those young artists whose names we must remember.

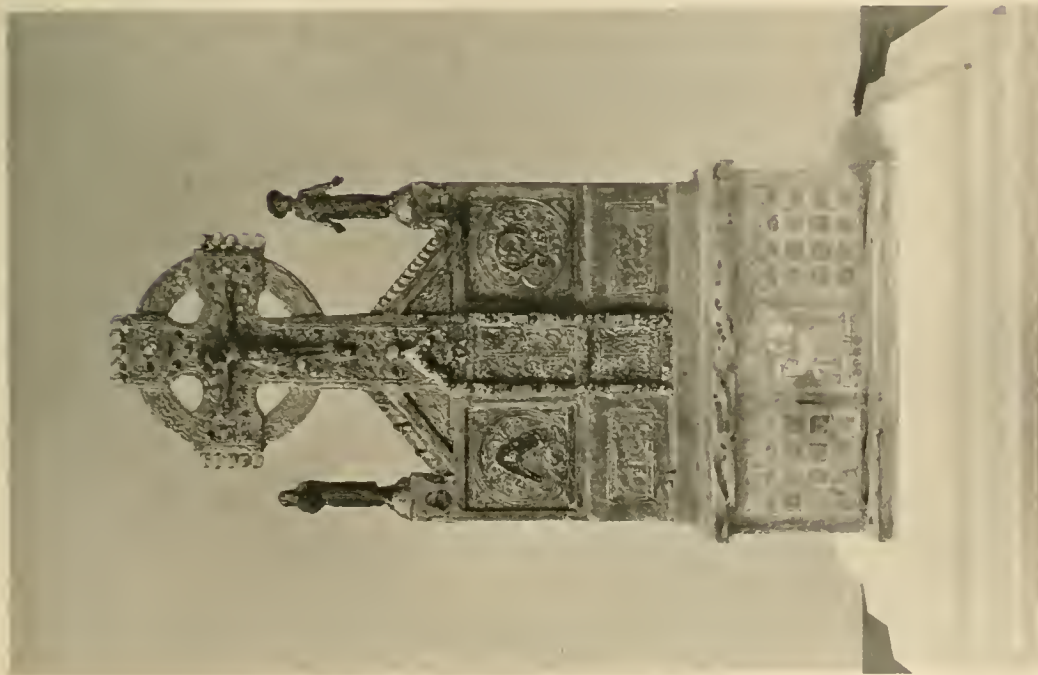
At the Cerele Artistique Royal, in



WEDDING GOBLET IN SILVER

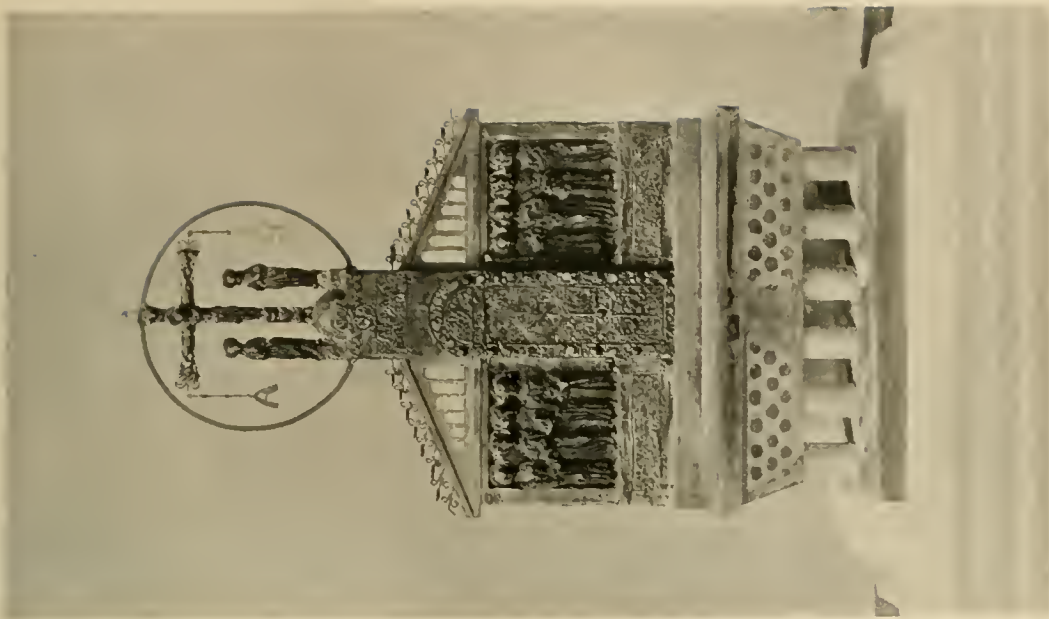
DESIGNED BY OTTO LOHR

EXECUTED BY EDUARD STEINICKEN



MODEL DESIGN FOR AN ALTAR

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED
BY OTTO LOHR



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celebration of its fiftieth anniversary, we have a retrospective exhibition which might have been more interesting had the organisers thought of asking for some of the work by Stobbaerts, Verstraete, and Leemans which is scattered about in private collections. But such as it is, the Salon contains a series of remarkable things signed by H. Leys, J. Lies, L. van Kuyk, W. Linnig, jun., Fr. Lamoricière, and V. Lagge.

P. DE M.

CANADA.—In Canada, as in other countries, there is a steady growth of interest in the cottage industries, and the work taken up by the Montreal Branch of the Women's Art Association of Canada is rapidly spreading to other cities where the Association is evincing a keen interest in the domestic arts.

Lower Canada is the home of the loom and the spinning-wheel. In many districts there is scarcely a cottage where the shuttle does not fly merrily and the spinning-wheel fill the house with its friendly whirr on a winter's day. The farmer grows the flax and raises the sheep to supply his thrifty wife with materials for her winter's work ; and she, good dame, makes sheets and good coarse tablecloths from the flax, and from the wool excellent grey homespun for her husband's clothes, coloured homespun for the children, warm blankets for the beds, strong carpets for the floor, and of last year's old flannels (well washed, re-carded, and re-spun) the *couvre-beds* of curious old patterns to memory dear. In fact, everything that one sees in these Lower Canadian houses, except the pottery and the iron articles, is made by the farmer and his wife, the children taking their share by making the swifts and bobbins from bits of wood and bark—very primitive, but quite useful. And madame can make the old unfading vegetable dyes, too ; but of late she has been told that the cheap new dyes are more proper to use nowadays, and with them she certainly can, and

unfortunately does, attain more startling effects with greater ease. But it is hoped—and, indeed, has in some instances already been proved—that with the growing desire for beautifully coloured hand-made articles of attire and decoration the *bonne femme* will again use the old dyes, the recipes for which are being carefully collected and tested by the Women's Art Association, at "Our Handicrafts' Shop," in Montreal.

This little shop, for the sale of hand-made materials, opened last spring by the Association, after the exhibition mentioned in the August and September numbers of *THE STUDIO*, has succeeded beyond the expectations of the ladies interested. Already offers have come from Germany and the United States to open agencies, and a large quantity of goods has been disposed of for the country women, who are beginning to understand that the arts of which some

of them used to think but little are becoming both honourable and profitable, and that the woman who can practise them is of more value both to her husband and to her children than formerly.

Not only is a market supplied for the native-born Canadians, but where immigrant colonies are formed their particular industries are looked into, and they are offered sale for their work. This is already being done in the case of the Doukhobours, whose fine Russian embroideries are a source of much profit to them. The Association is also in touch with the Galician settlement in the Far North-West, and is in hopes of reviving among them the potter's art, for which many good clays are

available, as well as of conserving the arts of weaving and embroidery, which it finds already well developed.

The Indian arts are also represented at the shop, some of the specimens being remarkably good. The Association is not yet in a position to deal financially with the passing Indian arts, which are quite unique and often beautiful, in a way to prevent their deterioration. It is hoped, however, that before long this, too, will become possible.

M. A. P.

REVIEWS.

The Armoury of Windsor Castle. By GUY

FRANCIS LAKING, M.V.O.,
F.S.A. (London: Brad-
bury, Agnew & Co.) £5 5s.

net.—Owing to the complete revolution in the practice of warfare which resulted from the introduction of gun-powder, the making of armour, which is no real protection from arms of precision, became practically a lost art; the beautiful suits, for the production of which the highest technical and æsthetic skill was required, gradually degenerating into mere piecemeal fragments, worn as embellishments at parade, but discarded in actual campaigns. A decline which was caused by the accidental cessation of a demand must not, however, be looked upon as a decadence, and the noble traditions of the mediæval armour makers were ably sustained by their successors, the weapons turned out by them being, many of them, not only masterpieces of handicraft but worthy to rank as works of art, on account of the beauty of their design and ornamentation.



SILVER CENTRE-PIECE

DESIGNED BY OTTO LOHR
EXECUTED BY EDUARD STEINICKEN

Unfortunately the familiar is rarely fully appreciated, and it was not until armour ceased to be worn that those who inherited it began to realise the value of their heirlooms. A suit or sword worn by some great ancestor, would no doubt be treasured up for sentimental reasons, but not a thought would be given to its intrinsic beauty; "if," says Mr. Laking, "the armour was of precious metal, no doubt the melting pot was its fate, but if of simple iron it was broken up to mend armaments of later date." Even the remarkable examples gathered in the course of centuries by the monarchs of England were allowed to remain neglected and forgotten in Windsor Castle until they were rescued from oblivion by the late Prince Consort, who himself superintended their arrangement, adding many priceless specimens and making the collection one of the very finest in Europe. The enlightened policy inaugurated by his father has since been carried on by King Edward VII., by whose command the sumptuous volume just issued—which is but the first of a series—has been prepared under the editorship of the present keeper of the Armoury. Mr. Laking has drawn up a complete *Catalogue raisonné* of the armour and weapons under his care, carefully sifting evidence as to their origin and scrupulously rejecting the apocryphal, however alluring. Illustrated with forty remarkably fine photogravure plates and printed on India paper, the book will be a perfect treasure-house of delight even to the uninstructed lover of the beautiful, but to the artist, the connoisseur and the historian its value cannot be over-estimated. "To what realms of imagination," says Mr. Laking, "are we not transported in musing on these treasures of armour and arms that Windsor Castle possessed in mediæval and early Tudor times!" What memories, for instance, are called up by the beautiful renderings of the suits worn by Henry, Prince of Wales, brother of Charles I., and that of Sir John Smythe, who was active in training soldiers at the time of the Armada, and fell into disgrace with Elizabeth for his books on "Matters of Arms!" How grim are the associations of the sword that cut off the heads of more than one thousand criminals, and how much may be learnt by a comparison between such simply dignified weapons as the fifteenth-century cruciform sword, bearing the arms of Lopez de Zuniga but the name of the Cid Campeador, and that worn by Charles I. before he came to the throne, with the over-ornamented examples of later date, such as those delighted in by the Hanoverian monarchs!

The Architectural Association Sketch-book. Third Series, Vol. VII.; 1903. Edited by WILLIAM G. B. LEWIS and WILLIAM A. PITE. (London: The Architectural Association, 56, Great Marlborough Street, W.)—The four parts forming the volume for 1903 of this interesting publication have reached us. They bring home to those whose memory carries them back to the first number of the first series of the Architectural Association Sketch-book the great improvement in the publication since its early days. The selection of subjects is wider and more catholic. The seventy-eight illustrations are, as a rule, immeasurably better drawn, and the method and system obtaining in their arrangement, and the index, show careful and thoughtful editorial management. A particularly useful feature is the dating, wherever practicable, of the subject from which the drawing is made. In many cases, of course, especially where dealing with Gothic or mediæval work, this ascription of date must needs be conjectural; but with regard to Renaissance and post-Renaissance buildings it has generally been possible for the draughtsman and the editors to assign either a closely approximate or an actual date. The column showing these, therefore, throws a useful and an interesting sidelight on the predilection as to period of the architectural student of to-day. One is able to see from it clearly a pronounced bias for sketching and measuring, no longer the Romanesque and Gothic work of the early volumes of the Sketch-book, but the architecture of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and particularly the former. Taking the average of the sixty-five plates comprised in the English section we find, as a matter of fact, that we obtain the year 1610 as representing the mean of the ideal period of the architectural students responsible for this volume. We note, by the way, a large proportion of English subjects selected for illustration, as compared with French, German, Italian, and Spanish. The latter number amongst them only thirteen buildings, as against thirty-three of the former. We would particularly draw attention to a very careful and admirable series of illustrations by Mr. Alfred C. Bossom, giving plans, sections, and details of St. Mary Woolnoth, Lombard Street; the drawings of Christ's Hospital (now no more) by Mr. A. E. Richardson; and the sketches in colour of glazed wall-tiling in Seville by Mr. A. N. Prentice.

English Literature: an Illustrated Record. Four volumes. Price 16s. net each volume. (London: Heinemann.)—The first volume of this publication

is written by Dr. RICHARD GARNETT, and deals with English Literature prior to the reign of Henry VIII. The second volume carries the record up to the time of Milton, and Mr. EDMUND GOSSE joins Dr. Garnett in the authorship. For the third and fourth volumes Mr. Gosse is alone responsible, and they deal respectively with the times between Milton and Johnson, and Johnson and Tennyson. That the authors have been successful in providing a work full of entertainment and instruction is unquestionable, and we doubt not that the verdict of the public respecting it will be one of unstinted praise. The illustrations are exceedingly numerous, and have been chosen with great judgment and knowledge. The reproductions of the title-pages of many first editions, the numerous facsimile autograph letters, the portraits in photogravure, the illuminated MSS. and miniatures in colour all add materially to the value and interest of the volumes.

Versailles. By GUSTAVE GEFFROY. One vol. illustrated. (Paris: Lamm.) *The National Gallery.* By GUSTAVE GEFFROY. One vol. illustrated. (Paris: Lamm.)—M. Gustave Geffroy, the historian of Impressionism, and perhaps one of the foremost exponents of French art—alike in knowledge and in style—has lately undertaken an important work: to issue a series of volumes dealing with the chief masterpieces in the museums of Europe. Several volumes have already been published, including one on Versailles and one on the National Gallery. Those who have been accustomed to look upon M. Geffroy as an enthusiastic writer on modern art, will be astonished at the skill, method, and profound knowledge he has displayed in treating what practically amounts to a history of art as a whole. Led by this trustworthy guide, it is a pleasure to call to life once more the great decorators of the palaces, gardens, and pavilions of Versailles and to study on the spot the work still preserved to us. The "National Gallery" is not only an able criticism of the Spanish, Italian, and Dutch schools, good examples of which are the chief glory of that fine collection, but it is also an excellent history of English painting—a fact of considerable importance as, down to the present, no reliable or complete account has appeared in French of the work done on the northern side of the Channel. Both volumes are illustrated with a number of good engravings.

Two Centuries of Costume in America. By ALICE MORSE EARLE. (Macmillan.) 2 vols. 21s. net.—In these democratic days when all individuality is eliminated from costume, and, except on rare state occasions, high and low, rich and poor appear

in garments resembling each other in general style, the only differences discernible being those in the quality of the material employed and the skill of the seamstress or tailor, it is interesting to turn back to the past and trace the changes that took place in dress when it was a true reflection of the period at which it was evolved, as well as of the position and character of the actual wearer. In such a study no better guide could be chosen than Mrs. Earle, who, in her previous works, such as "Home Life in Colonial Days," and "Stage Coach and Tavern Days," has already proved herself to be thoroughly saturated with knowledge of *vie intime* of the two centuries she has elected to treat in her new book. She fully recognises all the complex issues bound up in her present subject, the deep human and historical significance of every detail of apparel, however trivial at first sight, with the undercurrent of meaning controlling the apparently accidental ripples on the surface of fashion. The authoress combines, indeed, in a rare degree, erudition with balance of judgment; she recognises alike the humour and the pathos of love of dress, and in the course of her fascinating narrative she dispels many long-cherished illusions. Her book is practically an encyclopædia of English as well as American costume, for there was no real break in the continuity of what may be called the domestic ties, binding the American Colonies to the Mother Country until many years after the close of the War of Independence. As late as 1799 society in the new republic was still aristocratic, and as eagerly interested in what was being worn at Court in England as it had been in the time of the Pilgrim Fathers. Beginning with the apparel of the Puritans in New England, which, she says, thoroughly suited the conditions of their life, and was by no means so dull or sombre as is generally supposed, Mrs. Earle passes on to consider that of the Virginia dames and their neighbours, tracing with a patient and unerring hand the evolution from its first inception of every detail of their complex array, explaining, for instance, the origin of the lace whisk which had such a fascinating effect upon the sterner sex, and of the long persistent, but unbecoming, topish hat. In later chapters night-gowns, night-rails, and night-caps, coats and waistcoats, pantaloons and pantalets, are passed in critical review, and a short essay is devoted to the two masculine vanities—muffs and ear-rings—now used by women only. In the last chapter but one of this exhaustive record, the keynote is struck of the uniformity which was ere long to be the deathblow of originality and character, and in the

final sentences is summed up all the poetry, the pathos, and romance which clings to old clothes that, to quote Mrs. Earle's own words, "are a true expression of old-time life," their impalpable beauty placing the reader as well as the writer in touch with the life of her forbears. The 350 excellent illustrations of these charming volumes include a great number of portraits, some well known, others quite unfamiliar, to English readers, with an immense variety of typical examples of details, each of which is carefully explained in the text.

The Real Dickens' Land. By H. SNOWDON WARD and CATHARINE WEED BARNES WARD. (London: Chapman & Hall.) 10s. 6d. net.—All lovers of the great novelist will appreciate the untiring industry which has resulted in the production of this interesting volume, with its careful identification of sites, involving a truly overwhelming amount of research, so entirely have many of them been obliterated by the rapid changes that have taken place, especially in London, during the last thirty years. "In these identifications," say the authors in their Introduction, "we have gone first to Dickens, later to some of his excellent commentators—Forster, Fitzgerald . . . and others, whose writings are accessible, and to a very great number of private correspondents." The exhaustive examination of "Dickens' Land" is prefaced by a brief biography, and the subject is divided into sections treating of the different periods of literary production, each one copiously illustrated with reproductions of good photographs, their names supplemented by quotations from the books with which the original houses, streets, &c., are associated.

The Sculptures of the Parthenon. By A. S. MURRAY, LL.D., F.S.A. (London: John Murray.)—In these days of more or less justifiable abuse of the Royal Academy, it is somewhat of a surprise to find an author of such high standing as the late Keeper of Greek and Roman Antiquities at the British Museum dedicating an important book to its members "from a deep sense of indebtedness." Taking as his starting-point his own lectures to the students, Dr. Murray has supplemented them by a very careful and minute description of "The Sculptures of the Parthenon," the illustrations of which include, in addition to reproductions of all the still existing statues from every part of the famous temple, a reconstruction of the whole frieze in one long folding sheet, "thus," as he himself says, "making apparent at a glance its magnitude as an artistic conception." In his descriptions of the single figures of the pediments,

Dr. Murray becomes especially eloquent, proving how fully he appreciated the fearless truth to nature which is their most unique characteristic, as when, in speaking of the *Theseus*, he refers to "that sense of energising vitality which Nature herself communicates to us in her operations."

The Story of the Bold Pécopin. By VICTOR HUGO. With Illustrations by H. R. MILLAR. (London: Smith & Elder.) 7s. 6d. net.—This new translation, by Eleanor and Augustine Birrell, of Victor Hugo's well-known romance has preserved the charming style of the original, and the illustrations, with one or two exceptions, are equally felicitous. The title-page, representing the "Bold Pécopin kissing the hand of the haughty maiden Baldour," and the "Devil gave a loud cry," are particularly effective; but the "Group of Mermaids and Mermen" and the "Eagle pierced with a Dart" are not so successful.

Gaudenzio Ferrari. By ETHEL HALSEY. (London: Bell & Sons.) 5s. net.—Although some few might question the right of Gaudenzio Ferrari to a place amongst the great masters, all who are interested in Italian art will welcome this new and sympathetic study of his life and work. Miss Halsey, who is evidently gifted with the critical faculty that is so rare, has an intimate acquaintance with the frescoes and paintings she describes, many of which are well reproduced in her book. She writes in a simple and lucid style, and has avoided the usual mistake of biographers—the over-laudation of her subject. She recognises that the dominant note in Ferrari's character was an intense and ardent piety, which pervaded everything from his hand, and she pleads that this sincerity of heart should condone his faults of exaggeration. Much of his best work was, she explains, spoiled by his too great readiness to co-operate with men of inferior ability to himself, an opinion corroborated by the undoubted fact that it is in the treatment of single figures, such as the *Saint Jerome Reading* at Bergamo, or in groups of two or three, such as that of *The Madonna and Child* in the Brera and the *Annunciation* in the Berlin Gallery, that he achieved his greatest triumphs rather than in the crowded compositions of VerCELLI, generally spoken of as his masterpieces.

Watteau. By VIRGILE JOSZ. (Paris: Société du Mercure de France.) 3frs. 50c.—A brightly written account of the famous French master woven into a very interesting reconstruction of the society in which he lived, with many delightful anecdotes of the *grandes dames* who were his most constant patrons.



FIRST PRIZE (COMP. B XLI)
BY "DEMOCRAT"

Awards in "The Studio" Prize Competitions



SECOND PRIZE (COMP. B XLI.)

"DAIMERYL"

Bairstow, 5 Hyde Park Gardens, Halifax).

SECOND PRIZE (*Half-a-Guinea*): *Ensign* (Chas. F. Gare, 27 Lonsdale Road, Harborne, Birmingham).

HON. MENTION: *Tryofilm* (Walter Jesper); *Laërte* (Alberto Grosso); *The Gnome* (P. H. L. Cart); *Novati* (Eugène Snysoe); *Eugina* (Frl. von Lang); *Gum-Bich* (J. W. Johnson); *Wishy* (Dagny Thronsen); *Egdirce* (E. C. Ridge); *Eas. Anglia* (Dr. T. R. Burnett).

A LV. DESIGN FOR A "WEEK-END" COTTAGE.

Owing to the very large number of important designs sent in for this competition, and the length

of time it naturally takes to go thoroughly into the merits of each, the announcement of the result is held over until next month. An article upon the subject will appear in *THE STUDIO*.

AWARDS IN "THE STUDIO" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

CLASS B.

B XLI. DRAWING

SYMBOLICAL OF WINTER.

The FIRST PRIZE (*One Guinea*): *Democrat* (W. E. Bradbury, 9 Norroy Road, Putney).

SECOND PRIZE (*Half-a-Guinea*): *Daimeryl* (A. M. Dell, 1 Granville Road, Hove, Brighton).

HON. MENTION: *Ridal* (Arthur B. Laird); *Veronica* (Vera Jopp); *Pan* (F. H. Ball); *Isca* (Ethel Larcombe); *Dornoch* (Kathleen Lyon); *Edri* (E. Richardson).

CLASS C.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM

NATURE.

C XXXIX. AN

ANCIENT BUILDING.

FIRST PRIZE (*One Guinea*): *Whitby* (Herbert



HON. MENTION (COMP. B XLI.)

"RIDAL"



FIRST PRIZE (COMP. C XXXIX)

"WHITBY"



SECOND PRIZE (COMP. C XXXIX)

"ENSIGN"

The Lay Figure

THE LAY FIGURE: ON *L'ART NOUVEAU*.

"CAN anyone explain to me," asked the Visitor from the Country, who seemed much interested in the novelty of his surroundings, "what is meant by *Art Nouveau*? We had a University Extension lecturer down in my neighbourhood a little while ago, and he said that this new art was a result of the modern decadence in taste. But he did not go into details, and he left me more than a little puzzled."

"Evidently he did not know much about the subject," said the Man with the Red Tie. "I know the sort of lecturer you mean; there are too many of them about. They are so steeped with ancient prejudices that they cannot tolerate any idea that does not date back to some remote period before the commencement of the Christian era. You may occasionally find among them a man who has some opinions about the early Italians, but he is regarded by the rest as quite dangerously advanced."

"How fond you are of exaggerations!" interposed the Art Critic. "Because you have met one or two pedants in positions of educational authority, you include the whole of a large class of teachers in one sweeping denunciation. Can you answer the question our friend has put? What is your definition of *l'Art Nouveau*?"

"I should define it as an inspired protest against the absurd survivals from past centuries, which have too long hampered the progress of art," replied the Man with the Red Tie. "It is the expression of the young enthusiasm of the present-day workers, who are tearing to pieces the prison in which they have been too long shut up. It is the revolt of intelligence against the tyranny of convention."

"And, like all revolts, it has got unpleasantly out of hand," said the Critic. "The tearing down of what you call a prison has gone so far that the men who were housed in it have got no place now in which to shelter themselves. They have become wanderers, a community of tramps living from hand to mouth and subject to no restraints. The protest against formality has degenerated into licence. The new art of to-day is simply anarchy."

"Well, I like anarchy," replied the Man with the Red Tie; "art is not a thing to be bound by rules. When it is anarchical it is free, untrammelled, inspired, and capable of great achievements; it represents the purest thoughts of the men who deal with it; it reflects their individuality, and it is true to itself."

"Stop a minute!" broke in the Designer, who had been listening quietly. "These are fine words, but they don't mean much. Personally, I refuse to accept any such definition of what is, I consider, unfortunately called the New Art. Great achievements are always new, because they come from men who have original minds, and these men are by no means advocates of anarchy. Indeed, they are the closest students of the past; but their intelligence is so keen that they can give entirely new readings of ancient truths, and can fit the traditions established by the masters of other times to the needs of the present day. The new art, as I understand it, is only the old art brought properly up-to-date. It is neither decadent nor revolutionary; it is simply modern. But you must not suppose for an instant that I accept all the eccentricities which are lumped together under the *Art Nouveau* heading as properly representing a great and admirable renaissance. If you apply the term only to the works of the great designers and craftsmen—such as Alex. Fisher, Brangwyn, Nelson Dawson, Josef Hoffmann, George Walton, Lalique, Charpentier, Olbrich, and Behrens, to mention a few only—I am with you entirely; but I will not recognise the aberrations of their imitators, who mistake extravagance for originality and want of discipline for freedom. I object strongly to the hangers-on of the movement, who travesty the inventions of the masters, and, with no knowledge of construction, no sense of proportion, no taste in design, discredit the profession to which they have attached themselves. There is nothing new in such art as theirs: it is merely bad, and badness is one of the worst and oldest conventions with which art has been cursed. You will generally find that the man who talks loudest about his inspiration is the rankest imitator, and the most accomplished exponent of extravagant feebleness. The great artist does not boast."

"Then the whole argument comes to this," said the Critic, "that there is really no such thing as new art. The *Art Nouveau* movement, of which we have heard so much, is nothing more than a natural phase of artistic progress, helped on by the real masters who have the power to present fundamental truths in a personal manner, and hampered by the dead-weight of the weaker followers, who are only parasites clinging where they are not wanted. It is only a fresh illustration of the old proverb—that there is nothing new under the sun."

"When I get home," commented the Visitor, "I think I will tell my lecturer to study his subject a little more carefully."

THE LAY FIGURE.

THE MODERN FRENCH
PASTELLISTS.—GASTON
LA TOUCHE. BY OCTAVE
UZANNE.

MASTER of the pyrotechnics of colour, enamoured of all the prisms of light, ever seeking after the sumptuous decorations of the eighteenth century and the evocations of *fêtes galantes* of reigns gone by; curious, moreover, as to all the arts of painting, Gaston La Touche of course could not fail to be attracted by the delicacies and the subtleties of the pastel. He arrived there slowly, by the force of things, when his talents had already expanded themselves on many big compositions in oils, and in the water-colours in which he always excelled. It was a time when his capacity was still a matter of lively discussion at the exhibitions, a

time when his representations of Italian actors and his ecclesiastical interiors at once aroused full admiration on the part of his faithful admirers, while at the same time they were calling forth vehement protests from the majority, who demanded to know what he could be doing in the domain of Latour and Perodeau and La Rosalba!

Now, as nothing on the subject of processes and æsthetic treatment could be of so much value as the ideas and opinions of an executive artist himself, I decided to go and interview my friend Gaston La Touche with reference to his pastels. In his cottage-studio at St. Cloud, where I found him, there was no abundance of pastels—those works done with the soft crayon in flat and velvety tones. I should have liked to examine carefully on the grain of the paper, white or grey, if not on the canvas, the secret of his skilful rubbing, the



“LA COPISTE”

(By permission of M. Sanchez)

FROM THE PASTEL BY G. LA TOUCHE

Gaston La Touche

exact method of his "stumping," pry into the luminosity and the charm of the flowers of multi-coloured dust imparted to the flesh tints of his portraits or employed in the relief of his decoration. La Touche apologised for the fact that for the moment he was short of pastels, nearly all his work of the kind having been secured by eager *amateurs*. To all my questions, however, he replied very clearly; and little remained but to let him speak for himself as to the matters on which I wished to hear his views.

"It was not till 1889," he remarked, "that I began to practise pastel work. At that time I was no longer the ardent, impetuous beginner. Thus the curiosity inspired by the process was mingled with a certain moderation and a maturity, due to much study and observation, which enabled me at once to grasp not only all the difficulties in its employment, but all the varied richness of its resources. I had great difficulty in drawing out of the pastel all or even part of that which I felt it capable of revealing, and I cannot honestly say I have completely conquered everything its execution demands. Even now I never approach a pastel with the certainty, the calm assurance, which come to me when I lay on my broad water colours. Perhaps this sense of difficulty is peculiar to myself in my relation to the soft chalks—at any rate, it is there. I feel it deeply, and I do not think I shall ever lose it."

"Then how comes it," I ask, "that you do not give up pastel work?"

"An artist," replies La Touche, "is like a very lover; he perseveres in courting the resisting beauty. May I—ought I to say that the public has a certain fancy for my pastels? I am often asked to do portraits of ladies and of children; how better could they be interpreted than by this most delicate process? So I never lose the knack, and every day I strive harder to increase my mastery over this sort of work."

"Exactly; I understand," is

my reply. "But the pastel, it seems to me, is not really your favourite work?"

"To tell the truth, it is not," continues Gaston La Touche. "I make no secret of the fact that I regard the pastel as absolutely inferior to water-colour, which is '*la Reine des interprètes savoureuses en peinture*.' But you must note that I speak only from my own point of view, for every artist has his own individual preferences as to the various methods of execution. In my own opinion the pastel is, I confess, nought but an extremely fugitive mode of seizing, by means of the lightest of touches, certain fancies which seem to demand the efflorescent colorations of the butterfly wing. The process is suited to but very few subjects. It is incomparable for the bright tones, the softnesses, the morbidities (shall I say?) and the flesh tints of women and children; for the frou-frou of ribbons,



"EN SOIRÉE"

FROM THE PASTEL BY G. LA TOUCHE
(By permission of M. Regnat)



(By permission of M. Georges Petit)

"LE ROMAN." FROM THE
PASTEL BY G. LA TOUCHE

Gaston La Touche

and laces, and silks ; in a word, for all those furtive, supple, vaporous, and graceful things wherein the friability, the powdery, granular nature of the crayon, with its infinite range of tints, are so useful. In evocations of a more vigorous sort it is of no service ; its scope is extremely limited. Many of my *confrères* are endeavouring to extend it, which, in my opinion, is wrong.

"The water-colour, to my mind, seems capable of realising every shade of colour and of passion. In that medium I feel master of my material, and it is as though I spent therein a little of my blood. But in the pastel there is nothing of that sort ; it is just an exquisite fantasy of brief duration—a youthful, fresh and springlike process, expressive rather of the blossom than of the ardent autumnal fruit. And it is this subtle juvenility that appeals to me. I would add," remarked Gaston La Touche,

in conclusion, "that the use of the pastel for dark tones is very deceptive. Lately I had to start afresh on a certain decorative panel, which had been ruined by fermentation. So I use the soft crayons as seldom as possible, and am a pastellist, as a rule, only when I have some vision of youth and beauty and grace to record."

Thus spoke Gaston La Touche, a man absolutely sincere, and with a full knowledge of his sensations in relation to art. His work, seen in the light of the great portrait painters of the eighteenth century, may not be of very much importance, but it has to be reckoned with nevertheless. In his early days, about 1887, he did in pastel a portrait of his aged mother—a Normandy woman with strong characteristics. Then he did rustic interiors, sea-pieces, and curious impressions of Brittany. A little later the pastellist, full of

romance, began to demand more freedom from his medium. He sought strong dramatic and decorative effects ; and about this date gave us his *Leda* and his *Déroute* ; also a number of decorative panels, broadly and powerfully treated.

La Touche's last manner in pastel is calmer and more subdued as to his subjects ; it treats chiefly of interiors, with little *salons* of the powder period and little tricked-out *marquises*. Finally, he has undertaken a series of *danseuses*, in which his talent as pastellist asserts itself as strongly as ever. To conclude, I would add that much as I admire the forceful and altogether individual pastels of Gaston La Touche, I cannot but recognise that half of their value springs from the artist himself. Treated by him it is a medium at once solid, characteristic, and captivating. Thus we find that the offspring of a union subjugated to the direction



PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S MOTHER

FROM THE PASTEL BY G. LA TOUCHE





"LE BALLET, AVANT LE LEVER DU RIDEAU"

(By permission of M. M. Boussod et Cie.)

FROM THE PASTEL BY G. LA TOUCHE

of the intelligence is often better than that which merely follows the leading of inclination. One may be assured of the durability of La Touche's pastels, for he has "fixed" them with his own inimitable decision, tenacity and perseverance.

OCTAVE UZANNE.

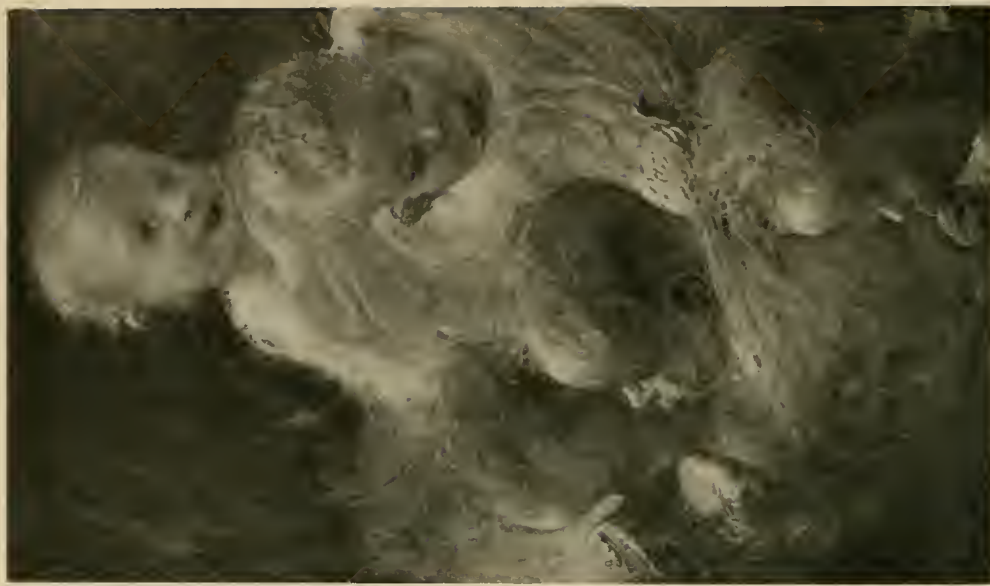
Three cases containing interesting original drawings, the work of modern English book-illustrators, are now on view at South Kensington Museum. Phil May is represented by a characteristic study on brown paper, and by several pen-and-ink drawings for process reproduction, while there are also two pen-and-ink drawings by Charles Keene, and several original pencil studies and finished pen-drawings by G. Du Maurier exhibited side by side with proofs of the wood-engravings. The work of F. Barnard and Kate Greenaway is also represented.

A GERMAN DECORATIVE LANDSCAPE PAINTER: WALTER LEISTIKOW. BY W. FRED.

THE delight in pure landscape without figures is characteristic of quite modern times, and is the result of the spread of higher culture. The representation of scenes from daily life or from exceptional experiences, either roughly modelled or depicted on a flat surface, was attempted long before it occurred to anyone to try and commemorate natural scenery in the same way. There is, however, no doubt that the desire to reproduce beautiful effects in nature, was nearly if not quite simultaneous with the growth of the power to appreciate those effects; and it was very much the same with regard to the human form, the nude figure not having been treated independently of its relation to incident, either in plastic or



"LA NUIT DE MICHEL-ANGE"
(By permission of Mrs. Fortes)



"ÉTUDES D'EXPRESSIONS DE MON FILS"
(By permission of Madame La Touche)

pictorial art, until comparatively late. Greek sculpture was, however, of course, a very marked exception; and in certain Pompeian and Roman mural paintings it is easy to recognise that, centuries before the Christian era, the tendency of antique culture was to idealise the human figure in a way which was not repeated until after the influence of the Teutonic races had been brought to bear upon the artists of Southern Europe. Only, indeed, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries did the Italian masters begin to represent beautiful human forms for their own sakes, either in repose or in action, or to take a really æsthetic delight in their supple lines and in the delicate variations of the colour of their flesh. The careful student of the development of landscape art will note that it has taken centuries—nay, perhaps, thousands of years—under many different conditions of life and culture, for landscape art to win the suffrages of artists or connoisseurs. To be able to catch the spirit of a landscape is, indeed, quite as true a sign of advanced æsthetic culture as to be able to interpret faithfully the inner *ego* of a

human creature; for success the artist must be in thorough touch with his subject. A satisfactory portrait is something more than a mere translation of form; it not only catches the passing expression of the moment, it reveals the ideal latent in the real character of the model. Something of the same kind takes place in landscape art, whether the scene rendered is void of human interest, a tree or group of trees its only incidental feature, or the centre of attraction is a house or group of houses. It is in every case the expression which is the most important factor, and this expression, if truly interpreted, will of necessity reflect the nationality, the time of year—in a word, everything distinctive of the scene depicted.

If a comparison should be made between the pictorial arts and poetry, landscape painting might well be characterised as lyrical. The landscape artist longs to give voice to the emotions his subject arouses, but he does not care to analyse them; and his work, if it be worthy of the name of art, will reveal the essential characteristics of the scene depicted as well as their effect upon the



DECORATIVE LANDSCAPE

FROM THE PAINTING BY W. LEISTIKOW

mind through which they are transmitted. The more thoroughly the artist is in touch with the idiosyncrasies of that which inspires him, and the more highly cultivated the spectators to whom his creations are to appeal, the less do accidental circumstances, such as the actual features of a scene, matter. In a word, it is the painting itself which is now the most important thing, not as was so long the case, the subject, and the tendency of modern art is more and more in the direction of elimination of subject. The introduction of the little group of figures, such as is essential in *genre* pictures, is no longer considered desirable. A well-rendered effect of light in an interior is enough: a finely painted meadow needs no figures to embellish it. Pure landscape is loved simply for the beauty of its contours, its finely graduated colouring, the exquisite modifications of atmosphere at different seasons of the year, and times of the day and night. Gradually the charm of home scenery, of familiar every-day surroundings, won the affections of artists and public alike, and a fresh meaning was read into the old myth of Antaeos winning ever fresh strength from contact with mother earth.

In this new movement the so-called School of Fontainebleau led the way, succeeded by the Scottish exponents of landscape art, who, in their turn, have of late years been emulated by a group of German artists hailing from Worpswede, who are now rivalled to some extent by a little body having their headquarters in Berlin. When, after this prelude and my claim that landscape painting is an artist's lyrical mode of expression, I pass on to consider the work of Walter Leistikow as a representative of the modern German school, it will at once be understood as a matter of course that he is an Impressionist interpreter of Nature—nay, more, a neo-Impressionist; that is to say, aspect with him is everything—line and colour, atmosphere and light all taking their share in its production. Leistikow is therefore justly characterised as a decorative landscape painter rather than a painter of landscape properly so called, although, as a matter of fact, I do not myself recognise any particular distinction between the two. Style is, after all, but the personal equation in art. Every personality affects its surroundings more or less, and *vice versa*; and all an artist has to do is to allow full play in his creations to the various influences of



DECORATIVE LANDSCAPE

FROM THE PAINTING BY W. LEISTIKOW



DECORATIVE LANDSCAPE. FROM THE
PAINTING BY WALTER LEISTIKOW

his environment, so that he may, in his turn, transfer to others the results that have been produced upon his own temperament. The more original a worker in any field is, the stronger will be the effect of his creations upon others, and the greater this influence the more will he be encouraged to remain faithful to his style, his choice of subjects—in a word, to his own individuality. A landscape painter can but interpret the trees and the forests, the meadows, the river, and the sea, the groups of peasants' cottages, and the cloud masses above them—all as they reveal themselves to him; and if he is true to himself, he will impart to them his own mood, whether that mood be happy or sad. There will ever be differences in the renderings of the same scenes by different hands. One will care only to express the sentiment of a landscape, another will give more attention to its æsthetic side; and it is when the latter is chosen that an artist's work can, strictly speaking, be called decorative. It is the first impression made on the spectator which decides the question of the true character of any work of

art. What lovely colouring! what finely distributed light! what a wonderful effect upon the wall! is the immediate exclamation on looking at a really decorative piece of work. This is, however, only a transitory feeling, for it is at once followed by a realisation that what for the moment appeared merely a dash of blue colour or a sombre light, really rings the changes on the whole scale of human emotion, arousing pleasure or disappointment, as the case may be. The greater the skill of the decorative artist, the more finely graduated are the effects upon the spectator of what, to the uninitiated, might appear a mere ordinary piece of ornamental work.

The power of thus playing upon the responsive instrument of human nature has been granted to Walter Leistikow in a very high degree. Some of his paintings have apparently even a symbolic meaning. Swans float gracefully upon little lakes, stormy petrels wing their flight high up among the clouds, calling up visions of repose or of conflict, suggesting far more than their literal meaning, so that the looker-on finds himself raised to a higher



DECORATIVE LANDSCAPE

FROM THE PAINTING BY W. LEISTIKOW



DESIGN FOR TAPESTRY

BY W. LEISTIKOW

atmosphere than that of every-day life, and the actual scene fades away to give place to some dreamy vision. Leistikow is before everything a local painter, an interpreter of the immediate and more distant environs of Berlin, and he has rendered scenes from that solemn, quiet, essentially German district, both in painting and lithography, with all their magic charm, and in some cases also with all their dreary harshness. These landscapes, with their rigid outlines; these forests, with their sombre gloom, so unlike those of the South; these lonely sheets of water, none of them of any great expanse or of depth enough to be dangerous to the bather, set in the wide-spreading meadows; these vast stretches of untenanted plains, with none of the cheerful beauty of more favoured regions, which are yet so dear to the home-loving Germans, have been, so to speak, newly discovered by the rising generation of Teutonic artists, their predecessors having thought it necessary to seek their inspiration on the other side of the Alps in the less forbidding subjects to be found in Italy. There is, indeed, an unique charm about the paintings of Leistikow, who renders with conscientious and intuitive faith-

fulness, the colouring, the light, and the atmospheric effects of his native land, far from fascinating though they often are. Even when he goes farther afield, and represents Norwegian fjords instead of the woods and lakes of Germany, he in every case catches the very spirit of the scene depicted, realising with rare skill its distinctive peculiarities. There are no high-pitched notes in Leistikow's scale of colouring, no *tour de forces* so to speak; and dazzling or startling effects must not be expected from him. His forte is rather in the translation of subdued and sombre chiaroscuro, the charm of his work depending less on line and colour than on his feeling for tone and his appreciation of the beauty of widespreading plains, with which he may be said to be thoroughly in touch. In this respect there is great sympathy between Leistikow and the modern Glasgow school, and in the case of both the cause is not far to seek, for Scotland and Germany are not unlike in the general character of their scenery, about which there is none of the brilliant and dazzling colouring of countries with a more genial climate. The typical examples of the work of Leistikow, here reproduced, will bear out this

criticism and serve to give some idea of his peculiar excellencies. The feeling for form, the skillful draughtsmanship, the earnest conscientiousness, even in cases where the subject treated is an unfamiliar one, are the most noteworthy characteristics of everything from his hand. Some of his pictures are merely landscape motives treated in a decorative manner. In addition to his work in colour he has also produced a large number of lithographs, in which he has successfully adapted to that medium many fine studies of flat country, with groups of trees breaking the monotony of the plains. Nor has he scorned to lend his aid to the handicraftsman, and to him are due various good designs for carpets and other textile fabrics.

To sum up, in a few final words, the position of Leistikow: he does not belong to those who love to interpret the varied charms of beautiful natural scenery, ringing the changes on a multiplicity of startling effects, but rather to the minority, who are content to give voice to their convictions in subjects of a simple description treated with absolute fidelity.

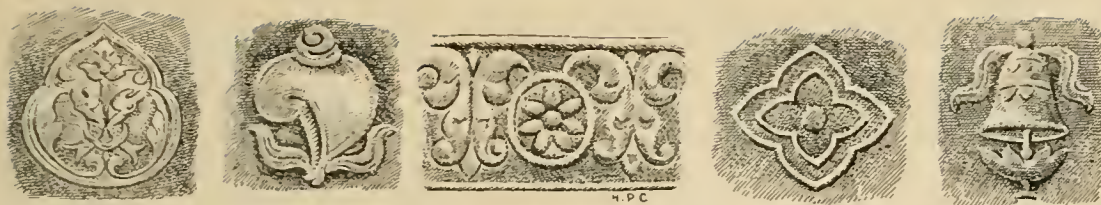
TIBETAN ART. BY MRS. LE MESURIER.

THE art of the East generally, and of India in particular, has of late years found an ever-increasing popularity in the West. Many artistic craftsmen here have paid it the tribute of the sincerest flattery, directly and indirectly. So accustomed are we now to the wonderful blending of bright colours, to the subdued harmony, and the graceful forms and intricate designs of the Orientals, that perhaps we hardly realise all we owe artistically to the great continent. There is still, however, one Asiatic country the art of which is little known, for the simple reason that comparatively few visit even its borders. This is the Forbidden Land, and those who have visited it find the natives extremely reluctant to part with their vessels and instruments, most of which have religious uses and significance. Owing to this difficulty few representative collections have been made in the past, and it is probable that so long as the political situation remains unaltered still fewer will be made in the future. Thus



DECORATIVE LANDSCAPE

FROM THE PAINTING BY W. LEISTIKOW



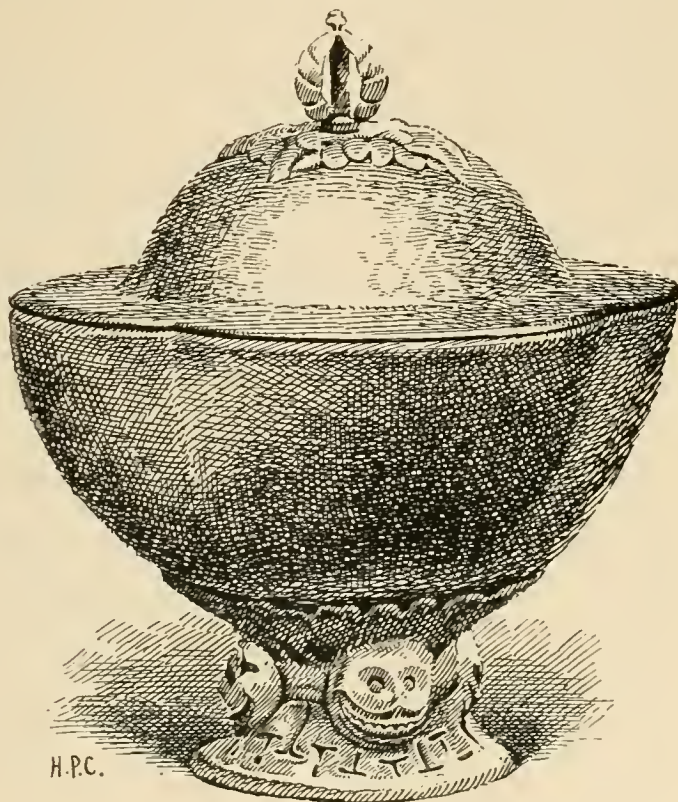
PATTERNS OF SOME OF THE BRASS MEDALLIONS ON THE COPPER TEA-POT (*page 298*)

it comes about that while the brasswork of Jaipur and Benares, the silver-work of Burmah, the wood-carving of Kashmir are familiar to most art-lovers, the unique and beautiful metal-work of Tibet remains veiled like a purdah woman, on whose face only the men of her own household may gaze. It would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that nine out of ten cultivated people are unaware of its very existence. Yet it well repays attention. With its rarity, its symbolism, or its antiquity I am not here concerned, but with its intrinsic excellence and quality of beauty. This seems to entitle it to a place of its own among the art of the nations. I shall not do more than allude to the curious rock-carvings, though they are of infinite interest to the antiquarian; or to the wall-paintings in the temples, remarkable more as allegories reflecting the mind of the people than as works of art, and revealing in most cases strong Chinese influence. Neither shall I dwell here upon the exquisite silk hangings found in Tibet, which are, of course, in no sense Tibetan, but have for innumerable generations been imported from China and treasured in the Lamaserais; but I shall confine myself to the metal-work only, which I believe to be unique and characteristically Tibetan.

No doubt foreign countries have to some extent influenced this also, in spite of the "closed door." Persian and Indian patterns appear on some of their utensils, and squirming Chinese dragons on others. But still in certain main features it is unlike any Indian art with which I am acquainted, and there is nothing from China (the other country which might naturally affect it) that resembles

it that I have seen, though not having visited the Chinese Buddhist monasteries I cannot speak authoritatively.

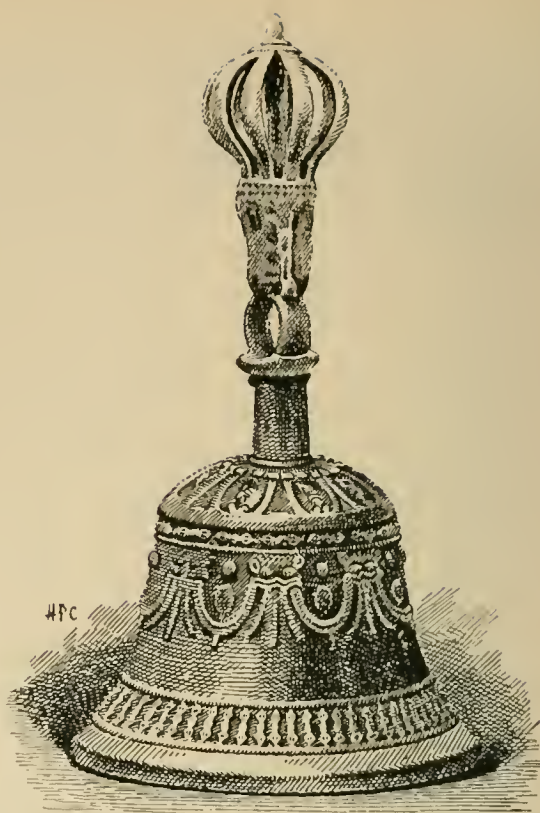
I can say that neither in Little (Western) Tibet, nor on the Sikkim or Southern Tibetan frontier, have I ever seen an ugly or ungraceful vessel. Grotesque some of them undoubtedly are, as might be expected in a race imbued with a fantastic demonology, and in whose temples grinning deaths' heads and skulls play a prominent part; but the sense of proportion, and the instinct for form are never, in my experience, absent. This, however, may be said to be generally true of all Eastern art where it has not degenerated by contact with modern



TIBETAN SKULL-SHAPED LIBATION BOWL

utilitarianism. The use of empty American oil-cans, for example, as a substitute for the earthen water-pots and quaint leather mussocks of the bhishti, may be excellent as a sanitary improvement but can hardly educate the eye of the beholder to beauty, and must provoke a groan from lovers of a fair shape. So I will pass on to qualities which seem to me distinctive of Tibet.

First, one notices the almost invariable habit of blending two or more metals; copper, brass, and silver being used freely together and with extraordinarily good effect. To restrict himself to one metal only would appear to the Tibetan modeller a deliberate throwing away of the rich colour combinations that lie ready to his hand. The main body of whatever object he is fashioning will commonly be of copper (except in the case of sacred images), but the ornament with which he enriches it will be of silver or brass, or both, or sometimes silver-washed tin or iron. This brings us to a second point wherein the artists of Tibet differ markedly from those of India—I mean the appreciation they show for what may be called the value of blank spaces, the power of a bare unadorned surface to throw up the ornament in high relief. This fact, strange though it seems, appears to be scarcely recognised through the great southern peninsula. Whether you take brasses from Benares, silver, wood-carving, or embroidery from any quarter you like to select, the tendency is the same; namely, to cover the entire vessel or cloth or table or screen with the pattern, leaving scarcely a naked inch. The result is a lack of effectiveness, and a loss of repose. Objects become irritating to the eye, in spite or because of their prodigally lavish scheme of decoration. It is probably for this reason, and not for any alleged inferiority of execution, that Europeans in India grow so soon weary of the native chasing in the precious metals. It is a common thing to hear a man say he would gladly exchange a whole museum of such specimens for a piece of plain Georgian silver. The Tibetans have avoided this snare of overloading—of multiplying detail to the detriment of the main idea; and, though they spare no time and pains in the worthy ornamentation of their work, yet a certain majestic simplicity attracts and rests the eye. It must be remembered that plainness is not baldness, for the very plainest surface is characterised by the beauty and interest of hand-workmanship, so different from the smooth monotony of machine-made vessels, lending an individual charm to every touch. Each dent recalls a blow of the hammer wielded by skil-



THE "DHILBU" HOLY LHASSA BELL

ful fingers. In the same way slight irregularities of pattern occurring occasionally are infinitely more attractive than the faultless exactitude of vessels turned out in indifferent number by automatic wheels. It is a strange sight to see a clumsy, thick-set, and excessively dirty Tibetan craftsman squatting on the earth before an open fire, whereon, with the aid of a most primitive bellows, he softens his metal, hammering almost without looking at his work, yet reproducing with exquisite delicacy the pattern he is copying, at which he throws only an occasional careless-seeming glance. It is true that he probably knows the patterns almost by heart, for they have been handed down from one generation to another, and most of his life has been spent in multiplying them. But this will be noticed in another connection later on.

Yet a third point of special interest in Tibetan designs is their ecclesiasticism, natural enough in a country where the priesthood is the government, the chief landowner, and the educational body. It is not merely by their use of shapes and symbols which we ourselves are accustomed to associate with religious significance, such as the mitre,

different forms of the cross, etc., though this, no doubt, in itself is a most singular coincidence, if it is no more; but the gravity and sobriety of their curves and outlines, and the wealth of ornament where ornament is required, are almost Gothic in their character, and certainly realise an ordered ecclesiastical ideal rather than a secular or pagan conception. This is a distinction difficult perhaps to define or express, but easy to see and feel. Lamaism may be religion gone mad, fallen from the primæval Buddhist purity into a mass of superstitious practices and childish credulities, but it is still religion, with a perception of the spiritual as opposed to the material, and so has not failed to inspire its children with a sympathy for other things besides the mere worship of physical loveliness. As in the time of the Renaissance the church in Europe was infinitely the wealthiest and most influential patron of the arts, with the result that an enormous proportion of the genius of the age was expended solely on religious subjects, so in Tibetan pictures

it is extremely rare to come across one in which the scene depicted is not either definitely and historically religious, or at all events designed to be allegorical of some ethical truth. And this influence naturally permeates all through a simple and primitive people, and affects the imagination of the craftsman hammering out his beer-jug or tea-churn, as well as that of the decorator engaged in beautifying sacred instruments for the temple.

Amongst the objects that I have selected for illustration are three copper tea-pots. One of them (page 298) is heavily adorned with very handsome brass work. It is a comparatively modern specimen, but not less interesting artistically on that account, and it is suitable as a typical example of the variety of detail which a Tibetan will expend on a single object, even if, as in this case, it is only an ordinary domestic utensil. The photograph shows the main outline clearly enough, but what it cannot show is that each of the six brass medallions which clasp the sides of the pot supported by grooved brazen bands, has a different

central design. One represents a bell, the Lhasa bell rung by the lamas in certain services, one a lamp such as burns before every altar, two are of different geometrical figures, and one, especially interesting, shows an example of the pre-Norman rope-moulding with which we are familiar in ancient Runic crosses, and notably in the decorations of the Book of Kells. Another depicts two fish curved backwards from each other. The drawings on page 295 give an idea of these designs, and the various modifications of pattern used for the spout, the work beneath the handle, the base and the lid. The smaller tea-pot in silver and copper (on this page) is a very favourite Tibetan model; the reliefs, which are extremely elaborate, are sometimes found in brass and sometimes in silver. The third



TIBETAN TEA-POT IN SILVER AND COPPER

tea-pot, illustrated on page 301, is a very ancient specimen. It is devoid of all ornament except the inscription in the picturesque Tibetan character running round the lidless brim. Its beauty depends entirely on the quaint grace of outline, the curved spout and double handle, and the irregular top representing the mitre-like cap of the monks.

In determining the age and authenticity of any Tibetan vessel (a point of some interest now that a good many copies are attempted in the Kashmir Valley), two matters may be borne in mind, viz., the weight and the join. The older Tibetan work is of surprising lightness compared with that of modern times, the metal being beaten out much more finely. The fact of greater weight does not, of course, prove the object in question to be an imitation, but it does in most cases indicate that it is not of any considerable antiquity. The matter of the join is more important, as it is a valuable proof of the genuine Tibetan character of any article. It is a point easy to understand and recognise with the help of a little experience, but somewhat difficult to explain to those who are totally unfamiliar with the work in question. The majority of Tibetan vessels are made not of one sheet of metal, but of two or more separate pieces, and these are joined with no endeavour at concealment, but quite plainly and obviously, a broad irregular line marking where the join is. One knows this from experience, but the reason for it is impossible to decide. In the larger pots and jars one might suppose it due to a difficulty in obtaining sheets of copper or brass of a size adequate for the purpose; but in some of the smallest objects the same identical join is found, where there can be no such necessity. I can only suppose the result

of some old-engendered habit, which the conservatism of the East causes the people to accept unquestioningly, although the circumstances which gave rise to it may have completely altered. Now there is clearly no object in publishing for the benefit of copyists a statement of what it is in this join which makes detection of an imitation comparatively easy to one who has studied many originals. Partly it lies in the character of the join itself, which is indescribable, and partly in the portion of the vessel where the join is generally made. Kashmir imitators, as a rule, either forget the join altogether, or place it in a wrong position. In no case, though its presence may be considered as proof positive of authenticity, can its absence be taken as a final token of the reverse, for I have in my possession certain flagons of unquestioned age and antecedents where the join is either

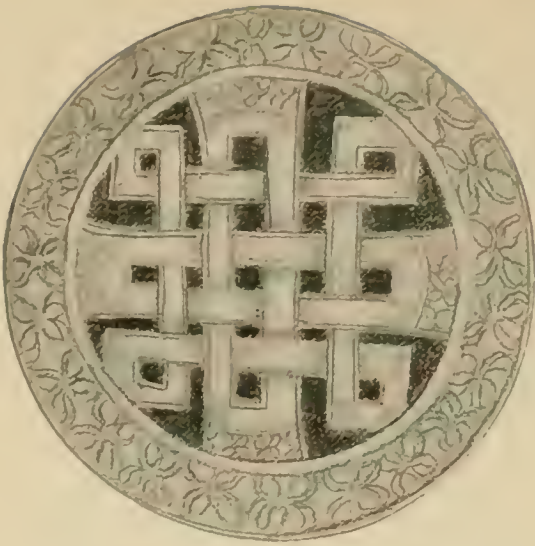


TIBETAN TEAPOT IN COPPER, WITH BRASS MEDALLIONS



TIBETAN TEA-POT WITH DRAGON
SPOUT AND HANDLE SHOWING
CHINESE INFLUENCE

49



FEMALE ORNAMENT SHOWING THE CONTINUOUS PATTERN
WHICH IS SOMETIMES CONSIDERED SYMBOLICAL
OF ETERNAL LIFE

imperceptible or differs in character from that alluded to above.

Other Tibetan objects of interest include beer flagons and tea-churns, made of wood blackened by generations of use, and clasped with fluted rims of bright brass. The handles of the beer flagons are often in the form of a dragon, reminding the observer curiously of the similar design so often found on early English black-oak settles and chests.

One very remarkable design, constantly found on religious instruments and vessels in Tibet, is what may be called the dorjé or thunderbolt handle. Examples of this kind of decoration are shown in the illustrations of the sacred Lhasa bell on page 296, and the libation bowl (page 295). The dorjé is a small implement, supposed to represent a thunderbolt, used in certain religious ceremonies, being grasped in the right hand of the monk or priest. The bell is delicately chased with Tibetan inscriptions, the bowl is modelled to represent a human skull mounted on a pierced frame of deaths' heads, but in each case it will be observed that the round open head or handle is almost identical with that of the dorjé. It comes from Lhasa, and singularly enough the metal workers of Little Tibet cannot copy it, though what the peculiar difficulty is I cannot quite understand. It appears, however, that in Lhasa certain secrets of smelting and producing bell-metal are carefully kept,

and remain unknown in the country regions. Possibly the dorjé pattern can only be properly fashioned in these complex substances. At all events, the Sacred and Secluded City is the fountain head of all art and knowledge. The sacred writings are in the classical Lhasa dialect; the holy images of gold and silver, the shrines inlaid with turquoise and coral and cornelian, all come originally from that centre, though the pattern may be modified in different districts. For example, the silver amulets or charm-boxes worn round the neck by both male and female are of a peculiar rounded shape on the southern Sikkim border, while in Lhasa and on the west they are usually square, with an indication of the cross. These are minor distinctions, not affecting the artistic allegiance of all Tibetans to their Rome.



TIBETAN FEMALE ORNAMENT

Another kind of flagon used for holy water is very plain, with only a silver rim for ornament, resembling somewhat a Western coffee-pot in shape and characteristics. Ink-pots, although not frequently met with, are sometimes beautifully decorated. The exquisite simplicity of the dainty oval of one in the writer's collection, with the rich yet quiet beauty of the carved silver lid, is very attractive. The same collection contains a necklace such as is universally worn by all except the very poorest women in Western Tibet. It is of pendent silver beads suspended from a circle of corals, and the

pattern is said to be similar to that of the gold necklaces found in Etruscan tombs.

The rope-moulding alluded to previously is a prominent feature in the round brazen ornaments worn by the women in front of their garments, below their waist, and it is clearly a favourite pattern among them. It is said they call it the "pattern of eternal life," since it has neither beginning nor end. An illustration the same size as the original appears on page 300. The Tibetans are nothing if not conservative, and in art, as in dress and social habits, they follow the fashion of their fathers.

And this brings me to the last point I wish to notice in this brief review: namely, the rigid adherence to the ancient patterns, shapes, and designs. Few will question their beauty and variety, but it is regrettable that the impulse to new creation seems dead. It may be because the religion which was the inspiration of this strange separate people, is slowly dying, is losing its vital grip on their faith, its strong compulsion on their imagination. I know not, but the fact remains. The old art is exquisitely, faithfully copied, but a new one does not arise to give it a fresh lease of life. It is as stationary as administration has

been in China, and walks for ever in the old well-beaten tracks, for it neither knows nor desires other ways wherein to walk.

LILIAN LE MESURIER.

Amongst the additions to the collection of vestments at South Kensington Museum will be found two interesting dalmatics and a chasuble of the later years of the fifteenth century, which are said to have come from the Church of St. Severin, at Cologne: they are of stamped woollen velvet with embroidered orphreys. In an adjoining case is a mauve-coloured velvet cope, decorated with appliqué work and embroidery: on the hood is represented the Virgin and Child, whilst Our Lord in Glory appears in the middle of the orphrey, with St. Peter, St. Bartholomew and St. Ursula to the right, and St. Paul, St. John the Evangelist and St. Andrew to the left, beneath canopies. This splendid example of ecclesiastical embroidery is German work of the early sixteenth century.

THE WORK OF
MR. HERBERT
ALEXANDER.
BY LAURENCE
HOUSMAN.

NEARLY all landscape art may be classed in one of two main divisions. It deals, though the phrase may seem a contradiction, either with air or earth, with space and movement, or with place; it is either atmosphere or locality that has drawn the artist to his subject. Turner, and Cox, and Constable sought their pictorial effects through atmospheric environment, in the shifting elements of light and air and cloud, rather than in fixed landmarks or locality. With equal emphasis the English pre-Raphaelites and the school of Walker and Pinwell which followed after them, found their central interest not in air but on ground.

It is in the nature of things that the work of our English painters of locality should retain in a more marked degree the



TIBETAN TEA-POT WITH MITRE-SHAPED TOP, ONLY USED BY THE LAMAS

insular accent. Constable's influence passed easily and beneficently into France; Preraphaelitism, with all that followed from it, seems to have had a vital influence only in England; and some of the most beautiful and sincere work that this country has produced has about it almost a note of dialect, so much is it bound to the land of its origin and by local colour.

This peculiarly English way of looking at things marks and classifies the work of Mr. Herbert Alexander, an artist who, though still young and of barely matured power, has for a number of years been steadily developing a style of his own, little affected by outside influences, and who now makes his first bid for recognition in a show of about fifty water-colours, held this month at Mr. John Baillie's Gallery, 1, Princes Terrace, Bayswater. What will no doubt surprise many who thus come upon his work for the first time is the variety and high technical accomplishment which it displays; yet a greater attraction lies in the fact that this skill is secondary to the charm of a quietly possessed but clearly defined temperament. Were it possible to convey by a single phrase the artist's personal note,

serenity would be the nearest word for expressing it. He sees Nature in her most equable and flower-like aspect; his search is for congruity and idyllic harmony; youth and blossom and soft sunshine give the quickening touch to, and form, as it were, the *genius loci* of his gardens, orchards, and homesteads; and though he has a sentiment for old buildings, perhaps because of the growth that hangs upon their walls, I do not recall a single instance, where any figure of old age has been introduced.

It is here and in his studies of English pastoral scenery that one detects, because rather wilfully emphasised, that sympathy with beauty of form rather than with character which has drawn him so often to Italy for his subjects, and has made statuary in one or two instances the central motive for a picture; and perhaps it is just here that a shortcoming makes itself felt—the figures in his foregrounds have a plastic not a human interest: no culminating note of intention is there expressed; the eye passes over them and finds that the real interest lies in the background, and that the figures are mere accessories, though in size and elaboration and titular claim they pose as being something



"MY HOME."

FROM THE WATER-COLOUR BY HERBERT ALEXANDER



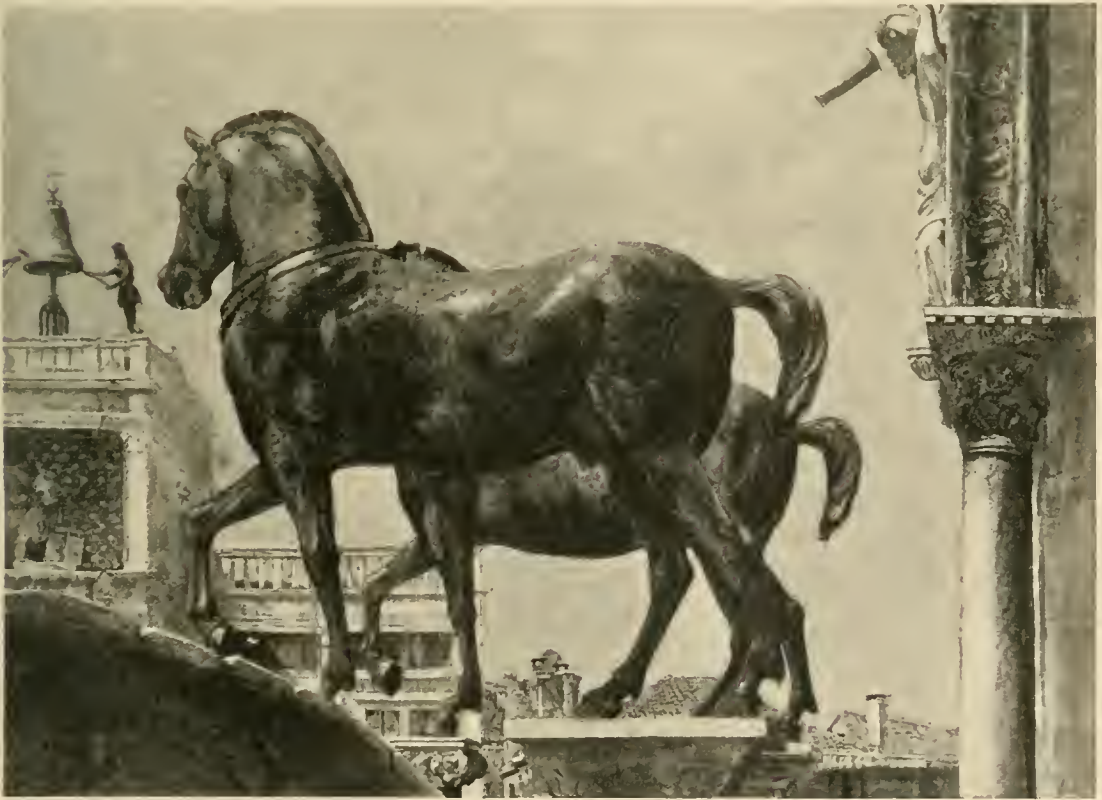
"LAMBS." FROM THE WATER-COLOUR BY HERBERT ALEXANDER.

more important. I recall an instance from my acquaintance with the artist's work in its pre-exhibition stage, where this fact was strikingly exemplified. In the garden subject called *Rhododendrons*, as at first painted, a graceful girlish figure formed the centre of the composition, yet it gave no crowning note of interest. On second thoughts it was removed, and the work was in consequence greatly strengthened: it became more congruous, more sincere, more important, because more scrupulously confined to its end—the glorification of a garden in blossom.

It is too soon to dogmatise as to the limitations of an artist who has at this early stage of his career acquired so notable a command of his material; but I think that Mr. Alexander has from the first followed the true bent of his genius, and that it is as a water-colour painter of flowery landscape that he is destined to make his mark. For the most part he has been his own teacher, saving for two years spent at Bushey in very early days, and a few months at the Slade School more recently for the practice of the figure. To Miss Bertha Herkomer, in whose studio he first studied, he owes all the good he got at Bushey; but he had at that time

hardly found himself, and the training which he received gave him little more than the necessary rudiments, having no after-influence upon his style and very little upon his technique. As regards the latter, since reproductions tell little, a word here may be in place.

At the beginning of my remarks I mentioned Preraphaelitism; and there is, with a difference, a strong Preraphaelite element in the best of Mr. Alexander's work. His vision is keen, and he paints with extraordinary precision, delicacy, and freshness the detail of every flower that comes within the foreground of his most finished pieces. A solidity of effect is thus attained which, but for its superior crispness and brilliance, much resembles body-colour, though, as a matter of fact, the artist, scrupulous for the future state of his work, never allows himself any license of whitened pigment. In spite of such close elaboration of near detail, his foregrounds remain well in focus with his distances, and the manipulation never tends to become hard. It is indeed a surprising quality of his work that it carries so much elaboration with so light and generalised a result. There is in it little of that special feeling which one associates



"THE BRONZE HORSES OF ST. MARK'S, VENICE"

FROM THE WATER-COLOUR BY HERBERT ALEXANDER

with Preraphaelitism, that brainy concentration and self-conscious intentness which make the early work of Millais and of Holman Hunt almost like a phrenological study of Nature. Mr. Alexander is neither so ferociously scientific as the Preraphaelites were in the first energy of their youth, nor does he aim at the deep, romantic note of landscape-painting which they afterwards achieved. For my part, I must own to a certain regret that an artist so fully equipped in hand and eye for becoming a close follower of the school has not been carried further towards them in feeling; that he has not developed the more deliberate and serious note which shows clearly in at least that one of his works here reproduced, entitled *My Home*, where for once Preraphaelite influence becomes evident. The black-and-white version gives but a hint at the deep brilliance of colour and fine tone which mark this study as exceptional among the artist's achievements, for though an even greater dexterity for the elaborate treatment of flowers in mass and in detail is shown in a more recent piece called *Rhododendrons*—to which reference has already been made—the deeper feeling does not recur in this or in any other piece that I have seen; and it may be that the artist, detecting a certain unevenness in the results of this strenuous pursuit of a mood not yet quite mastered, has found it better to keep within limitations which give him more safe assurance of the harmony he is in search of. His work, where most self-possessed, is essentially equable in character, sensuous rather than emotional; though full of feeling, it conveys no sense of the consumptiveness of beauty, no suggestion that Nature contains a tragedy, no fear of devouring time, such as one sees in those great sunset landscapes so typical of the modern spirit—the *Autumn Leaves* and *Sir Isumbras* of Millais, and *The Plough* of Fred Walker.

And although there is a permanent truth in that view of things which brings mystery to the fore, it must be confessed that there is often nowadays an

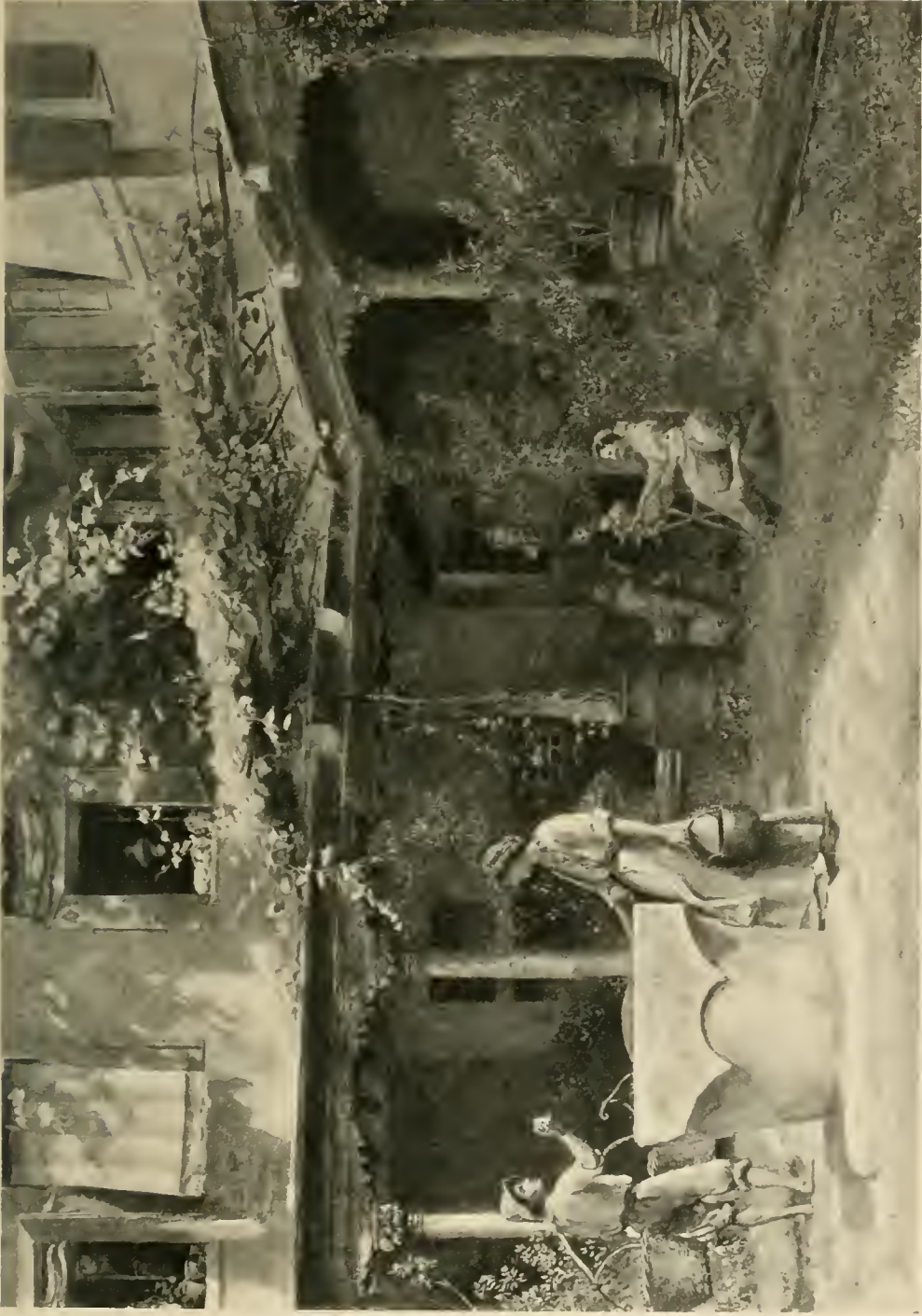
underlying sentimentality. The taste of the age in which we live finds too much beauty in ruins, preferring the pictorial disorder of decay to symmetry that is still fit and sufficient to the purpose for which it was created. And as this is true of the popular taste in architecture, so is it to some extent true also of our appreciation of nature. We like to ache and yearn over it as though it were a doomed and disappearing quantity, a fugitive before the advance of modern civilisation, ignoring the comforting reflection that three-fourths of the earth's surface at least is still unreclaimed wilderness.

There is none of this faint-hearted hankering in Mr. Alexander's work—a sort of subdued optimism pervades his view of things; he accepts his environment, and does not care to look beyond it. Fruitful earth, a few fields, a group of cottages, a



"POINONIA TREES, FLORENCE

BY HERBERT ALEXANDER



"A JUDGMENT OF PARIS"
FROM THE WATER-COLOUR
BY HERBERT ALEXANDER

tree in blossom, bring contentment to his mind, and he studies them with a sort of hand-to-mouth philosophy, accepting their outward beauty as a thing of the day only. His most characteristic liking is for old gardens clothed gaily in blossom. Earth and the sky itself he sees in a blossom-like gentleness of aspect, and a breakdown in the weather becomes so delicately rendered that it seems but the falling of a broken blossom. One cannot imagine him as a painter of wind or storm, or of any of nature's darker and more sullen moods; and if ever he were driven to take shelter in a thunderstorm for a subject, one feels that he would treat it kindly, setting down as it were the extenuating circumstances which explained and excused its violence.

In the only subject, so far as I know, with which winter has inspired him—that which he has called *Snow*—what is most forcibly conveyed is the absolute stillness and the unsullied purity of the scene; it is the quietness of its white solitude which has attracted him, and in the foreground an obstinately upright spray, still bearing its leaves, stands sentinel for the quick time of year which will, before long, recover the ground from the desolation that now holds it. I remember on first sight describing this as snow seen from a rabbit's point of view—there was, I fancy, a rabbit's footprint somewhere in the foreground to prompt the gibe—but its delicate and just tone is enough to make it memorable, a simple thing upon the surface, but not a little striking in its effective use of a landscape almost without feature. It is a good example also of one of the artist's virtues—he never forces a contrast: if anything, he understates it, and yet he does not fail to make his effect.

One finds this again in his Italian studies, where, for all their brilliance and bright colour, no assertion of the sharp blaze of a southern sun is forced upon the eye; the thing is suggested by a high key colour

more than by strong contrast of light and shade. This is well shown in that gallant piece of bric-à-brac, *The Horses of St. Mark's*: but will be better appreciated in the original, with its luminous shadows, its bright stains of verdegriis and amber, and its tingling prismatic sky, than in the reproduction, which, however, has a value as showing the solid realisation of form which underlies a successful piece of colouring.

All this indicates that Mr. Alexander approaches his subject first and foremost as a colourist. He never allows himself to go beyond that point in the pursuit of tone where colour must lose something of its purity and radiance if the division is to be further enforced; and yet within the range he permits himself his tone is, in the most crucial passages of his work, singularly true, when we



"WASHERWOMEN AT RAPALLO"

BY HERBERT ALEXANDER



"THE FOUNTAIN." FROM THE WATER-COLOUR BY HERBERT ALEXANDER.

consider that it is not what he has most aimed for. Take, for instance, the white blossom of a tree seen partly against sky and partly against dark background : there you will find that the counter-change has been effected with absolute justness of tone—a scruple most difficult of attainment with a scheme of colour as strong as that which the artist usually employs.

That he is so much of a colourist is singular, in view of his almost equal preoccupation with form, for it is a tradition of art that a painter seldom sees equally well in the two directions. Possibly, as his work matures, we shall find that it inclines more and more definitely to one side or the other. For reasons already given, I am inclined to think that he will become more of a painter and less of a draughtsman ; and perhaps the fact that there is often a fault in the proportion and building-up of his compositions points in the same direction. In looking over the examples which give illustration to this article, I cannot help feeling that only one of them, *The Fountain*, is thoroughly complete as a composition ; in one or two there are obvious faults of perspective. These, however, are accidents hardly to be reckoned with, since they will dis-

appear as experience extends ; but in hardly a single case does it seem to me that the instinctive limits and centre of the composition have been discovered. Often, indeed, the artist is more happy in the putting together of slight pieces, such as the *Washerwomen at Rapallo*, or the *Polonia Trees, Florence*, than in what has been more thoroughly thought out and laboured on. But all the shortcomings—both temporary as belonging to a stage of development, and inherent as belonging to his qualities—which one finds in the artist's work seem only to emphasise the undoubted ability which it already shows, and to leave definite room for that advance which so sensitive a touch, so keen an eye for colour, and so much technical skill seem with certainty to promise in the near future. A true colourist is never without a touch of imaginative quality, but Mr. Alexander has far more than the average ; and though he has struck a light note, it is none the less poetic and genuine in its quality. Nor does he ever seek, in getting to that soft side of beauty which he loves, to evade technical difficulties. The quiet courage of his work was what first attracted me towards it ; and if he continues to give his abilities full scope,



"SNOW"

FROM THE WATER-COLOUR BY HERBERT ALEXANDER

something sterner and nobler may yet come out of a talent which can never fail of charm, or be unattractive for lack of mere skill.

LAURENCE HOUSMAN.

STUDIES BY SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES.

NOT many artists have been as elaborate in their methods of working as Sir Edward Burne-Jones. His extraordinary industry and his never-failing desire to master even the minutest details of his profession induced him to adopt a system which involved a constant tax upon his energies. It may fairly be said that throughout his life he never rested from the labour of production, and never relaxed his effort to attain complete freedom of expression. What he aimed at especially was an exhaustive understanding of the fundamental facts upon which his imaginative compositions were based. He was not content to arrive at his results by easy compromises, or to slur over details about which he was uncertain. He was too conscientious to pretend to knowledge which he did not possess; whatever he did must be deeply studied and thoroughly reasoned out, with no evasions or reservations. Whether the people who saw his pictures did or did not appreciate the strenuousness of his intention was a matter almost of indifference to him; he sought primarily to satisfy himself, and to leave undone nothing which would make more plain the meaning of his work. His art was to him a means of expressing his æsthetic temperament, and that it should lack none of the essentials of his creed he regarded as a personal obligation.

It was a natural consequence of his manner of dealing with his profession that he should have taken so much trouble over preparatory exercises which were not necessarily intended to be seen by anyone but himself. The mass of drawings and studies which he accumulated in his studio can be accepted as evidence of his earnest search after perfection. They represent an amount of self-discipline far beyond what most artists would be disposed to undergo in pursuit of a technical ideal, and they imply on his part a steadfastness of purpose which commands sincere admiration. It can be seen that he tested over and over again every point in his equipment of knowledge until he knew exactly what he should do to make fully significant the piece of work which he had in hand. It is clear, too, that he was not content to record his conclusions pictorially until he had compared all the possible variations on the idea which he had

in his mind. For his own satisfaction he analysed his inspirations as carefully as if they had been those of someone else upon whom he had to pronounce judgment; and this analytical process was, as his drawings prove, often a long one and always exhaustive.

Apart from their value as illustrations of his working method, these preliminary studies are extremely important as assertions of the artist's exquisite skill. They have a singular beauty of treatment, and they are marked by an individual quality which is altogether fascinating. Whatever may be the subjects with which they deal, and whatever the medium in which they are executed, they are invariably carried to just that degree of completeness which was necessary to make them suitable for their purpose. There is in them no labour for labour's sake, and no sign of any effort to give them that useless finish which would imply an intention on the artist's part to make concessions to the popular point of view. Whether they are slight or elaborate, whether they represent the human subject or merely inanimate nature, they are nothing but the frankest essays of a scholar eager for improvement, and grudging no trouble which will advance him in his understanding of his art.

The opportunity afforded by the exhibition recently opened in the Leicester Galleries of examining a series of these admirable productions is one which all lovers of artistic sincerity will welcome. The collection includes much that no other artist but Sir Edward Burne-Jones could have done so well and in a manner so markedly personal. Its wide variety is not the least of its merits; it is fortunate that the organisers of the show should have taken pains to secure works which illustrate the artist's versatility as effectively as his mastery of draughtsmanship or his acuteness of observation. The studies of heads, of figures, of arrangements of draperies, of pieces of armour, of birds, and of other details needed for the proper filling up of this or that of his pictorial compositions, gain in interest by being gathered together in the same gallery. They summarise the many phases of his practice, and show that, whatever the direction in which he might turn in search of material, he was true to himself and to the creed which he professed. In the heads especially his preference for a particular and very delicate facial type is effectively displayed, and in the figure studies his subtle appreciation of flowing and elegant line is most attractively demonstrated; and in all the others there are technical qualities of special significance.



STUDY OF HEAD FOR "THE CAR
OF LOVE." BY SIR E. BURNE-JONES



STUDY OF HEAD FOR "THE
DREAMER." BY SIR E. BURNE-JONES



STUDY OF THE MERMAID FOR
"IN THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA"
BY SIR E. BURNE-JONES



STUDY OF HEAD OF A WOOD FAIRY
FOR AN UNFINISHED PICTURE BY
SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES



TWO STUDIES OF HEADS
BY SIR E. BURNE-JONES



STUDIES OF BIRDS. BY
SIR E. BURNE-JONES



STUDY OF A WING FOR
"THE DAYS OF CREATION"
BY SIR E. BURNE-JONES



STUDY FOR VENUS IN
"THE MIRROR OF VENUS"
BY SIR E. BURNE-JONES

WEEK-END COTTAGES: DESIGNS SENT IN FOR COMPETITION A. LV.*

THE number of competitors in this competition has been exceptionally large, a point of interest for several reasons. Not the least of these is the fact that the anxiety to work out this particular design shows that one of the lessons THE STUDIO has been consistent in advocating has gone home to a large body of its readers. It is plain, not only from the long list of the competitors who have approached a solution of the problem, but also from what is—broadly speaking—the excellent average of their work, that we have not laid down in vain the axiom that an artistic success may be reached, perhaps more easily, by the way of simplicity and restraint than by elaboration. Many of the drawings submitted bear witness to this; and, indeed, it is not going too far to say that unquestionably the best of the designs owe their chief merit to the fact that the competitor has allowed his design of plan to shape itself naturally and simply into his design for exterior effect, and that the result, therefore, speaks a quiet naturalness.

The conditions laid down in the announcement of the competition were few and simple: and as regards the requirements asked for, have, on the whole, been well adhered to. But the great stumbling-block to most of the competitors has been the clause bearing upon the cost. Few of them, in fact, have laid to heart the injunction, "The cost must not exceed £500," and many are the designs which would take at least twice this sum to carry out in any part of England. To mention 4*d.* or 4½*d.* per cube foot (as some have done) as being a fair and probable price for a half-timbered cottage, with inglenooks and other luxuries, and to expect to see your building erected in such a way as to satisfy the client who could afford to indulge himself with a week-end cottage, shows a far too sanguine and hopeful disposition. Building in the Home Counties, and, indeed, so near any large city as a week-end cottage must needs be, has steadily increased in cost year by year, and the 6*d.* per cube foot of some years ago has now grown to at least 7½*d.* True, in Devon or Cornwall, or elsewhere where it is occasionally possible to "win," at a shallow depth, from one's own site, the stone for building, the price per foot *may* be brought down

to some such figure as 4*d.* or 4½*d.*, but favourable and exceptional opportunities of this kind are not fairly to be reckoned upon in such cases as the present. The circumstances under which the supposititious cottage would be built would naturally be those of an average and usual nature. Of the 163 designs submitted but a small percentage of the competitors could hope to see their ideas carried out, as buildings, within the limit set; and, as a matter of fact, those plans which did comply with this condition have not, for reasons unconnected with cost, been adjudged worthy of being prize-winners. So universal is the failure to observe the money condition that we have been obliged, perforce, to modify our standard in this respect, and to consider the plans, not from the point of view of strict adherence to the amount laid down, but rather from that of the various approximations to this sum attained by the different competitors.

Further, while on the question of cost, it is impossible to avoid expressing regret that more than one statement placed on the drawing, and professing to give the number of cubic feet contained in the building has proved, after fair and, indeed, considerate checking, to be fallacious, and decidedly under the mark. In saying this, we have not in our minds such evident clerical errors as that, for instance, of *Hoffnung*, page 324, whose 116,718 cubic feet should certainly not be more than 20,300, and who makes his cost at 7*d.* per foot only amount to 6*s.* 6*d.* more than at 1*d.*! But, apart from such an unfortunate slip as this (which, by the way, stands alone in telling against the competitor), we feel that we have a right to expect figures which are not misleading. If it were not our custom to go with close care and exactitude into the assessment of our various competitions errors of this kind would have given those responsible for them an unfair and improper advantage over the other competitors.

The object of a week-end cottage is to afford a simple home, inexpensive in its first cost and in its up-keep, to which the busy man can run away from the turmoil of town, and spend as much time as possible on both sides of "the day that comes between the Saturday and Monday." It is a possible arrangement either to lock the place up during such days as it is not thus made use of, or to have a permanent caretaker acting as servant when needed. One or two of the competitors—among them, for instance, *Coast*—have planned the building for the latter system, as is suggested by their provision of a ground-floor bed-room, thus

* A number of other designs for cottages submitted for this competition will be illustrated in the next number of THE STUDIO. The names of the Prize-winners will be found in the present number under the heading "Awards in THE STUDIO Prize Competitions."

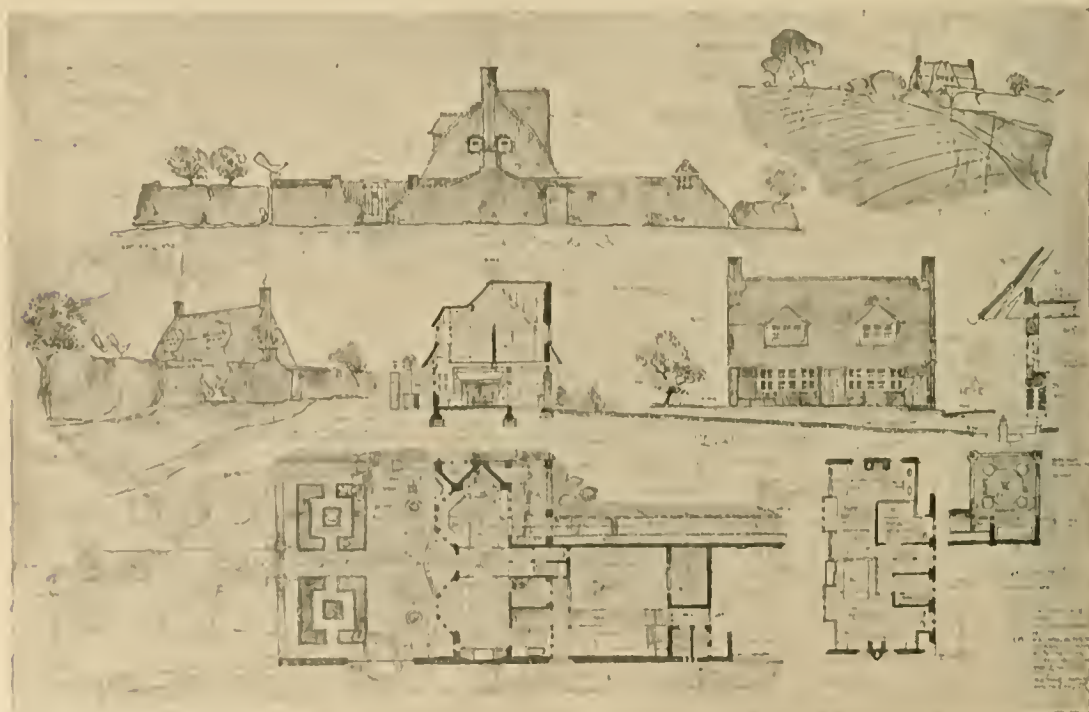
Week-End Cottages

allowing this room and the adjacent kitchen to form such a caretaker's permanent quarters.

The hall, which many of the competitors have included, if it is provided with a fireplace, serves the very useful purpose of securing the heating of the whole house during its unoccupied period. It is generally possible, even if the house be left unservanted, to arrange locally for the attending to an occasional fire. In such a case as that of *Scaur Neuk*, the hall indeed can hardly be meant for any other purpose, as its width of 6 ft. does not allow of its use as a sitting-room. Few of the plans make the thoughtful, and now-a-days almost essential, provision of a space, either closet or recess, near the front door in which to house a bicycle or bicycles. Only those who use a country cottage—and do so, perhaps, on a somewhat exiguous income—realise the necessity of this alternative to walking or the hire of the village fly—if, indeed, there be one. *Caliban*, in a rather pleasing, and withal economical, set, introduces this accommodation—a thoughtfulness counterbalanced by the fact that he has omitted to provide any w.c. whatever! In arranging bicycle space, however, it is as well to remember that the machines offer the means of an easy and a lucrative theft to the country tramp, and an external bicycle-house makes his booty all the

easier to appropriate. The writer, for example, knows of a case in which three thirty-guinea bicycles disappeared in one night! *Severe*, in a nicely-drawn set, arranges his shed externally. He, by the way, lights his hall indifferently by circular windows, and we can see no light at all to the staircase landing. He has, moreover, forgotten to place the compass-point on his drawings, so that the question of the aspect of his rooms is left as a matter of conjecture.

Simplification of plan in such a direction as to result in a more or less square building has the advantage of that simplification of roof which makes for economy. Dormers, whether flat or pitched, necessitate both extra labour and the use of an amount of the comparatively expensive material, lead, for the valleys, flashings, and—in case of the flat dormers—roofs. A gable treatment, especially if there be two adjoining each other, means also the use of this material for the V gutter, and the great disadvantage due to the certainty of the latter acting as a "pocket," which is, after a snowstorm, liable to be filled to a considerable depth. An example of a commendable square plan is the set submitted by *Snuff-box*, who obtains a pleasant and simple effect by the quiet use of rough-cast with green shutters to the windows. His coal-



WEEK-END COTTAGE

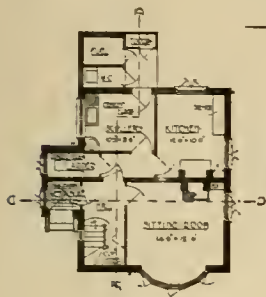
DESIGNED BY "MECALEEP"

Week-End Cottages



-: ELEVATIONS :-

MATERIALS: ROOF, WALLS WITH EDGECAPST.
ONED. THE EROOF COVERED WITH
HAND-MADE TILES



-: GROUND PLAN :-



-: FIRST FLOOR PLAN :-



-: SECTION A-B :-



-: SECTION C-D :-

"TIGGER"

WEEK-END COTTAGE

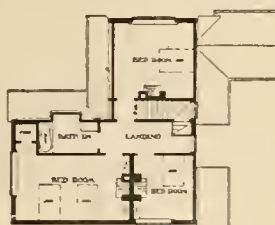
DESIGNED BY "TIGGER"

cellar, however, is too small, holding as it does barely a ton. The window, again, to the principal bedroom only works out at about 10 ft. 6 ins. superficial of glazing. Throughout the country the local authorities ask that the proportion in living-rooms of window-glass to flooring shall be as one to ten, and this provision is not complied with. The west and east sides of the bedroom walls, again, would be barely four feet from the floor to the pitch of

roof. *Tigger* also sends a sensible, though not a very picturesque plan. The scullery is unduly large, as is the case also in the set of *Horsa*, page 332, who sends a simple plan which could probably be carried out within the limit set. *Iota's* kitchen, again, is too small; the scullery, on the other hand, is of unnecessary size. His large "common room," 24 ft. by 17 ft., is quite a good feature. In a country cottage probably one of the best arrangements



• GROUND FLOOR •



• FIRST FLOOR •



• SECTION A.A. •

• DESIGN FOR A WEEK-END COTTAGE •



• S.E. ELEVATION •



• N.W. ELEVATION •

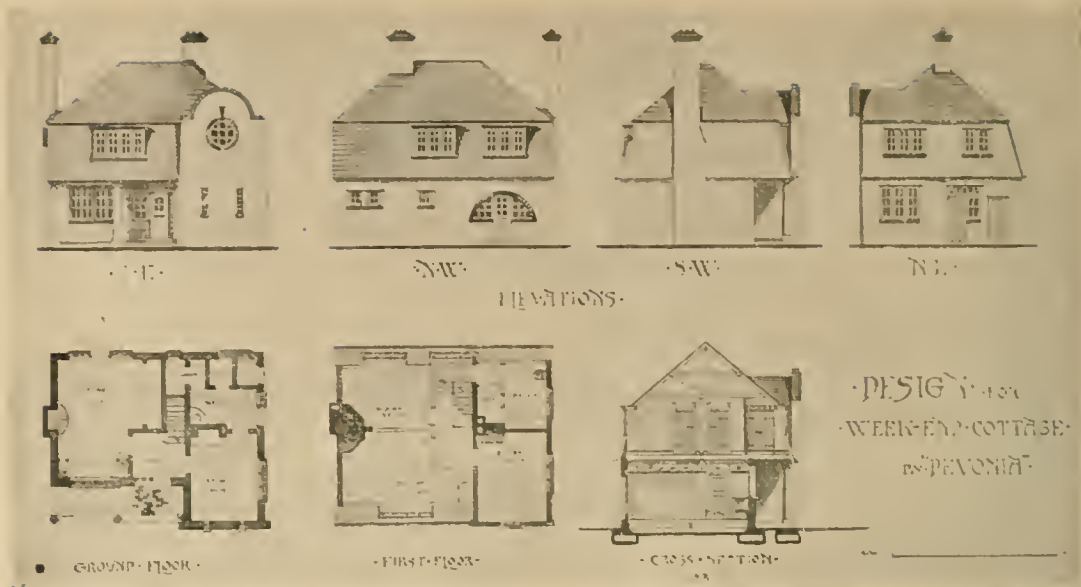


• S.W. ELEVATION •

WEEK-END COTTAGE

DESIGNED BY "CATRINA"

Week-End Cottages

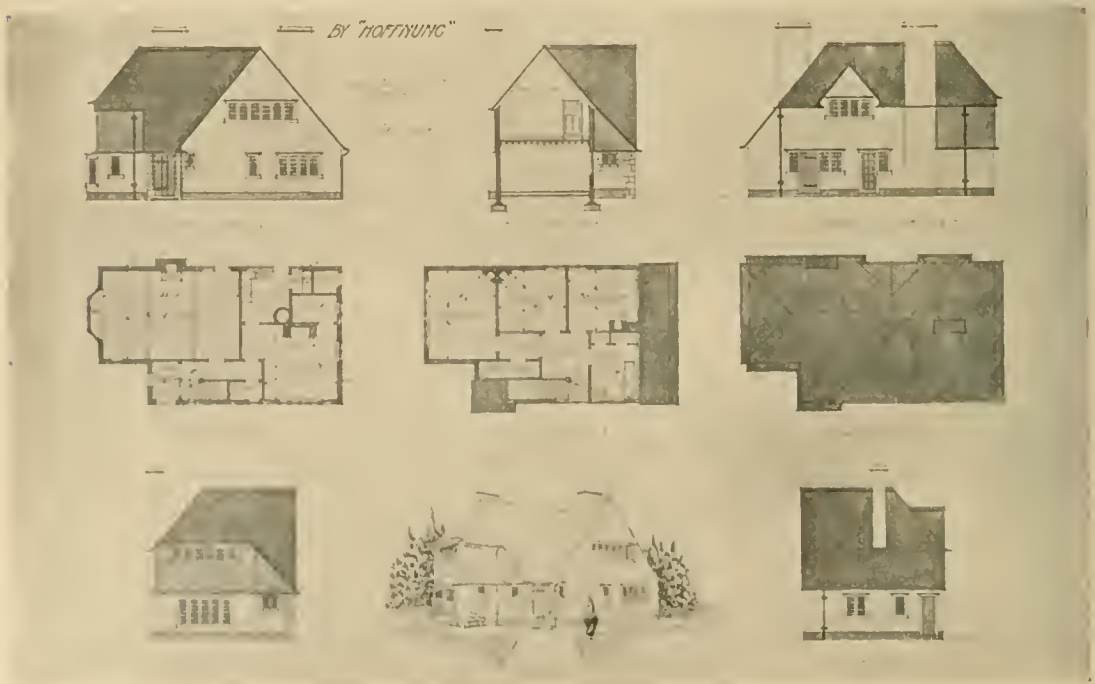


WEEK-END COTTAGE

DESIGNED BY "DEVONIA"

is that the scullery should be merely a recess out of the kitchen—perhaps separated from the latter by a flat arch, and provided with a sink and a tiled floor to carry off the spilt water after washing up. *Berch* also has a square plan under

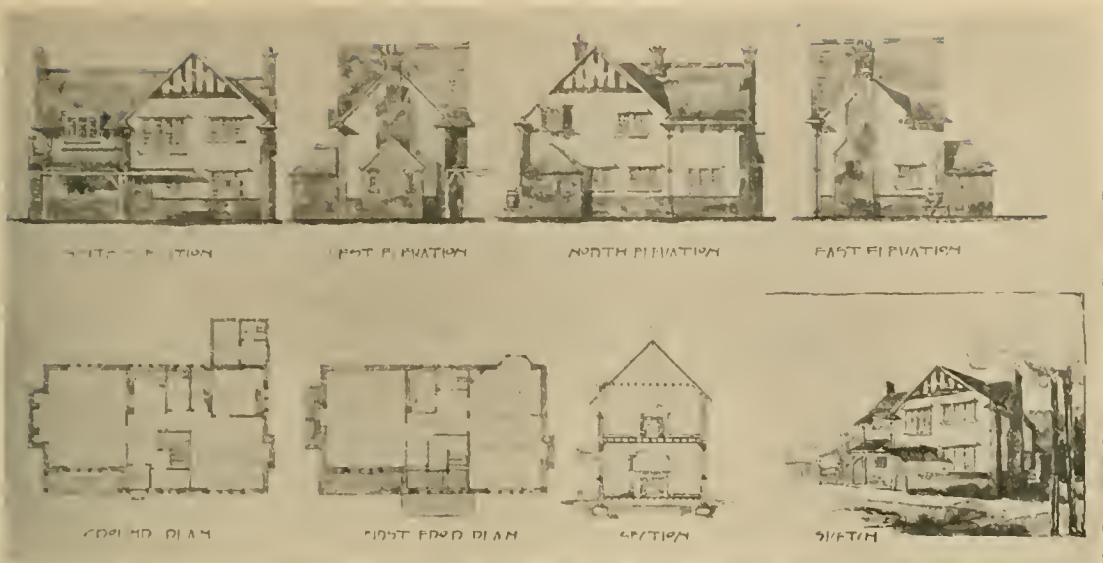
a pyramid roof, but the set is disconcerting to the critic, as there is no statement as to the scale to which it is drawn. A closer examination will convince the author of the difficulty, if not the impossibility, of placing beds in the bedrooms. *Devonia*,



WEEK-END COTTAGE

DESIGNED BY "HOFFNUNG"

Week-End Cottages

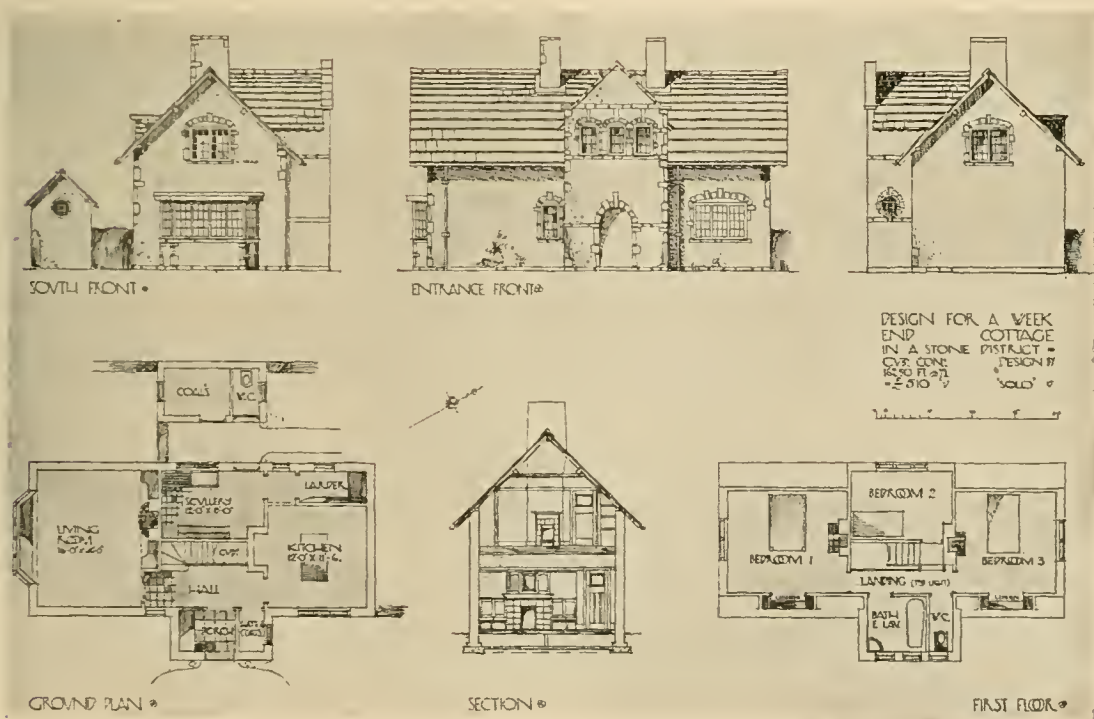


WEEK-END COTTAGE

DESIGNED BY "LILOLIE"

page 324, in his plan, which also comes under the category of the square ones, has had the useful notion of effecting economy in building by treating the upper floor as a Mansard or curb roof. We

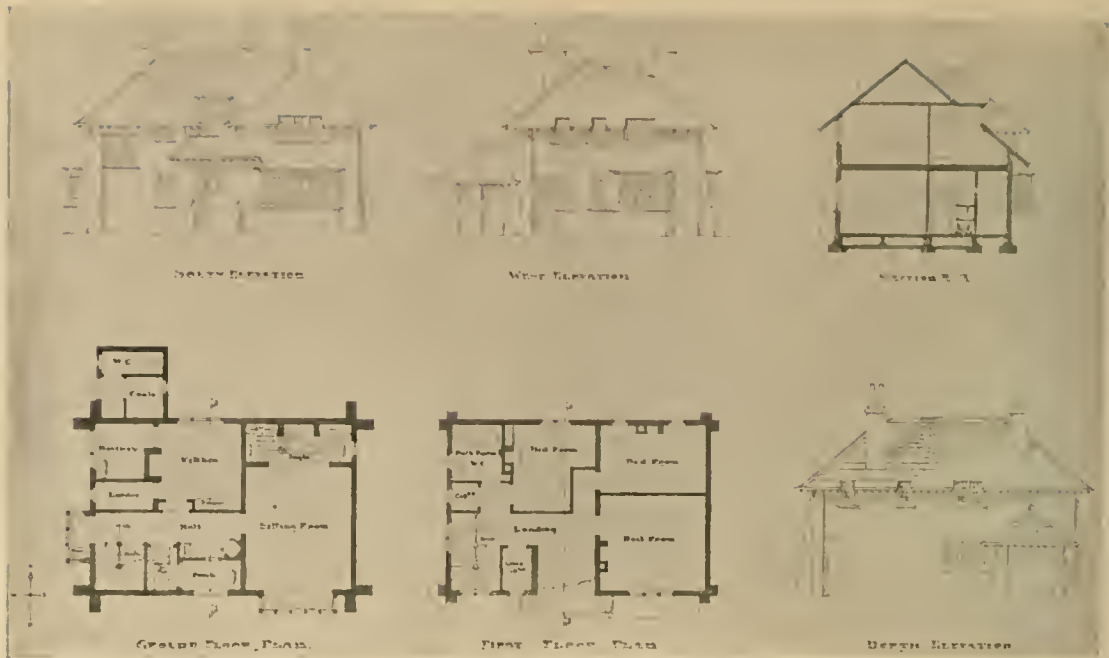
could wish that he and some of the other competitors had been somewhat less strong in the colour-schemes they have adopted in their drawings. The soft grey-green of Tilberthwaite slates is not in the



WEEK-END COTTAGE

DESIGNED BY "SOLO"

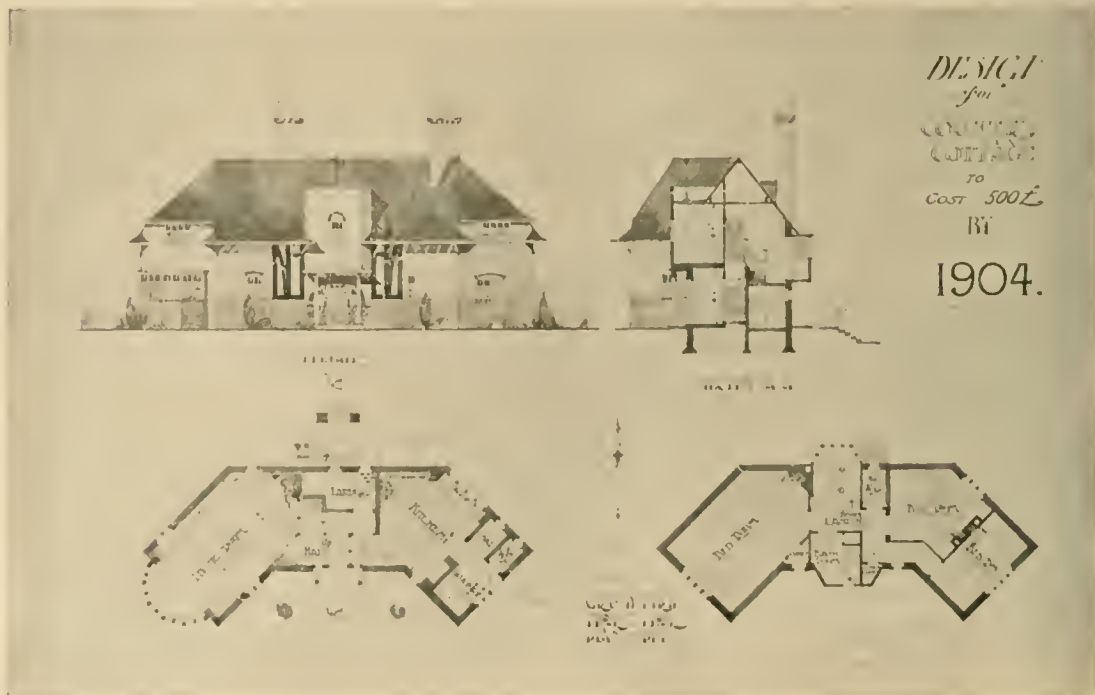
Week-End Cottages



WEEK-END COTTAGE

DESIGNED BY "SYWELL"

least suggested by the most vivid of green washes. *Leap Year*, again, is distinctly over-brilliant in colouring. His doors, by the way, scale barely 2 ft. wide. *Deerfield*, page 329, also has the



WEEK-END COTTAGE

DESIGNED BY "1904"

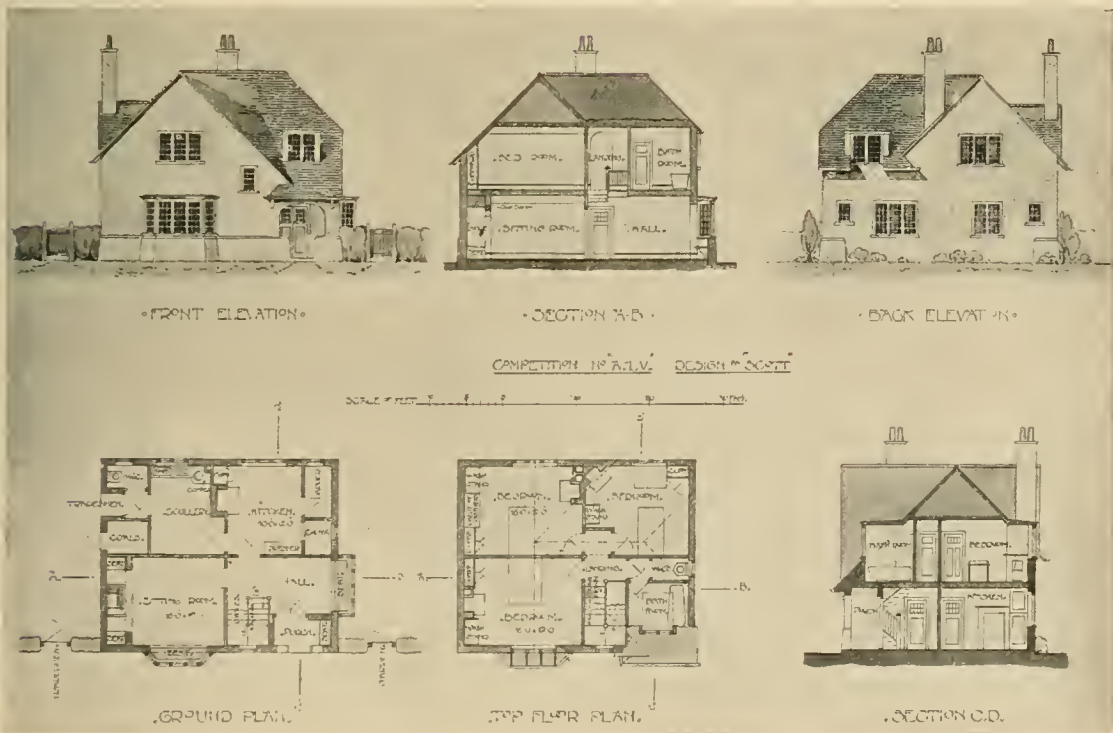
Week-End Cottages



WEEK-END COTTAGE

DESIGNED BY "T-SQUARE"

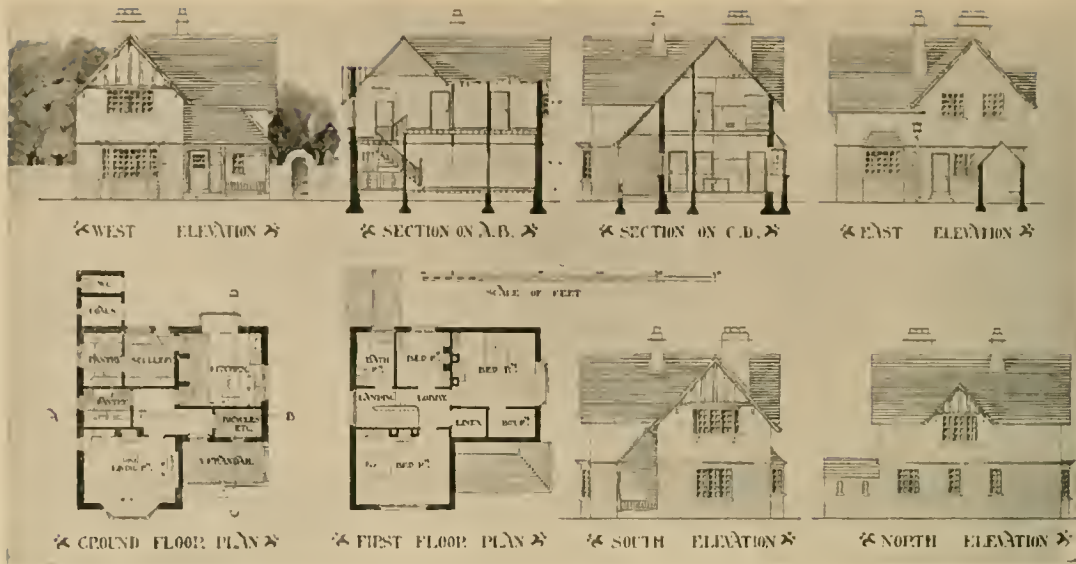
Mansard arrangement ; but it is difficult to reconcile the colour and the scale, and to gather from them his material — unless, indeed, it be 6-inch bricks, which, we must say, does not strike us



WEEK-END COTTAGE

DESIGNED BY "SCOTT"

Week-End Cottages

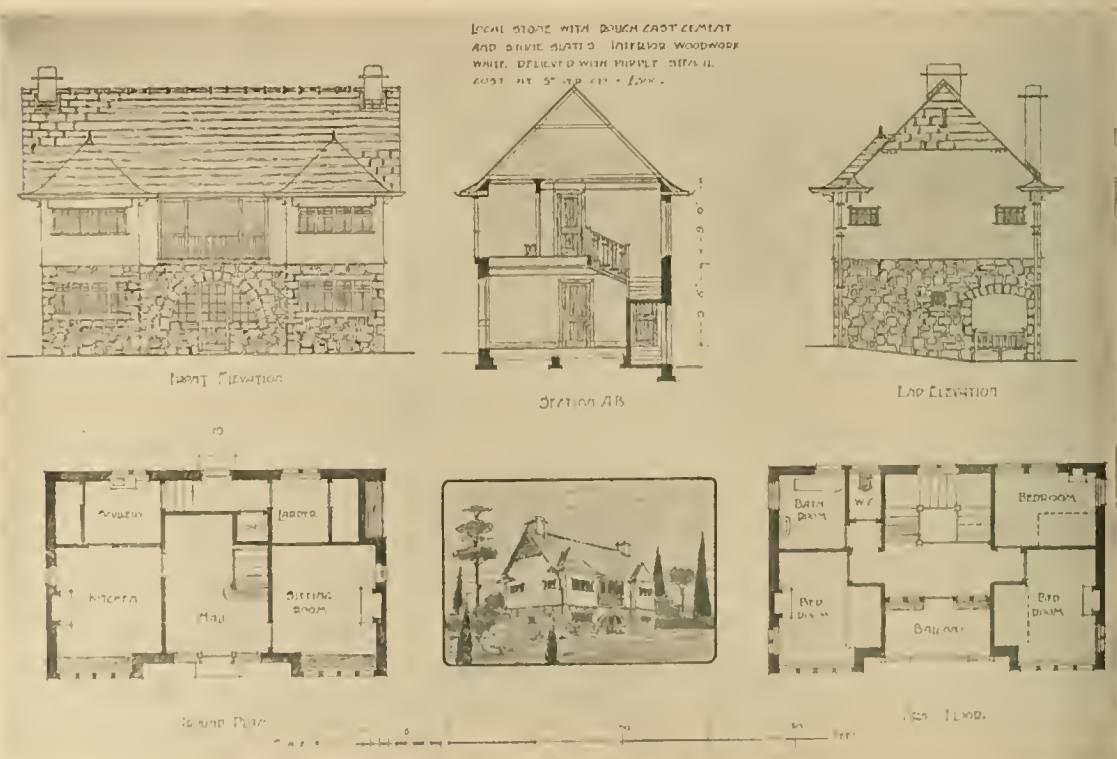


WEEK-END COTTAGE

DESIGNED BY "WASH"

as being likely to be what he meant. His first-floor bay window, shown on the elevation, does not appear on the plan. *Salop* submits a good

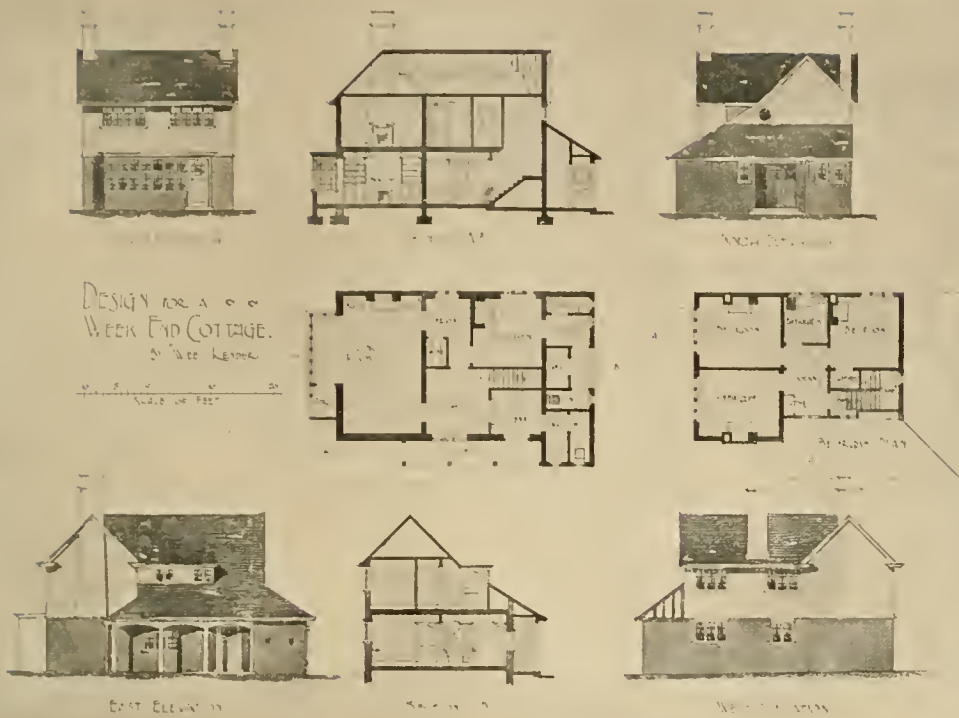
design, though it seems to us somewhat of a flaw that the staircase leads out of the living-room. In addition to this, his risers must be



WEEK-END COTTAGE

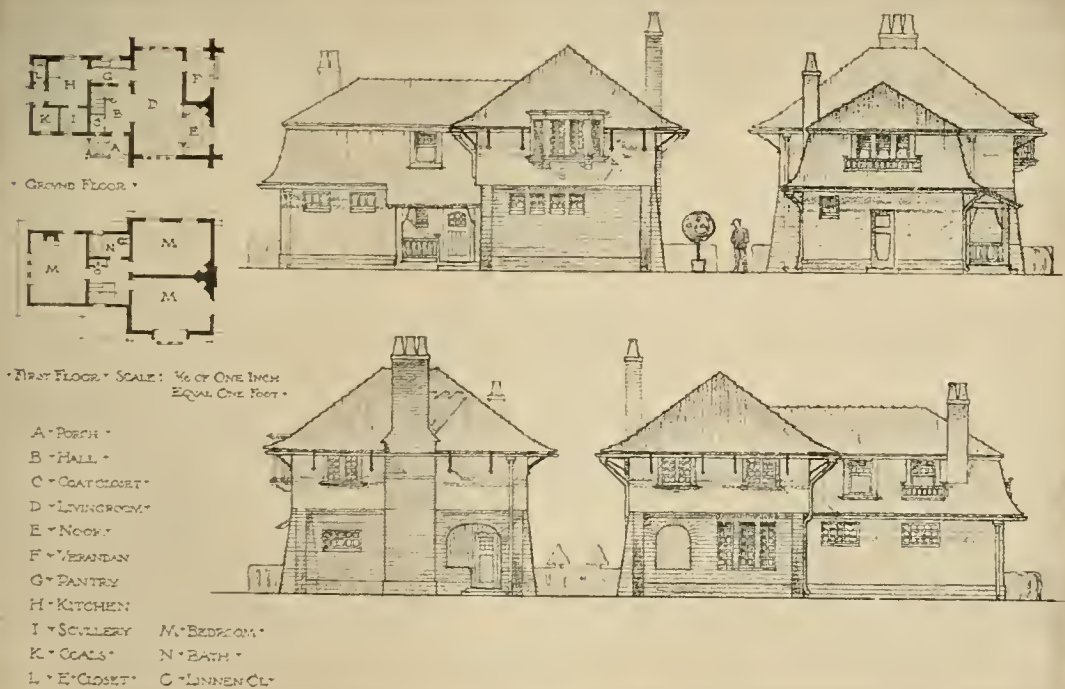
DESIGNED BY "LOCHABER"

Week-End Cottages



WEEK-END COTTAGE

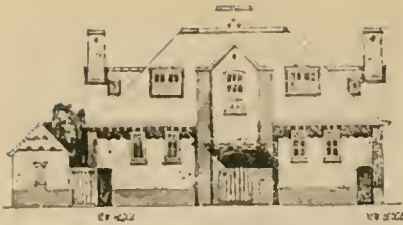
DESIGNED BY "WEE KENDER"



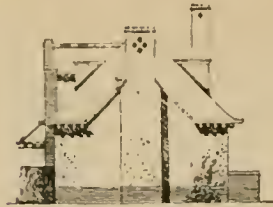
WEEK-END COTTAGE

DESIGNED BY "DEERFIELD"

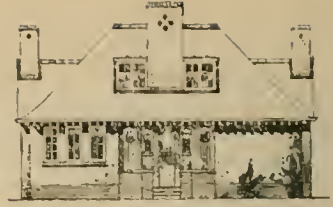
Week-End Cottages



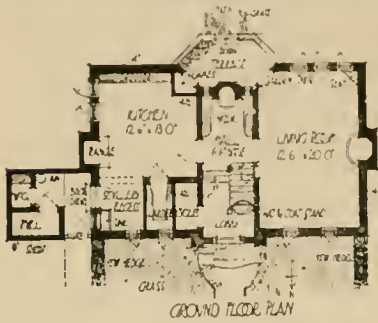
NORTH ELEVATION



WEST ELEVATION



ELEVATION TO GARDEN

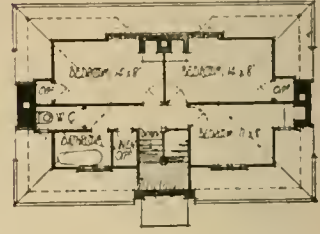


GROUND FLOOR PLAN

DESIGN FOR A WEEK-END COTTAGE
TO COST £300 BY
"VECTIS"



EAST ELEVATION



ROOF AND BEDROOM PLAN

JES 1904

DESIGNED BY "VECTIS"

WEEK-END COTTAGE

very high, and his treads apparently cannot work out at more than 7 ins. wide. He manages to utilise the upper part of the roof for useful attic

accommodation, though at the expense of making his first floor 7 ft. 6 ins. from floor to ceiling, which would certainly not be allowed by even the most



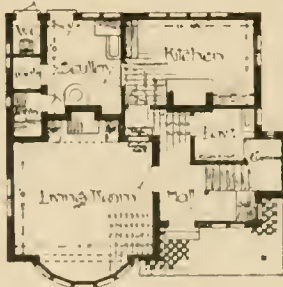
— Front Elevation —



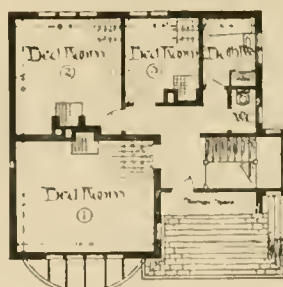
— Side Elevation —



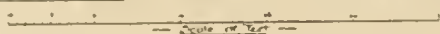
— Section —



— Ground Floor —



— First Floor —



— Perspective —

WEEK-END COTTAGE

DESIGNED BY "AGE"

Week-End Cottages



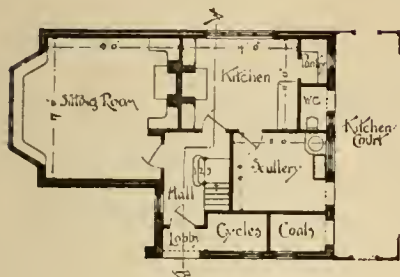
FRONT ELEVATION



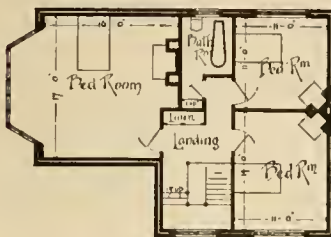
SIDE ELEVATION

DESIGN FOR A
WEEK-END COTTAGE

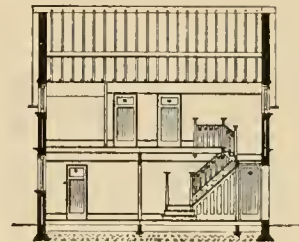
1" = 10' SCALE OF FEET



GROUND PLAN



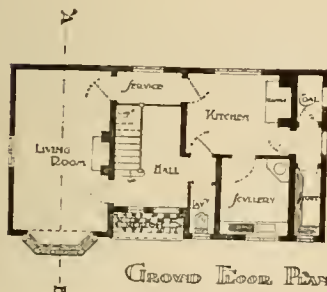
CHAMBER PLAN



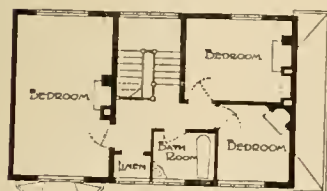
SECTION A-B

WEEK-END COTTAGE

DESIGNED BY "ALPHA"



GROUND FLOOR PLAN



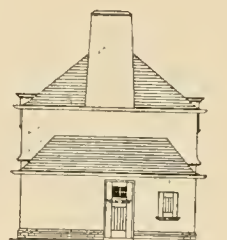
CHAMBER PLAN

DESIGN FOR A WEEK-END COTTAGE
"BY LAP"

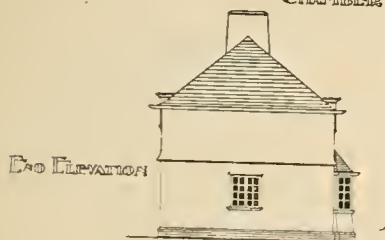
MATERIALS: ROBERT DASH ON 9" WALLS, BROOKLYN TILE ROOF
COST: 10,000 CUBE FEET @ 6" = £1,496



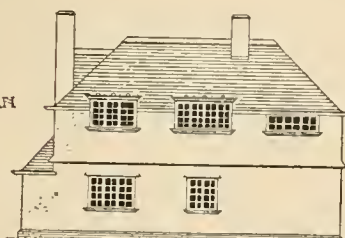
FRONT ELEVATION



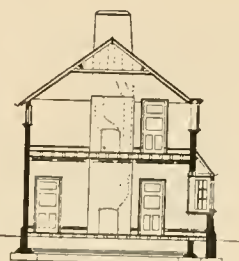
SIDE ELEVATION



END ELEVATION



BACK ELEVATION



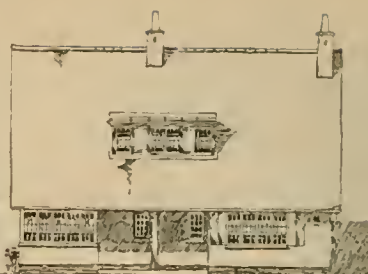
SECTION A-B

SCALE OF 1" = 10' FEET

WEEK-END COTTAGE

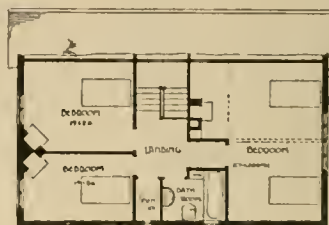
DESIGNED BY "LAP"

Week-End Cottages



WEST ELEVATION

SOUTH ELEVATION



- BEDROOM PLAN. 2

NOTE

- MATHS 40% = *
- PHYSICS = *
- SEMI-ANALYSIS = *
- COMPARISON = *
- BOIC = 3-BOIC = *
- MATHS 40% = *
- DIAGNOSTIC TESTS
- WAGGERS 40% = *
- WAGGERS 40% = *
- WAGGERS 40% = *



DESIGNED BY "HEATHER"

and a bath-room 5 ft. by 6 ft. hardly affords room at the same time for the bath and the bather.

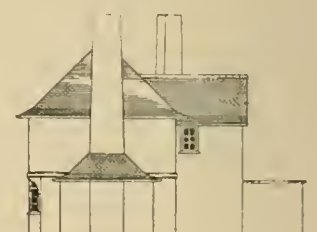
An arrangement of plan which has found favour



South Elevation.



North Elevation



East Elevation



Design for a Weekend Garage 1/8" Scale

Materials
Walls Rough Cast on local Stock Bricks
Roof Dark Red Tiles
All Joinery in Deal

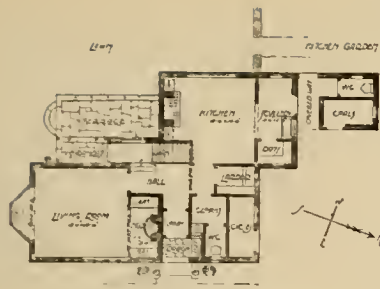


Mr. Mr. Pan

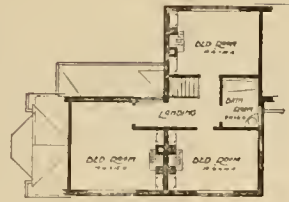
Section AA

DESIGNED BY "HOKSA"

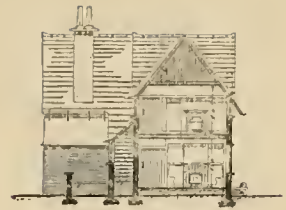
Week-End Cottages



GROUND FLOOR PLAN



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



SECTION



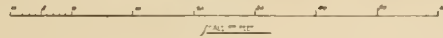
N.E. ELEVATION



S.E. ELEVATION



S.W. ELEVATION



WEEK-END COTTAGE

DESIGNED BY "HERMES"

with many of the competitors is that in which the main rooms are either at right angles or at an obtuse angle to one another, and the entering angle is made use of for the vestibule with the hall, and occasionally the stairs at the rear. *1904*, page 326, sends a plan on these lines full of ingenuity and carefully contrived. One of his bedrooms, however, is only 7 ft. 6 ins. wide, and the lowness of the eaves would, as a matter of fact, prevent reaching it from the passage. It is an expensive building and its cost would considerably exceed the limit, as would also the scheme submitted by *Hermiston*. *Pooh Bah's* plan, again, shows much ingenuity, but he is far too optimistic in placing his price per cube foot at $4\frac{3}{4}d$. His hall, occupying as it does about a quarter of the superficial area of the house, is unduly large. *Marmor-Bashi* adopts the same angular arrangement of plan, but with the result of obtaining awkwardly shaped rooms. The entrance also into the living-room from the outer air is a bad arrangement for, at all events, winter week-ends. *Alex* submits a good and thoughtful plan but, again, one impossible to carry out for the money.

Much could be said in favour of many of the plans and elevations, but counterbalanced by the undoubted fact that their authors have produced what is understood as a villa rather than as a cottage. This is so, for instance, in the case of the drawings submitted by *Wash*, page 328, *Simple*

Aven, *Capernaum*, and *Fireside*. The access to the latter's stairs, by-the-bye, shown as opening out of the parlour, might have been more advantageously arranged out of the lobby. *Calabar*, again, errs in this direction, his hall above being 25 ft. 6 in. by 18 ft. 9 in. *Down South* goes so far as to provide for the luxury of a smoking-room, and *Pierrot* a dining-room, smoking-room, and hall.

Some of the plans, but not as many as might have been expected, provide the opportunity for sitting in the open air by means of a verandah, to which in some cases the more ambitious names of "loggia" and "stoep" are given; but we must protest, from the practical point of view, against *Freehand's* "loggia," the length of which is 6 ft. and its width but 2 ft. He has, however, in his plan the good notion of a protected entrance from the garden to the sitting-room. *Liolie*, page 325, submits quite a vigorous drawing; but his shelter—a "verandah" this time, not a "loggia"—only scales 2 ft. 6 in. in width, and would hardly serve to protect one from the rain, and certainly not from the sun. His entrance and hall are somewhat cramped. *Dingus*, who sends the "stoep" plan referred to above, treats his elevation pleasantly with quasi-Dutch feeling. *Heather*, page 332, in a design which promises to work out inexpensively, has a pretty arrangement of verandah.

In the set sent in by *Curlew* the living room or

Week-End Cottages

hall forms the means of access to the whole house, and what with post and screen and fixed seats, has but little room left for either furniture or—human beings. One of his bedrooms is but 7 ft. by 9 ft., and his kitchen only 8 ft. 6 ins. by 8 ft. 6 ins. In *Acorn's* plan, again, the kitchen is too small, and the larder leading out of the hall is an unsatisfactory arrangement.

It is true that the villager and the farm labourer living in cottages are accustomed to step direct from the open air into their living room, but a week-end cottage has somewhat more sophisticated inhabitants, and experience shows the necessity of providing a second or vestibule door as a further protection against the cold and the wind. *Rex* fails to do this, and we would further remark that his design shows one of those complicated and therefore expensive roofs we have referred to above. *Age*, page 330, who also has no double door, and who might well have made his scullery somewhat smaller, and his coal-cellar and pantry rather larger, has a pleasing and simple treatment, but need hardly have provided a lavatory—an excellent thing in itself, but a luxury in a cottage. The design of *Wee Kender*, page 329, is well packed together under a simple roof, but we think his staircase would be poorly lighted by the bull's-eye window, and the two lights of the dormer. Most

of his lobby would be blocked by the bulkhead of the upper flight of stairs. *Mecaleep*, page 322, sends a drawing which is distinctly one of the most competent and spirited. He has evidently conceived the thing as a whole, and has even planned his tree, selected the motto for his sundial, and christened his bedrooms the Rose and the Shamrock. He sets aside an additional sum of £500 for laying out his garden, which he does very prettily, and for forming his pool; but hopes to build the house proper, as shown, for £500. This, we imagine, his price of 7½*d.* would allow him to do, thanks in great measure to the economy he effects by the curb or Mansard-roof treatment. We hope, however, that when he is fortunate enough to be asked to build on this excellently thought-out plan he will induce his client to let him increase the size of the sitting-room by at least 18 ins. in each direction. *Solo*, page 325, will see, we think, on closer examination, the difficulty of getting into bedroom No. 1, on account of the low start of the roof and the valley timber of the porch gable. Again, the landing is represented as only 2 ft. 6 ins. wide. *Sywell*, page 326, sends a design to which the rather thin drawing hardly does justice. His elevation would look quite different if the many rain-water pipes necessitated by chopping the gutters into short lengths were



"SOMMEIL."

(See *London Studio-Talk*)

BY LUCIEN MONOD





STUDY FOR "SIR GALAHAD"

BY LUCIEN MONOD

shown. He provides a very pleasant and spacious sitting-room, and three quite good bedrooms. *T-Square's* plan, page 327, is one of the examples of the cottages that are all but villas. It has on both floors an undue amount of passage. The reduction to the minimum of means of communication of this kind is always evidence of good planning, be the building a town hall or a cottage. His roof is complicated, and the start of the stairs against the entrance door is a distinctly weak point.

(To be continued.)

STUDIO-TALK

(From our Own Correspondents)

LONDON. — The Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours is celebrating its centenary this



DECORATIVE PANEL.

BY TALBOT HUGHES

year, and in honour of the occasion has got together a summer exhibition that sums up adequately the best qualities of the chief contributors. There is hardly anything in the show that is unworthy of the high tradition of the Society, and the number of really remarkable drawings is large enough to make the collection as a whole of extraordinary importance. Some admirable landscapes are included: among them an exquisite atmospheric study, *Landscape in Burgundy*, and a large and dignified composition, *The Mill Pool*, by Sir E. A. Waterlow; some clever sketches, *West Lothian Landscape*, and *On the Cluden, Dumfries*, by Mr. Robert Little; a good study, *Low Tide on a Quiet Shore*, by Mr. W. Eyre Walker; and interesting things by Mr. James Paterson, Mr. W. Callow, and Mr. Albert Goodwin. But the figure subjects are even more important. Mr. J. R. Weguelin's compositions, *A Wave-Washed Shore* and *Spring Blossoms and Youth*,

both delightful in their charm of colour and freedom of touch; Mr. Arthur Rackham's *Cupid's Alley*, the best of his many fascinating contributions; Mr. Anning Bell's splendidly designed *Music by the Water*, are prominent features of the show; and in the long list of other memorable achievements there are works worthy of the closest attention by Mr. J. S. Sargent, Mr. Reginald Barratt, Mr. D. Y. Cameron, Mr. Arthur Melville, Prof. von Herkomer, Mr. J. Walter West, Mr. R. W. Allan, Mr. H. S. Tuke, Mr. A. E. Emslie, and Mr. J. M. Swan. This last artist's *Ceylon Leopards* is a remarkable success.

In the summer exhibition of the New English Art Club there are very few works which do not deserve some measure of praise. The bulk of the collection is, indeed, of very high quality, so high that the occasional failures which have crept in

through some errors of judgment on the part of the hanging committee can almost be forgiven. Special praise is due to Mr. P. W. Steer's vigorous and expressive *Richmond Castle*; Mr. J. S. Sargent's *Stable at Cuenca*, with its audacious passages of colour and accurate rendering of tone relations; Mr. C. W. Furse's masterly *Timber Haulers*, and to the canvases by Mr. James Henry, Mr. Mark Fisher, Mr. W. W. Russell, Mr. W. Rothenstein, Mr. Henry Tonks, Mr. L. A. Harrison, Mr. J. E. Blanche, Mr. James Charles, and Mr. A. S. Hartick. Besides these there are water-colours and black-and-white drawings of much merit by Mr. Steer, Mr. Tonks, Mr. A. W. Rich, Mr. F. E. James, Mr. Moffat Lindner, Mr. Sargent, and Mr. W. Strang.

Lucien Monod, already greatly appreciated in Paris, both as painter and as draughtsman, is not



PANEL IN GESSO AND MOTHER-O'-PEARL

BY PICKFORD MARRIOTT





PANEL IN GESSO AND MOTHER-O'-PEARL

BY PICKFORD MARRIOTT

striking, are yet characteristic, because they are the expression of what might be called his or her sentimental value. Thanks to his extraordinary intuition, Monod has the gift of discovering and of presenting in his portraits this half-physical, half-spiritual essence. From the technical point of view, all this resolves itself into the presentation of infinitesimal form values, since, after all, nothing can be expressed but what has a physical effect, visible at least to seeing eyes. Hence, too, Monod's predilection for drawing rather than painting in nudes and subject pictures, such as his charming studies in Louis XV. costume. In their small compass, with barely more than the means of light and shade, he somehow succeeds in hugging the form so close that some of these drawings give one the same complete satisfaction that one derives from

unknown in London. But we have to thank Messrs. Dowdeswell and Dowdeswell for giving, during the past month, the first important exhibition of his work on this side of the Channel. The restriction of this exhibition to drawings lent it a peculiar charm, for, thanks to the artist's marvellous variety of technique, its unity was anything but monotonous.

Naturally a keen observer of human character, M. Monod is both intensely human and intensely intellectual, from which it follows that he is a psychologist; but it is not his function to desire to concentrate in his portraits a personality into one moment of penetrating and vigorous interpretation, or to summarise in an individual the meaning to the world of an epoch, a dynasty, a class. His purpose and his power move on another plane. He is nothing if not *intimate*. What interests him in a human being are those elusive traits which, though not

a life-size oil picture or marble. In fact, he solves the problem, how to achieve in a small picture a degree of completeness impossible in other mediums, save on a larger scale.

Most of his drawings are on thick, soft paper of a bistre tint, where the red and black chalk combine in a variety of effects, relieved by touches of white. The varying ratio of the chalks to one another is most skilfully managed, and his use of white is, perhaps, the most interesting of all: the few touches of it, for example, in a drawing like *Sommeil* (here reproduced) are quite masterly. But it is impossible, in a short note like this, to enter into the details of a technique as skilful as it is elaborate. Suffice it to note with what perfect ease he expresses himself, whether in the extremely finished and delicate work, as the portrait, or in the bold firm lines of the *Sommeil*.

An admirable collection of drawings of wild

beasts by Mr. J. M. Swan is to be seen at the Galleries of the Fine Art Society. Mr. Swan has no living rival as a painter of the larger beasts of prey, and there is scarcely any of the artists of other times who can be said to approach him on his own ground. How great is his power of draughtsmanship, his perception of colour, and his appreciation of subtleties of animal character, is made very evident in this exhibition. There is nothing in it that is not extraordinarily expressive, and there is much that is masterly in the highest sense of the word. Not the least of the merits of the show is its variety; although it deals with only one class of subject, it is entirely free from monotony and is delightfully spontaneous.

Mr. Mortimer Menpes has been showing lately at the Leicester Galleries some water-colours of Venice, which mark a new departure in his practice. In this collection he attempted, with much success, a broad and effective manner of handling in the place of the precise and elaborately detailed finish which has characterised most of the work that he has exhibited before. The drawings were mostly free and rapid sketches set down with much con-

fidence and stated with commendable frankness. They are worth remembering on account of their cleverness as suggestions of the charm of the Venetian atmosphere and colour and as efficient generalisations of complicated subjects.

Some decorations which Mr. Talbot Hughes has just executed for the music-room of a house at Esher deserve to be noted as characteristic achievements by a clever artist. So few opportunities are offered to painters in this country to attempt work of this order, that the success which Mr. Hughes has scored is more than usually interesting. He has avoided, happily, the common tendency to make his design too pictorial, but at the same time he has not chosen too rigid a convention. The grace and expressiveness of his draughtsmanship, the delicacy of his colour, and the elegance of his composition are worthy of the highest praise. They prove that he has studied correctly the principles which govern the best type of decorative painting, and that he understands what are the qualities at which he should aim. With proper chances, an artist as sincere as Mr. Hughes could be depended



PANEL IN GESSO AND MOTHER-O'-PEARL

BY FREDERICK MARRIOTT



upon to produce work which would admirably fulfil its artistic purpose, work of a class that few men of the modern English school are at present capable of carrying out efficiently. He has not, in this instance, had to deal with a very complicated decorative problem, but within the limits assigned to him he has done so much that is absolutely appropriate that great expectations as to his management of a more exacting undertaking are quite justifiable.

Mr. Pickford Marriott (now headmaster of the Port Elizabeth School of Art) and his brother Mr. Frederick Marriott have made some interesting experiments with a combination of glass, mother-o'-pearl, and precious stones. Some reproductions of examples of their work are given here.

The collection of pictures and drawings by Henry Moore and his brother Albert Moore,

which was on view during the past month at the Woodbury Gallery gave a convincing demonstration of the capacities of two artists who can be ranked among our greater masters. Both died at the very height of their powers, and neither of them can be said to have had a successor. In this exhibition Henry Moore was represented by oil pictures, water-colours, and pencil drawings, of marine subjects and landscapes, in all of which his rare technical skill and acute understanding of Nature were completely displayed; and Albert, by one of his most famous pictures, by several unfinished canvases, and by a series of studies in oil, pastel, and black and-white, all as attractive in their individuality of view as in their beauty of handling. The idea of associating the works of two such artists in an exhibition was distinctly happy, and the result was most persuasive.

One of the best displays that has ever been



STUDY FOR "READING ALOUD"

(By permission of Frank M. Luker, Esq.)

BY ALBERT MOORE

attempted of the works of Edward Calvert occupies the Carfax Gallery. It illustrates in a very agreeable manner the unusual accomplishment of an artist who carried into pictorial art some of the most characteristic qualities of Greek sculpture. He worked for practically the whole of his long life under a purely classic tradition, but he infused into his reading of the methods of the ancients a great deal of individual charm, and treated with an instinctive elegance the motives which he chose for representation. This exhibition will give art lovers of the present generation an excellent opportunity of acquainting themselves with his achievements ; it presents a reasonably complete summary of his practice at various periods in his career.

The London Sketch Club's exhibition at the Doré Gallery is interesting on account of the number of good things by well-known artists which it contains. There are landscapes of notable merit by Mr. A. E. Proctor, Mr. Macandrew, Mr. Walter Fowler, Mr. G. H. Lenfestey, Mr. Claude Hayes, and Mr. Montague Smyth ; and figure subjects not less important by Mr. J. Hassall, Mr. Lee Hankey, Mr. Tom Browne, Mr. de la Bere, and Mr. Lawson Wood, who contributes several of his prehistoric fantasies. The cheery irresponsibility of the show is very enjoyable.

Another association of a somewhat similar character, the Ridley Art Club, is showing the works of its members at the Grafton Gallery. It presents canvases as important as Mr. Melton Fisher's full-length of *Frederick Harrison, Esq.*, Mr. R. Jack's charming portrait of *Nellie, Daughter of Ernest Brown, Esq.*, Mr. H. A. Olivier's *An Offering to the King*, and Mr. J. da Costa's full-length of a child, *Madge* ; as well as a host of smaller pictures and sketches by such artists as Mr. G. C. Haité, Mr. J. M. Macintosh, Mr. Moffat Lindner, Mr. F. Newton Shepard, Mr. Lenfestey, Miss M. A. Sloane, and Miss C. M. Pott.

Mr. Bertram Priestman is always an interesting painter. He combines in his work an open-air freshness of vision with the best devices of studio work. He is especially successful, in some of the sea

pieces in his exhibition at the Goupil Gallery, in retaining beauty and subtlety of colour side by side with the utmost realism. A great charm is lent to all his sea pieces by his ability to imprison in his canvas the feeling of salt sea air. The picture *Shore Waves* is a good example of this quality, as is also the painting of *Storm passing down Yarmouth Roads*. Of his inland subjects, one or two of the smaller pictures, such as *Veteran Willows* and *St. John's Town of Dalry*, show him quite at his best.

A very pleasant function took place on April 18th, when the exhibitors at the New Gallery and their



STUDY

BY ALBERT MOORE

(By permission of Frank M. Luker, Esq.)



(By permission of Frank M. Luker, Esq.)

DRAPERY STUDY
BY ALBERT MOORE

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friends entertained at dinner Mr. C. E. Hallé, Mr. Comyns Carr, and Mr. Leonard Lindsay, who have so ably directed the gallery since its opening in 1888. The dinner was given at the Café Royal and was attended by about a hundred and thirty artists and lovers of art. The affair was a conspicuous success, and the evident good feeling which pervaded the whole gathering emphasised the compliment paid to the directors of the gallery. Speeches were made by Lord Monkswell, who presided, by Sir W. B. Richmond, Mr. Adrian Stokes, Mr. George Henry, Mr. David Carr, and Mr. Melton Fisher, as well as by Mr. Hallé, Mr. Comyns Carr, and Mr. Lindsay, who had all much to say concerning the history and working of the New Gallery. The idea of organising this dinner was originated by J. Coutts Michie, and the arrangements were controlled by a committee of artists who have certainly every reason to congratulate themselves on the result of their efforts.

We give an illustration of some recent productions by Miss Christine Connell, whose work is distinguished by originality and beauty of design, together with artistic thoroughness and finish of

execution. The bowl illustrated is entirely her own work, and is of silver set with turquoise matrix. The candlesticks are also of silver, with peacock-blue enamel decoration and glass candle-rings of a similar colour. Miss Connell was assisted in the making by Miss Blanche Goff and Miss Bertha Goff, who were both pupils of Miss Connell's and who are now her assistants.

LIVERPOOL.—The recent studio exhibitions of some of the Liverpool portrait painters proved most attractive. Work by Mr. W. B. Boadle, Mr. Clinton Balmer, and Mr. Frank Copnall, drew attention by its diversity and general excellence. Distinction of pose, fine quality of drawing, and use of rich, pure, harmonious colour—characteristics in Mr. G. Hall Neale's work—are admirably realised in his portraits of Mr. Arthur Preston, Mr. H. Cotterell, and Mr. Alderman Ephraim Walker. Mrs. Hall Neale's full-length portrait of the ex-Lady Mayoress, Mrs. Watson Rutherford—a most successful likeness—has grace and perfect ease of attitude, with refined treatment of accessories and background, rendered with simple, broad masses of well-harmonised



CANDLESTICKS AND BOWL IN SILVER

BY CHRISTINE CONNELL



"L'ABREUVOIR"

BY HARRY VAN DER WEYDEN

colour. A high level of attainment has been reached by most conscientious work in the interesting presentation portraits, by Mr. R. E. Morrison, of Canon Banks, Prof. Boyce, F.R.S., J. Hope Simpson, Esq., and C. Sharples, Esq., J.P.; also in the portraits of Mrs. J. B. Atherton and R. G. Gatehouse, Esq., and others by the same busy brush.

PARIS.—Harry van der Weyden is an American artist settled in France for some years now, yet rarely seen in the Salons. He lives a rather retired life in the little town of Montreuil-sur-Mer, where he produces freely, in direct and ceaseless communion with nature. He has just opened an exhibition of work done during recent years, at the Galerie des Artistes Modernes. The recollections one carries away therefrom are extremely pleasing, and the spectator receives the impression that Van der Weyden is one of the most personal of the American artists living on the Continent.

Although the greater part of these landscapes—a few views of Holland apart—were painted in the

same country, there is no sense of monotony about them, so varied are the artist's effects. Certainly he is free from the reproach of being the painter of a single hour or of a single aspect. On the contrary, Van der Weyden shows us in turn morning effects on the sand-hills of the Pas de Calais or on the picturesque ramparts of Montreuil; or village streets seen under the gentle light of a summer night, or the snow-bound city; or, again, beautiful autumnal impressions or riverside scenes or seapieces. Moreover, his figures are full of character; his *Berger*, his *Paysanne avec son Enfant*, and his *Laveuses* are things to study—and remember.

After having held its exhibition last year at Durand-Ruel's, the Société Nouvelle is back again at Georges Petit's. This display in its general air and harmony, as in the note of personality marking each work therein, is indeed one of the best, if not quite the best, ever given by this group. Without desiring to establish comparisons between the divers artists—many of them the very flower of the contemporary French school—we must at once put

hors pair the works sent by Gaston La Touche. The painter of parks and fountains now shows himself a master in warm and luminous interiors, which are truly dazzling in their colour. I have no space here to describe such works as *Le Casino*, *La Séparation*, *La Petite Servante*, some of the most live and graceful visions it is possible to see ; but I cannot avoid insisting on the little canvas entitled *Le Rêve*, wherein is revived, side by side with qualities of imagination and sensibility which are altogether modern, the art of those who painted the *fêtes galantes* of the eighteenth century.

Another artist very well represented here is Le Sidaner, who shows powerful landscapes affirming his freedom of technique, and quite devoid of all anxiety as to process. At the same time he reveals himself as being no longer exclusively attached to twilight effects ; in his *Le Pavillon* and *La Terrasse* we see the vigorous open-air painter.

Landscape indeed prevails here. Fritz Thaulow has a fine red *manoir*, set in an autumn field, with puddles glittering in the foreground ; and here we have René Ménard, also with an autumnal im-

pression—a magnificent broad view of the forest of Fontainebleau ; and here, again, Baertsoen showing us sundry aspects of Bruges and Ghent, all highly characteristic and expressed with that breadth of touch which marks his work. Cottet, too, has several landscapes, signalling his return to the mountains of Savoy, which in days gone by furnished him with so many fine *motifs*. He displayed also several fine bits of still life and other interesting things, including one of particular merit, *Pêcheurs fuyant l'Orage*.

With each succeeding year M. André Dauchez appears to expand his style. He possesses the secret of that sweet grey and silvery light which marks the morn in Brittany, and he expresses to perfection the melancholy of its lakes and estuaries, and “fixes” with the utmost charm the silhouettes of the pine-tree and the cloud. M. Henri Martin's landscapes are altogether different from this discreet form of art ; nevertheless, they, too, are very fascinating, although one may prefer his large decorative works.

One of the chief things here is the large portrait of Jacques Blanche by Lucien Simon, who also exhibits landscapes and studies of Breton types.



LANDSCAPE

BY HARRY VAN DER WEYDEN



"ROCHERS À BELLE ISLE"

BY CHARLES COTTET

M. Walter Gay and M. René Prinnet both display interiors, and M. Charles Conder, a new-comer, shows several delightful fans, most daintily and cleverly devised. M. Ullmann has some good seascapes, and M. Emile Claus some lovely, sunny landscapes. Also to be mentioned are M. Blanche, well represented by a number of canvases, and M. Henri Duhem.

H. F.

VIENNA.—Hofrath von Scala had every reason to be satisfied with the result of the Winter Exhibition of the Austrian Museum. From an artistic point of view the exhibits were far above the average. One among them afforded a good opportunity of judging the teaching at the Imperial Crafts School. It was an admirable library designed by Prof. Hammel and executed in mahogany by the pupils of the "Meisterschule."

Another library in ebony was designed by Robert Orley and executed by Anton Pospischil. The excellent fireplace was of green glazed

tiles, the work of Bernhard Erndt; while the decorative frieze was by Walter Hampel, and the plastic-work by Richard Tautenhayn. A notable feature was the absence of superfluity of decoration, which only too often spoils an otherwise artistic effect. This, too, may be said of a third library, also in ebony, designed by Baron Kraus and executed by W. Fehlinger, which was simple in form, and yet perfectly comfortable. A very pleasing "hall" in grey maple was designed by Theodor Gottlieb and executed by M. Niedermoser. The bronze fittings and clock were by Georg Klunt, and the tapestry and frieze by W. Niedermoser.

J. W. Muller exhibited a room designed by Leopold Bauer, and destined for Baron v. Spaun. The fireplace was of dark-blue glazed tiles, the shading being very beautiful. Above were four slender columns, surmounted by a delicately-shaped vase. The centre was formed by a beaten copper plate, the work of Georg Klimt. As a contrast to the modern furniture, Sigmund Jaray exhibited a real "Biedermier" bedroom, copied from furniture in the Imperial furniture dépôt. A



LIBRARY DESIGNED BY PROFESSOR HAMMEL
EXECUTED BY THE PUPILS OF THE K. K. MEISTERSCHULE, VIENNA

bedroom designed by Otto Wytrlik after an English original is well carried out.

Lobmeyr showed some of his wonderful crystal-glass ornaments and table services. The designs were modern, the artists being Frauleins von Uchatus, and Krasnik and Rudolf Marschall, and Albin Laug. Bakalowits & Söhne also exhibited some glassware, including some bowls and ornaments in black-and-white-striped opal glass designed by Kolo Moser. Among the modern jewellery exhibits those shown by Rozet and Fischmeister were very beautiful. Arthur Rubenstein is making headway with his bronzes, some of them being very finely thought out and executed.

An exhibit of great interest was a transportable house, completely furnished, designed by F. Schönthaler and executed

by F. Schönthaler & Sons. The house is entirely of wood, and can easily be carried from place to place. The cost is about £415 for the house, and entire furniture, fittings, etc., £190; the entire weight is 25,000 kilogrammes, and all can be moved by two modern furniture-vans. There are three bedrooms, sitting- and dining-rooms, servants' room, and kitchen; but, alas! no bathroom. But a summer-house like this, it is perhaps thought, would be sure to be set down near a lake or by the sea. The rooms are fairly large, the furniture, though simple, is strong and comfortable; and, given a dry foundation, one could pass

a very agreeable summer in such a house. Now that the initiative has been given, it is to be hoped other architects and manufacturers will turn their attention to the transportable house.

A. S. L.



DINING ROOM IN THE TRANSPORTABLE HOUSE
DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY SCHÖNTHALER



HALL IN GREY MAPLE

TAPESTRY
COPPER-WORK AND CLOCK

DESIGNED BY GOTTLIEB THEODOR VON KEMPF
EXECUTED BY M. NIEDERMOSER
DESIGNED BY W. NIEDERMOSER
BY GEORG KLIMT

MADRID.—The erection of a monument by public subscription to the master of modern oratory, Emilio Castelar, has recently been furthered by an art sale of unusual importance. The organising committee received the adhesion of the greater part of the leading Spanish artists—painters, sculptors, and engravers alike—who presented original works to be sold by auction. The net proceeds, it seems, have surpassed 25,000 pesetas, thanks being due to the liberality of the artists and purchasers, as well as to the extreme kindness of the Brothers Amaré of Alcalá Street, who lent their modern and well-lighted hall for the occasion.

José Villegas' picture, entitled *Recollection of the Granja*, was, no doubt, the *clou* of the exhibition. A park scene towards evening when the clearness of the air is diffused by lengthening shadows; in the foreground a careless female figure, dressed in white, and trailing a red parasol. Through the

foliage peeps the sun, lighting in brilliant blotches the silk blouse, which vaguely reflects the shining green of leaves and plants; the startling red parasol is a marvel of transparency and light.

Pradilla's study of morning lights and colours is of the most daring execution. In the foreground a brook boils to froth and foams among splashed grey stones, forming here and there a sombre, cold pool of opaque and blackish water.

Emilio Sala is very good and up to his best—especially as concerns the flawless drawing and the peculiar realism which characterises him—in the scene in half-lights drawn from Galdos' last novel, "*Los Duendes de la Camarilla*." An interior in light browns, two old hags, deformed and hideous, gesticulating in the foreground.

A finished picture of delicate touch is Llaneces' *Gentleman of the Seventeenth Century*, a carefully



TRANSPORTABLE HOUSE

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY SCHÖNTHALER
(See Vienna Studio-Talk)

drawn and richly though uniformly coloured portrait, reminding one of an old Dutch miniature. Moreno Carbonero's dainty *genre* picture is quite in his best style. A brilliant white house, red tiles and intensely blue sky; a balcony overgrown with honeysuckle, throwing delicate violet shades. The whole a bouquet of flashing colours.

Juan Benlliure was represented by a full-size portrait of a woman in lemon-coloured robes, standing out arrogantly against a background of dark brown. Bilbao, the most impressionist of all the more known artists, showed us a lady at her toilette table. Cecilia Pla's study of a *Young Woman* tying her shoe, reminds one, as far as drawing and facile expression are concerned, of C. D. Gibson's *American Girl*. Iborra is very good in his tiny *Sheep Pen*, where he has sought to express and

accurately reproduce the falling of the evening light across the illuminated backs of the sheep; while original and full of expression is the seascape in cobalt by Jaime Morera.

In short, a decided tendency on the part of the younger generation to emancipate from northern influence, and as for the masters, a love of colour studies and combinations rather than of powerful creation were observable.

The plastic arts were poorly represented, as unluckily has always been the case in the country if we compare the pictorial monuments with those of sculpture. Neither Querol's bust of Helen—a heavy



"VILLA
MUCKI"

DESIGNED BY BERNHARD WENIG. EXECUTED BY THE
DRESDENER WERKSTÄTTEN FÜR HANDWERKSKUNST
(See Dresden Studio-Talk)



A CORNER OF THE MADRID EXHIBITION

German-looking maid rather than a Greek beauty—nor Benlliure's fantastic little bronze in honour of Castelar, came up to either of the sculptors' best work. Blay, on the contrary, had a very natural and taking bust, entitled *Ondine*—the portrait of a Spanish girl with mischievously smiling eyes. Neither must Enrique Mariú's *Child Learning to Walk* be forgotten, a plaster study of diminutive size, proving the artist's talent for close observation.

Engravings and etchings usually take an inferior part in almost all Spanish exhibitions. But not so this year, where Maura's works were highly admired. How one wishes this artist would devote himself to modern, original themes, and not only to the barren copying



TOYS

(See Dresden Studio-Talk)

DESIGNED BY EUGEN KIRCHNER
EXECUTED BY THE DRESDENER WERKSTÄTTEN
FÜR HANDWERKSKUNST



"A VILLAGE IDYLL"

(See Dresden Studio-Talk)

DESIGNED BY EUGEN KIRCHNER
EXECUTED BY THE DRESDENER WERKSTÄTTEN
FÜR HANDWERKSKUNST

of classic pictures! He has decided talent, but he seems to ignore it. Gisbert exhibited a *Beggar Woman* of uncommon naturalness—and laziness; Campuzano's *Scenes from the Bay of Biscay*, a little volume of etchings, are full of life and reality, though at times the lines appear hard.

I had almost forgotten to mention M. Peña's large *Portrait of a Woman*, which was shown towards

but it is the country's fault.

C. H.

DÜSSELDORF. — The International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers has been asked to arrange the British Section in the forthcoming exhibition of Fine Arts at Düsseldorf. Mr. Neveu du Mont, who is acting as delegate, has succeeded in getting together a most representative collection

the end of the exhibition. A beautiful, fresh face, surrounded by poppies, the whole forming a harmonious composition of decided merit, especially in the management of the hair.

And I end up these notes with the remark that Sorolla, Spain's greatest painter (though Spain chooses to ignore it), did not exhibit anything; since his *Sad Inheritance* crossed to America he has been very little seen or heard of here. It is a pity,



TOYS

(See Dresden Studio-Talk)

DESIGNED BY EUGEN KIRCHNER
EXECUTED BY THE DRESDENER WERKSTÄTTEN FÜR HANDWERKSKUNST



"BUST OF FERNAND KHNOPFF" BY CH. SAMUEL
(See Brussels Studio-Talk)

of works of art, including examples by John Lavery, W. Nicholson, P. Wilson Steer, Will. Rothenstein, Alfred East, A.R.A., Frank Brangwyn, A.R.A., E. A. Abbey, R.A., Harold Speed, A. Parsons, A.R.A., Grosvenor Thomas, C. H. Shannon, J. J. Shannon, A.R.A., J. S. Sargent, R.A., Arthur Hacker, A.R.A., G. Clausen, A.R.A., and many others.

DRESDEN.—The great success that the Dresdener Werkstaetten have had with their toys has encouraged them to make further attempts in this direction, some of which we illustrate.

"Villa Mucki" is a sort of screen, working with "truly" windows—to quote from the "Just-so" stories—and with a real door; an ideal arrangement "to play house" in. In homes where there happens to be no extra nursery, the "Villa Mucki" can be

made use of very advantageously as a sort of storehouse for playthings and sundries that would otherwise be strewn all over the room unless there was some such dépôt for them.

The "village idyll" was designed by Eugen Kirchner, whose caricatures in the "Fliegende Blätter" have met with great success. He has imagined a scene in some out-of-the-way place, where a motor-car has just made its first appearance. The old and the young alike are filled with surprise and awe. The shock is even too great for the pig, and so there is really nothing else to be



"INTERIOR AT ANTWERP"
(See Brussels Studio-Talk)

BY R. JANSSENS

done but to fall back upon the constable: whom, indeed, we see coming along with uplifted sword, intent upon setting the world to rights again.

The houses are somewhat out of proportion—probably practical reasons are the cause of this. If built up in a size to suit the figures, they would become unwieldy; on the other hand, if the figures were reduced so as to match these doors and windows they would become insignificant. Moreover, it is a fact to be remembered, that when little children begin to draw they, too, design figures and scenery on two different scales. So perhaps the village will appeal to them more than if all its component parts were kept in just proportions.

H. W. S.

BRUSSELS.—To sum up as briefly as possible the most noteworthy features of the successive exhibitions held in the Musée, it is enough to state that the ever-interesting Salon Pour l'Art showed, with other works of great originality, a number of fine sculptures by Victor Rousseau, and that the chief feature of the Salon de la Société des Beaux

Arts was the exhibition for the first time in Brussels of three pictures by Sir W. B. Richmond, two of which were portraits.

According to the general opinion of critics, the exhibition of the Salon de Bruxelles was the very worst ever yet seen. I noted, however, an interesting new work by Jean Delville and a brilliant first exhibit by a young artist named Thomas. It was in the section of applied art, organised under the superintendence of M. Fierens-Gevaert, that the best things were shown; amongst which, in addition to the usual triumphs of skill sent by such experts as Horta, Wolfers, and Madame de Rudder, were some fine examples of the work of the decorative painter Fabry and the jeweller Feys.

At the Cercle Artistique exhibition after exhibition, all totally unlike, succeed each other. That which seemed to interest the public most was the show of the paintings of R. Janssens, the sculptures of Ch. Samuel, and the drawings of Fernand Khnopff. The exhibition of the works of O. Coppens and F. Baes also attracted a great many visitors.

F. K.



THE WHISTLER MEMORIAL EXHIBITION AT BOSTON



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THE WHISTLER MEMORIAL EXHIBITION AT BOSTON



THE WHISTLER MEMORIAL EXHIBITION AT BOSTON

BOSTON. — The exhibition of Whistler's works held in Boston during February and March was the best kind of a memorial the master could have received. And it was fitting and proper that it should have been in America: not far, in fact, from the artist's birthplace. The Copley Society could not obtain the portrait of the painter's mother, nor that of Carlyle, but among the eighty-two paintings in oil which they did gather together, were to be found *The White Girl*, *The Little White Girl*, *La Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine*, *Le Comte Robert de Montesquiou-Fezensac*, *Pablo Sarasate*, *The Fur Jacket*, and *The Music Room*, and the exhibition was therefore a representative one. With the additional exhibits of two hundred and thirty etchings and drypoints, eighty lithographs, thirty-nine water-colours, thirty-six pastels, and forty-five drawings, the value of the exhibition was greatly increased, for we were thus able to study and compare the results obtained with all of the various media of artistic expression in which Whistler experimented and studied, which he mastered, and in which he discovered new possibilities.

As a matter of fact, the array of pictures was really overwhelming as it was, and one thought of the very slender offerings which Whistler himself arranged, exhibitions in which a dozen etchings or pastels were given all the glory of a room to themselves, and a room especially decorated to receive them. However, one should not criticise the exhibition on this score, for, after all, it was only a matter of having sufficient time at one's disposal.

The paintings—with the frames which the artist designed for them, of dull gold, for the most part plain, except moulding in parallel lines, and sometimes decorated with a pattern in paint—were all shown in the same gallery, a long room draped in an admirable grey material, with several golden butterflies appearing in the frieze. At one end was hung, in the place of honour, *The White Girl*, certainly one of Whistler's very greatest achievements; at the other, *Rose and Silver*, *La Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine*, one of his most ambitious pictures, both as regards quality and size, but not one of his most beautiful and harmonious arrangements of colours. Other notable portrait and

figure pieces included such masterpieces of the artist's genius as *Gold and Brown*, the portrait of the artist belonging to Mr. George W. Vanderbilt (one of the most attractive of the portraits of himself), and a canvas one does not recall having seen before, either in the original or reproduction, a full-length portrait of a man, known as *An Arrangement in Flesh-colour and Brown*, painted in Paris in 1894; the splendid portrait of Miss Rosa Corder; *Portrait de Madame S*—; the portrait of Mrs. Cassatt; a masterfully posed portrait of a woman, entitled *L'Andalusienne: Harmony in Red*; *Whistler with a Hat*; the four small and somewhat similar paintings of little girls, named *Grenat et Or*, *The Little Red Glove*, *The Rose of Lyme Regis*, and *Rose and Gold*—all equally engaging. Also shown, among numerous others, were six of the "Japanese" paintings, executed in brilliant pigments with a full and liquid brush, superb "Symphonies" in purple, vermilion, white, blue, green. A great many of the artist's delightful *genre* pieces were also on view, and an excellent selection of his "Nocturnes," the unequalled paintings of dusk and night upon the Thames. Chief among these latter were *Cremorne Lights*, *Bognor*, a painting often seen in America on exhibition; and *The Lagoon, Venice*.

The etchings and dry-points were displayed in a long apartment cut in three by two screens, which, with the walls, were covered with a white material, while a frieze extending around the room was of pale yellow. They convinced one that no one has approached Whistler in this medium except Rembrandt, if any further proofs were needed. Framed in white with white mounts, the plates appeared to advantage, and formed as representative a collection as one could desire. The lithographs, also, called for much attention, and showed him to be the equal of anyone in this fascinating medium. The same may be said also of the water-colours and pastels which were shown. These, with the etchings and lithographs, seemed to express his genius better than the oil paintings, for his was not a vigorous art, but the last word in an art refined and elegant. Nothing could be more perfect in their way than such of the pastels—they are all on brown paper, with the drawing sketched in in black pastel—as *A Venetian Doorway*, differing from the artist's other works, inasmuch as it is almost an architect's drawing, so complete is it in detail; and a figure lightly draped in blue and purple called *Morning Glories*, with similar

designs entitled *Mother and Child*, and *Blue and Violet, May*, an exquisite undraped figure; and *The Purple Cap*, besides many others.

The drawings on exhibition, some executed in pencil, some in pen-and-ink, others in sepia wash, and some sketches in water-colour or pastel, though slight performances, were designs full of charm. Very attractive were the sketches made at Ajaccio, and a beautiful little pen-and-ink drawing of an old house at Canterbury. Twenty-two drawings and sketches, some in pen-and-ink and some in water-colour, done by the artist while at school, were most interesting, and were shown for the first time, not having even been chronicled before. The two drawings made while at West Point, under instruction, from copies, were on view also, as was a cover designed by Whistler for the "U.S. Military Academy Song of the Graduates, 1852." None of these three drawings would be recognised as being Whistler's, so different are they in treatment and in subject from his later work.

The photographs of the exhibition, by Marr, of Boston, here reproduced, are copyrighted by the Copley Society.

A. E. G.

WE have received the following communication from Mr. Aymer Vallance: "With deep regret I learn from Mr. Voysey that a second reading of my article (in the *MARCH STUDIO*), in the light of another person's suggested interpretations of what I wrote, has made him apprehend that his professional reputation may suffer. In justice, therefore, to Mr. Voysey, I should like to supplement my article by an explicit declaration that nothing other than absolute accord between architect and client existed, in respect either of the house Mr. Voysey built for Miss Conant, or the projected house for Mr. Lawrence at Hampstead. In the former instance economic considerations eventually determined the choice of material which architect and client agreed to adopt. In the second instance the plan fell through solely on account of the restrictions which the vendor of the land sought to impose, and which Mr. Voysey united with Mr. Lawrence in resisting. As author of the article which has—I am sure I need not add, quite unintentionally—given Mr. Voysey pain, I should be grateful if you can make room for this short statement of facts in your earliest possible issue."

REVIEWS.

Miniature Painters: British and Foreign. By J. J. FOSTER. (London: Dickinson.) Edition Royale, 50 guineas; Edition de Luxe, £10 10s.; Author's Edition, £5 5s.—This beautiful and dignified publication, by the well-known author of "British Miniature Painters and their Work," deals with the whole art of miniature painting, not only in what is really its final stage, that of portraiture on a small scale, but also with its gradual evolution out of the delicate illuminations of missals, on which many gifted but unknown monks expended so much time and skill. "Strictly speaking," says Mr. Foster, "the term missal painting should be confined to the ornamentation of the office of the Mass of the Latin Church, but it has come to be applied as a general term to all illuminated devotional manuscripts," and he therefore adopts it in his own consideration of the subject. "It is the connection," he adds, "with the old illuminator's work that has given rise to the word miniature," which does not, as was so long supposed by the unlearned, mean a small picture, but is derived from the Latin *minium*, meaning red lead, the initial letters of illuminated manuscripts being, as a general rule, written with that medium. The monks who worked on the missals were divided into two classes, the *Miniatores Caligraphi*, who probably designed and coloured the ornaments, and the *Miniatori Scriptores*, who were responsible for the ordinary penmanship. It was only in comparatively modern times, however, that the term miniature was applied to small pictures, and Mr. Foster bids his readers note that Samuel Pepys never used it, whilst it occurs constantly in the letters of Horace Walpole, pointing to the conclusion that it was first used in the sense now accepted in the beginning of the eighteenth century. In his introductory chapter Mr. Foster explains that he proposes treating miniature painting from the two most important of its many aspects—its relation to art and its relation to history. "Viewed," he says, "from the artistic standpoint, fine miniatures possess technical features of delicacy and of beauty peculiar to themselves; whilst as historical illustrations genuine portraits lend . . . a living interest to the annals of our race." These two self-evident propositions laid down, he proceeds to consider the British school, including in his examination the work of pretty well every miniaturist of note who lived between 1326 and 1851, although, strange to say, John Russell—whose deeply interesting shorthand journal was deciphered some years

ago by Dr. G. C. Williamson—is conspicuous by his absence. From England the author passes on to review the best examples of miniature art to be found in America, observing, to begin with, that the existence of numbers of miniatures in the United States belonging to the best period of English art, is an interesting fact that appears to have been overlooked by English writers. "In the New World," he remarks, "the pedigree of miniatures is not so long as on this side of the Atlantic," and it is not necessary to hark back further than the middle of the eighteenth century for examples of American work. The great number of old portraits hidden away in private homes in the great cities of the Union is, says Mr. Foster, "yet another link in the chain binding the two great English-speaking races together, and in some cases it will be found that these priceless heirlooms are from the same hands as those in British collections, for many of the great masters of miniature painting practised their art on both sides of the Atlantic. An all too short article on Foreign Schools, in which the close connection between painters, jewellers, and enamellists in France and Belgium is forcibly brought out; a Chat on Collectors and their Collections; one on the Care of Miniatures, giving many valuable hints how best to guard against the dangers besetting them, such as the fungoid growths that have fatally injured so many masterpieces; twenty pages of delightful Gossip on certain side issues of the fascinating subject under discussion; exhaustive Lists of Artists, etc.; and a good Index, give full completeness to what will certainly rank as a standard work. Of the reproductions in photogravure of numerous examples of the work of the great miniaturists, it is impossible to speak too highly. They render with extraordinary faithfulness the delicate draughtsmanship, and skilfully translate into black-and-white, the soft and subtle colouring of the originals, so that with their aid the student can learn to recognise the characteristics of each master. Specially fine are the three *Saints* from fifteenth-century missals in the Wallace collection; the *Mary, Queen of Scots*, after Antonio Moro; the *Incognita*, after Richard Cosway; the *Unknown Lady*, after Isabey; the *Lady Carlisle*, after J. Meyer; and the many renderings of masterpieces by Hilliard, Oliver, and Cooper, the mighty trio, who have never been surpassed in the combined strength, truth, and beauty of their work.

History of Old English Porcelain. By M. L. SOLON. (London & Derby: Bemrose.) £2 2s. net.—It is rare indeed in these days of specialism to

meet with a thorough expert in any branch of technical production who is also gifted, as is the author of this delightful volume, with the pen of the ready writer. Mr. Solon is not only a most successful practical potter but a man of high cultivation, who has the history of the art he has made his profession at his finger-tips. "In all branches of archæological science," he says, "the investigations of the historian are specially directed at the present day towards the origins," and he adds, "the ceramic student feels somewhat disappointed when he realises that he cannot learn anything definite concerning the probationary stage of the English china factories." For all that, Mr. Solon has collected a vast amount of very interesting information respecting the phases of development that succeeded the initial one. He sums up succinctly the essential differences between the earlier and the later products, gives numerous and excellent reproductions, many of them in colour, of every variety of English porcelain, from the simple dignified forms of Bow to the ornate over-ornamented products of Rockingham. "The veil," he remarks, "which had so long enshrouded the mystery of the translucent ware of the East was lifted for ever by the German Bottger's discovery of its real constituents, and his account of the long struggle of English potters to compete with their state-aided foreign rivals reads like a romance." Even after Cookworthy had found in Cornwall the essential elements of true porcelain, the kaolin supplying the light almost transparent body, the felspar the delicate glaze, many years elapsed before German importations were really supplanted to any extent by native work.

Memorials of Old Oxfordshire. Edited by P. H. DITCHFIELD, M.A., F.S.A. (London and Derby: Bemrose.) 15s. net.—The editor of this charming collection of essays is to be congratulated on the able co-operation he has secured from experts on the various branches of his subject. The writers, however much they may differ in other respects, are agreed in their reverent devotion to the memories of the past, and their love for the fair county of Oxfordshire, the many attractions of which are liable to be overlooked through the concentration of interest on its chief city. Yet, even outside the University and its immediate surroundings, the shire is full of significant historic relics, with the aid of which the archæologist is able to build up a picture of it as it was centuries before Walter de Merton founded the first college by bestowing his estates on a community of scholars who elected to reside at Oxford. The

editor himself discourses pleasantly on the traces of the earliest inhabitants of the county; Mr. Evans on the quaint Rollright Stones and the legends that have gathered about them; whilst the romantic life stories of Broughton Castle, Dorchester Abbey, and other famous buildings are sympathetically told by different pens. Even Witney and its woollen manufactory is not forgotten, and the volume closes with an essay on the poets of Oxfordshire by May Sturge Henderson.

Greek Sculpture: Its Spirit and Principles. By EDMUND VON MACH. (Boston, U.S.A.: Ginn & Co.) 15s. net.—In the opinion of the author of this new work on the plastic art of Greece, the tendency of the nineteenth century was to consider it too much from the archæological, and not enough from the æsthetic, point of view. "The spade of the discoverer," says Mr. von Mach, "brought long-forgotten treasures to light, scholars trained in the severe school of philology arranged and classified the material, and little or nothing was left to the art-critic." Such a treatment of the subject, he adds, "made a clear understanding of Greek sculpture impossible . . . and it now becomes our duty in the twentieth century to introduce the reader to that spirit." In these Introductory Remarks, which would really have been better omitted, for they tend to prejudice the student against a book that is full of original thought, the American artist overlooks all that has been already done in the desired direction by his European contemporaries, such as MM. Perrot and Chipiez, joint authors of "*L'Histoire de l'Art dans l'Antiquité*," in the eighth volume of which Greek archaic sculpture is subjected to thoroughly expert art-criticism; the Germans Schnasse, Kugler, Lubke, and Overbeck, who certainly did not ignore the æsthetic side of antique sculpture; not to speak of the Englishmen Eastlake, Murray, and Ruskin, who were all undoubtedly in touch with its spirit. Although Mr. von Mach cannot, therefore, sustain the claim of being a pioneer, he is yet an excellent guide to the neophyte, and he has, moreover, much to say which throws new light on certain aspects of the questions discussed, so that even the advanced student may learn much from him. He writes in a pure and vigorous style, his brief, incisive sentences carrying conviction with them, as when he says: "The beauty of the Parthenon was the result of much clear thinking," or "the personal influence of the Greek artists upon their community was due to the fact that they felt themselves one with the public." The numerous illustrations are thoroughly representative, and a novel but useful feature is an

analysis of the contents of the book, introduced at the end under the heading of "Notes."

Lives and Legends of the English Bishops and Kings, Mediæval Monks, and other Later Saints. By Mrs. ARTHUR BELL. (London: G. Bell & Sons.) Price 14s.—This volume is the third of "Saints in Christian Art," those previously dealt with being "Lives and Legends of the Evangelists, Apostles, and other Early Saints," and "Lives and Legends of the Great Hermits and Fathers of the Church, with other Contemporary Saints." That the great research necessitated in the writing of these books has been a labour of love is very evident. The history of the Church, as reflected in the lives of its noblest members, can be read here with the pleasure that one associates with only few histories. The narratives are very brightly written, and the characters of the saints well drawn: whilst the various legends are dealt with with a sympathy that will make the book welcome to all those who delight to trace the human emotion and romance that is interwoven with the abstract theology of the Catholic Church, as interpreted in the lives of her saints. The book has successfully become a work of ready historical reference, and at the same time retained the charm of a story-book of a recondite kind. The pictures are especially well chosen, and this is as it should be in a book on the saints in Christian art. They are selected from the whole field of art that has owned its inspiration to be in the teachings of the Church, from Fra Angelico to Ford Madox Brown. The chapter on the First Bishops of Canterbury gives us an excellent history of a period of which the ordinary person is frequently in the dark. As Mrs. Bell points out, few, if any, of the great masters of painting or of sculpture have chosen to represent the early churchmen of Great Britain, or represent scenes from their lives and legends; but, she adds, no account of the saints in connection with art could be considered complete without some reference to the men to whom the cause of Christianity in the West owes so deep a debt of gratitude, and whose influence has left so indelible a mark on every branch of human culture. To their enthusiasm was mainly due the foundation of the great cathedrals, minsters, and abbeys. "Poems of stone," she says, "they may well be called, by many craftsmen of varying temperaments, but all imbued with one desire—the promotion of the glory of God; and all alike content to live and die unknown, if only their work might endure."

How to Judge Architecture. By RUSSELL STURGIS, A.M., Ph.D. (London: Macmillan.) 6s. net.—A noteworthy proof of the great pro-

gress in æsthetic culture that has been made during the last fifty years in America, is the increasing number of books devoted to art subjects recently published there. The new work, with its numerous and excellent illustrations from the pen of the accomplished author of the "Dictionary of Architecture and Building," is a case in point, so thorough is its appreciation of the great buildings of the past and its insight into the true requirements of the future. In his study of early Greek architecture Mr. Sturgis warns his readers not "to look upon the ruins of Greek masterpieces as works of design," or to allow the romantic associations connected with those ruins to enter into their love of the artistic entity of the lost Parthenon, which he says "we have to create out of the air as it were," a fact too often forgotten by teacher and student alike. Equally acute and suggestive are many of the remarks made in later chapters, and the book ends with the laying down of the alas! comparatively new dictum that thought alone can replace lost traditions. In the opinion of this true reformer the words decorative and artistic should be synonymous in architecture, and although unfortunately the architectural treatment of a building, in which decoration is the outcome of structure is still foreign to modern habits, he sees great hope for the future in the erection of such buildings as that of the Insurance Company at St. Paul, Minnesota, and the Roman Catholic Cathedral in London.

Leonardo da Vinci. Edited by MARIE HERZFELD. (Leipzig: Eugen Dieckrichs.) In paper cover, 8 marks; bound, 10 marks.—In this somewhat forbidding-looking volume, of which an excellent reproduction of Leonardo's portrait of himself is the only illustration, the Italian master is considered as a thinker, an inventor, and a poet, rather than an artist, and every manifestation of his intellectual activity is discussed with German thoroughness. The book will be a storehouse of information for the student; but it will scarcely, it is to be feared, appeal to the English and American public, accustomed to the daintily produced and copiously illustrated monographs of their native lands.

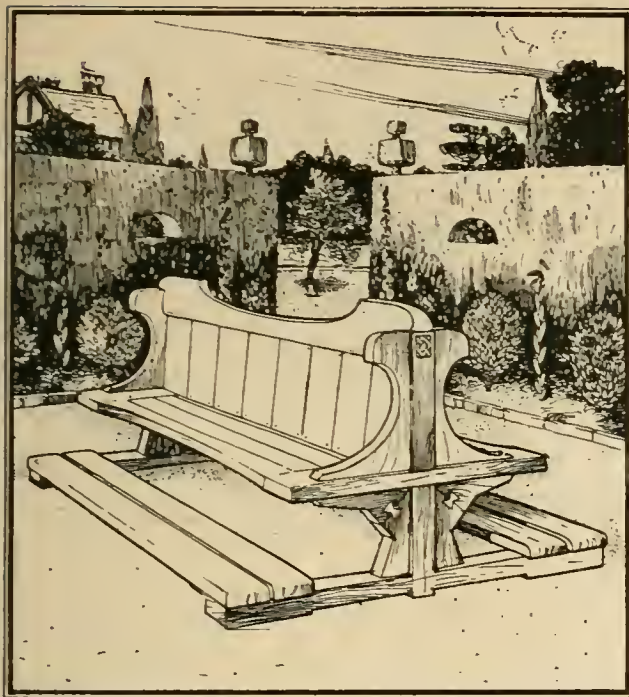
A WARDS IN "THE STUDIO" PRIZE COMPETITIONS

A LL.

DESIGN FOR THE FRONT PAGE OF A CONCERT PROGRAMME.

The FIRST PRIZE (*Three Guineas*): *Daimeryl*

Awards in "The Studio" Prize Competitions



FIRST PRIZE (COMP. A LVIII)

"LIGHT"

(Miss A. M. Dell, 1 Granville Road, Hove).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Two Guineas*): *Hez* (R. Ostman, Boulevard Beaumarchais 30, Paris).

HON. MENTION: *Flying Fish* (Miss Lilian Rusbridge); *Papoose* (F. McHutchison); *Isca* (Miss E. Larcombe); *Mary of Argyll* (W. Calvert).

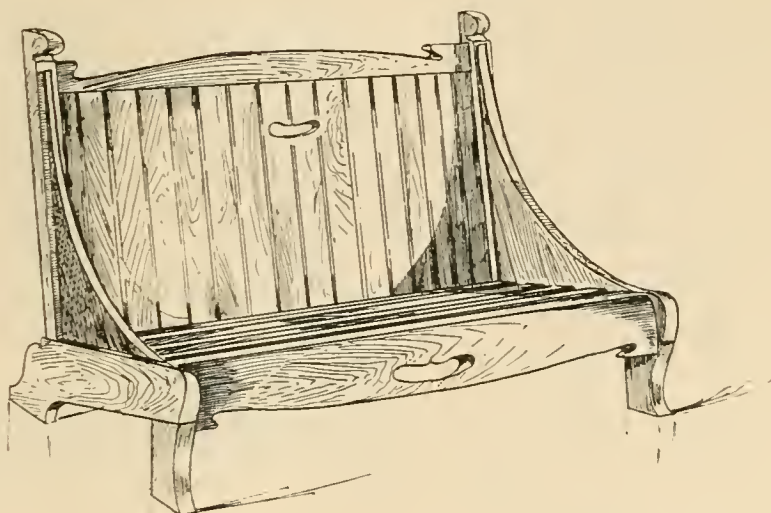
A LII.

DESIGN FOR THE FRONT PAGE OF A SPORTS PROGRAMME.

The FIRST PRIZE (*Three Guineas*): *Spes* (L. G. Andrews, Sunny Cote, Ashley Road, Thames Ditton).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Two Guineas*): *Sports* (J. S. Ross, 9 Northfield Place, Aberdeen, N.B.).

HON. MENTION *Me-neuenius* (Alfred Charles Conrade).



SECOND PRIZE (COMP. A LVII)

A LV.

DESIGN FOR A "WEEK-END" COTTAGE.

FIRST PRIZE (*Three Guineas*): *Limestone* (B. W. Bidwell, 24 Crowstones, Buxton).

SECOND PRIZE (*Two Guineas*): *Micaleep* (J. P. Salway, Springbank, Wokingham).

HIGHLY COMMENDED: *Salop* (H. Hulme, 1 Cardington Road, Bedford).

HON. MENTION: *Snuff Box* (G. H. Williams); *Iota* (A. H. Hasnip); *Acorn* (D. H. Smith); *Roughcast* (B. B. Moffat); *Rustic Piggie* (H. Collings); *Thatch* (T. T. Cumming); *Sunny Jim* (L. Alexander); *Blues* (A. Horsnell); *Alex* (A. S. Carter); *Caecilia* (B. Brunila); *Ferrus* (E. B. Crossley); *The Buccaneer* (J. Holm); *Tristan* (W. J. Mountain); *Lyric* (A. C. Candwell); *Autolocus* (R. F. Tucker); *Loghouse* (P. O. Digre); *Dogrose* (A. S. Atkinson); *Simple Awea* (G. R. Farrow); *Leap Year* (R. A. Barber).

A LVI.

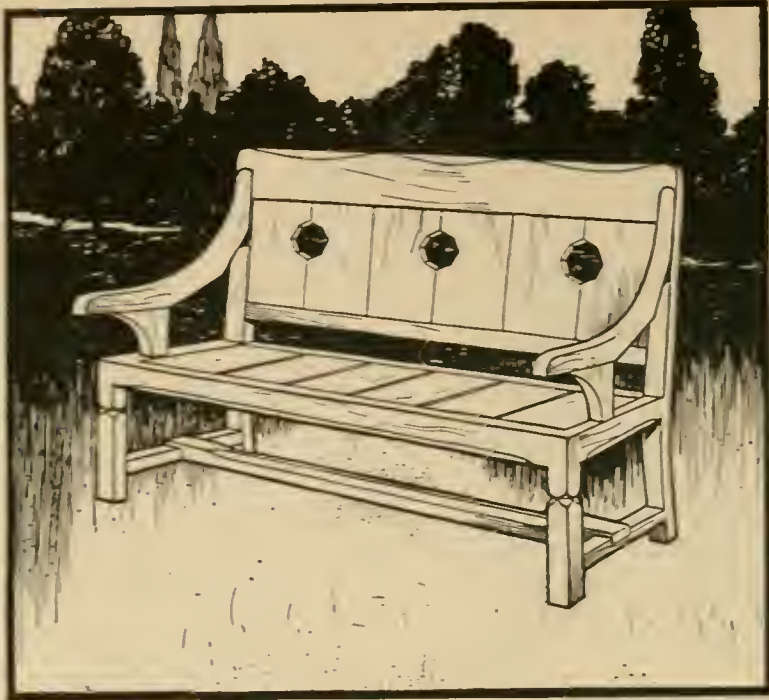
DESIGN FOR A SHOW CARD.

FIRST PRIZE (*Ten Guineas*): *Dundee* (Miss Ellen M. Hill, 13 Ashfield, Bradford, Yorks).

SECOND PRIZE (*Three Guineas*), *Pan* (Fred. H. Ball, 85 Scotland Road, Carlisle).

"PSAMMEAD"

Awards in "The Studio" Prize Competitions



HON. MENTION (COMP. A LVII)

"LIGHT"

HON. MENTION: *Isca* (Miss E. Larcombe, Wilton Place, St. James's, Exeter); *Brushwork* (E. W. Light, 18 Ebberston Terrace, Hyde Park, Leeds); *Age of Hearts* (Miss E. Owen); *Dunelo* (Miss E. G. King); *Eidrof* (J. O. Fordie); *Heremon* (P. V. MacEnaney); *Esperance* (P. H. Lomax); *B. S. A.* (G. Halford); *Eltrazona* (Miss C. M. Paine); *Bubbles* (R. Lancaster); *Keswick* (J. Dalton); *Helga* (Miss J. Hicks).

A LVII.

DESIGN FOR A GARDEN SEAT.

FIRST PRIZE (*Two Guineas*): *Light* (S. R. Turner, 98 Drakefell Road, St. Catherine's Park, S.E.).

SECOND PRIZE (*One Guinea*): *Psammead* (C. C. Biggs, 38 Ivy Road, Cricklewood, N.W.).

HON. MENTION: *Curlew* (Lennox G. Bird); *Craftsman* (George Wilson); *Wall Flower* (Walter

J. Edwards); *Vox* (R. F. Johnston); and *Light* (S. R. Turner).

B LII.

GROUP OF FIGURES IN SILHOUETTE.

FIRST PRIZE (*One Guinea*): *Isca* (Miss Ethel Larcombe, Wilton Place, St. James's, Exeter).

SECOND PRIZE (*Half-a-Guinea*): *C. Koll* (E. Toimarche, Institution St. Etienne, Châlons-sur-Marne, France).

HON. MENTION: *Curlew* (Lennox G. Bird); *Sans Souci* (Miss Jessie C. A. Traill).

C XL.

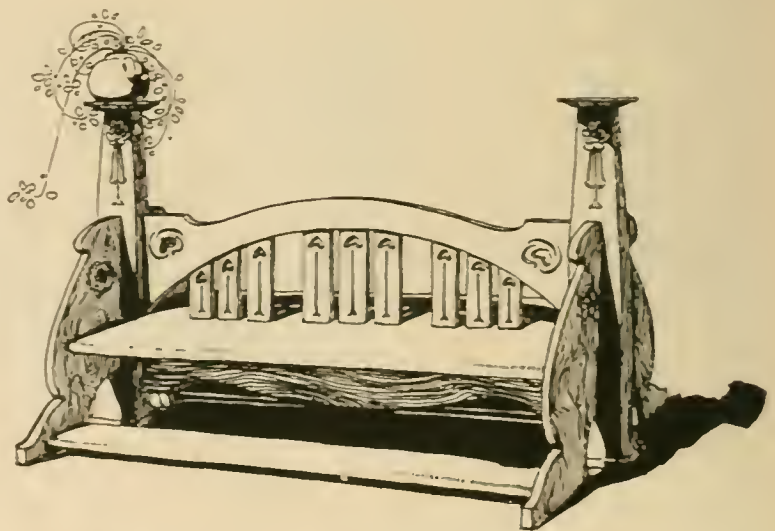
PHOTOGRAPHS FROM NATURE.

A PORTRAIT.

FIRST PRIZE (*One Guinea*): *Rose* (A. Marshall, King Street, Nottingham).

SECOND PRIZE (*Half-a-Guinea*): *St. Mangus* (D. Dunlop, 4 Hamilton Street, Motherwell, N.B.).

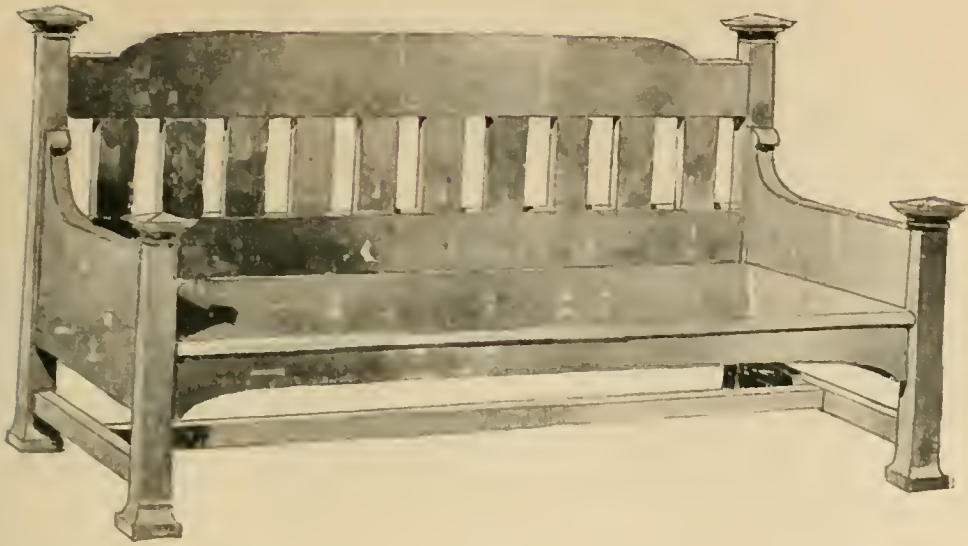
HON. MENTION: *Leaf* (Ray Greenleaf); *Isis* (T. L. Cooper); *Filomena* (Miss A. Dickie); *Wilhelmina* (K. Roelants); *Esmond* (Miss D. Walker); *Fiat Lux* (R. Dupont); *Georgia* (F. Ayers).



HON. MENTION (COMP. A LVII)

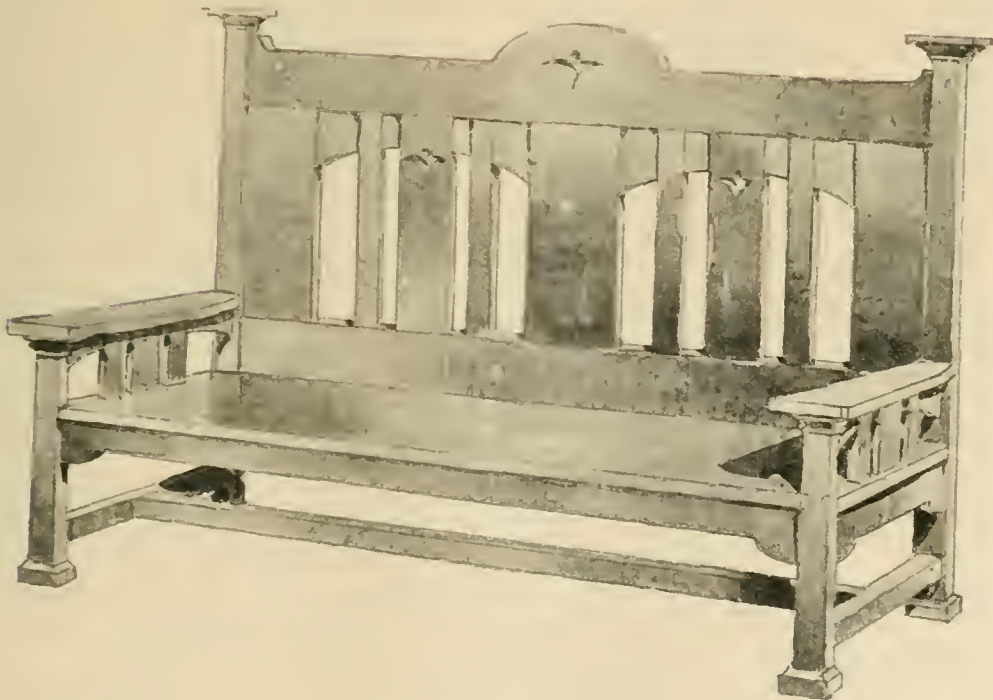
"CURLEW"

Awards in "The Studio" Prize Competitions



HON. MENTION (COMP. A LVII)

"CRAFTSMAN"



HON. MENTION (COMP. A LVII)

"CRAFTSMAN"

Awards in "The Studio" Prize Competitions



HON. MENTION (COMP. B LII)

"CURLEW"



FIRST PRIZE (COMP. B LII)

"ISCA"

Awards in "The Studio" Prize Competitions



SECOND PRIZE (COMP. B LII)

"C. KOLL"



HON. MENTION (COMP. B LII)

"SANS SOUCI"



FIRST PRIZE (COMP. C XL)
BY "ROSE"



SECOND PRIZE (COMP. C XL)
BY "ST. MANGUS"

THE LAY FIGURE: ON THE PRICES OF PICTURES.

"WHAT is the reason, do you think, for the extraordinary increase in the prices paid for old works of art which has taken place during the last few years?" asked the Visitor from the Country. "I was looking not long ago at a book which records the art sales of the last century, and I found that things which go now for thousands could be bought then for a ten-pound note."

"The chief reason," answered the Man with the Red Tie, "is the insane competition between the various members of the capitalist class. The world is overrun with millionaires, who wish to advertise the fact that they have more money than they can spend sensibly. Each one is seeking to outbid the others, and to prove that he is the most lavish of them all in his expenditure. Life with them is a struggle to be extravagant, and unfortunately they have fastened upon art as a means which will help them to their sordid end."

"But don't you believe that they really want the works of art for which they pay these long prices?" broke in the Art Critic. "You must remember that things of the type that they collect are comparatively rare, and that as millionaires become more numerous the demand increases, while the supply tends, if anything, to diminish. According to all the laws of political economy, a rise in prices is inevitable under such conditions."

"Of course they want them," replied the Man with the Red Tie: "I do not suppose that even a millionaire would throw away thousands on things he did not want. But what I complain about is that they want them, not because they are works of art, but simply because they are expensive. If you offered to a collector of this sort the finest old master that was ever painted at the price it would have fetched fifty years ago, he would not look at it. He is not seeking for bargains: he only wishes for opportunities to prove the length of his purse. Why, I know for a fact that a picture by a famous master was hawked all over Europe for years for £6,000, and no one would even make a bid for it. It was offered at last to a millionaire for £100,000, and he absolutely jumped at it."

"Simply because it was the most expensive piece of canvas he had ever heard of," commented the Critic. "Well, perhaps you are right; but still I cannot help feeling sorry for the unprotected millionaire. You see, he has had to waste so much of his life in making money that he has never had time to learn how to spend it. Least of all does

he know anything about art; if he possessed artistic tastes naturally, he could never become a millionaire—the two things are not compatible."

"Why should you be sorry for him?" asked the Visitor innocently. "Surely such men must do a great deal of harm to art."

"I will tell you why," replied the Critic. "Because, in spite of what our friend says about a competition of purses, I feel that the very rich man does not have quite a fair chance. He does, I admit, a great deal of harm, but he does it because he cannot help it. If he had been able to devote himself entirely, like the Marquis of Hertford, or Sir Richard Wallace, to study of connoisseurship, he would know pretty well when a long price was justifiable and when he was being offered things at much more than their market value. But so narrow has been his mental training, and so undeveloped are his powers of discrimination, that the money standard is the only one he can use for testing artistic worth. He reasons, if you can call it reasoning, that if a thing is priced very high it must be because everyone wants to possess it, and therefore it must be of peculiar artistic excellence. As he happens to have plenty of money to spare, he writes a cheque for the amount that is asked and thinks he has done something rather smart. What he does not realise for an instant is that these spectacular prices have been engineered specially for his benefit by astute business men. He may, in his innocent search after knowledge, have been noting what the biddings have been recently in the sale-rooms for the works of a particular master, and if an example of this master is offered him for a sum not too much above the sale-room price, he concludes that he is paying about what more expert people than himself consider to be a fair amount. The possibility that the very price which he takes as a standard may have been artificially created by a group of speculators who do not mind sharing in a loss of a few thousands, if by so doing they enhance the value of all the other pictures they have in stock, does not occur to him. He is a mere child in the hands of a number of men who are very much cleverer than himself. I blame him for his conceit, but yet I pity him."

"Don't waste your pity on an unworthy object," sneered the Man with the Red Tie; "the millionaire deserves all he gets when he comes blundering into the art market. Personally, I believe in spoiling the Egyptians."

"But he is not an Egyptian," said the Critic.

THE LAY FIGURE.

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